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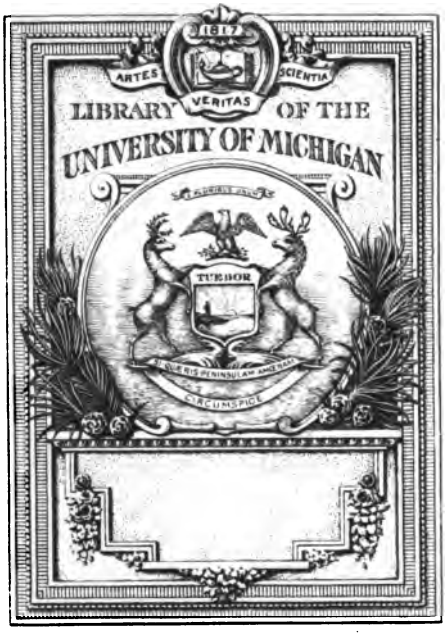
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THE

WORKS OF JOHN FORD,

WITH

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY

BY

WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.

A NEW EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED,

WITH ADDITIONS TO THE TEXT AND TO THE NOTES

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE LADY'S TRIAL.

The Lady's Trial was licensed by the Master of the Revels, and performed at the Cockpit, May 3d, 1638. ["*The Lady's Trial* was performed for the first time at the Cockpit Theatre in May 1638, on the 3d of which month it was licensed by the Master of the Revels." Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. i. p. 464. D.] It was printed in the following year. The old title is "The Ladies Triall. Acted By both their Majesties Servants at the private house in Drvry Lane. *Fide Honor.* London, Printed by E. G. for Henry Shephard, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane at the signe of the Bible, between Sarjants Inne and Fleet-street, neare the Kings-head Taverne, 1639." 4to.

TO

MY DESERVINGLY HONOURED

JOHN WYRLEY, ESQUIRE,

AND TO THE VIRTUOUS AND RIGHT WORTHY GENTLEWOMAN,

MISTRESS MARY WYRLEY,

HIS WIFE,

THIS SERVICE.

THE inequality of retribution turns to a pity when there is not ability sufficient for acknowledgment. Your equal respects may yet admit the readiness of endeavour, though the very hazard in it betray my defect. I have enjoyed freely acquaintance with the sweetness of your dispositions, and can justly account, from the nobleness of them, an evident distinction betwixt friendship and friends. The latter—according to the practice of compliment—are usually met with, and often without search: the other many have searched for, I have found. For which, though I partake a benefit of the fortune, yet to you, most equal pair, must remain the honour of that bounty. In presenting this issue of some less serious hours to your tuition, I appeal from the severity of censure to the mercy of your judgments; and shall rate it at a higher value

than when it was mine own, if you only allow it the favour of adoption. Thus, as your happiness in the fruition of each other's love proceeds to a constancy, so the truth of mine shall appear less unshaken as you shall please to continue in your good opinions

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AURIA, a noble Genoese.
ADURNI, a young lord.
AURELIO, friend to Auria.
MALFATO, a discontented lover.
TRELCATIO, MARTINO, } citizens of Genoa.
PIERO, FUTELLI, } dependents on Adurni.
GUZMAN, a braggadocio Spaniard.
FULGOSO, an upstart gallant.
BENATZI, husband to Levidolche.

SPINELLA, wife to Auria.
CASTANNA, her sister.
AMORETTA, a fantastic maid.
LEVIDOLCHE, a wanton.

SCENE—*Genoa.*

PROLOGUE.

LANGUAGE and matter, with a fit of mirth
That sharply savours more of air than earth,
Like midwives, bring a play to timely birth.

But where's now such a one in which these three
Are handsomely contriv'd? or, if they be,
Are understood by all who hear to see?

Wit, wit's the word in fashion, that alone
Cries up the poet, which, though neatly shown,
Is rather censur'd, oftentimes, than known.

He who will venture on a jest, that can
Rail on another's pain, or idly scan
Affairs of state, O, he's the only man!

A goodly approbation, which must bring
Fame with contempt by such a deadly sting!
The Muses chatter, who were wont to sing.

Your favours in what we present to-day;
Our fearless author boldly bids me say
He tenders you no satire, but a play;

In which, if so he have not hit all right,
For wit, words, mirth, and matter as he might,
He wishes yet he had, for your delight.

MASTER BIRD.[1]

[1] See the Dedication to *The Sun's Darling*.

THE LADY'S TRIAL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A room in the house of* AURIA.

Enter PIERO *and* FUTELLI *from opposite sides.*

Piero. Accomplish'd man of fashion!
Fut. The times' wonder!
Gallant of gallants, Genoa's Piero!
Piero. Italy's darling, Europe's joy, and so forth!
The newest news? unvamp'd?[1]
Fut. I am no footpost,
No pedlar of avisos, no monopolist
Of forg'd corantos, monger of gazettes.
Piero. Monger of courtesans, [my] fine Futelli;
In certain kind a merchant of the staple
For wares of use and trade; a taker-up,
Rather indeed a knocker-down; the word
Will carry either sense:—but, in pure earnest,
How trolls the common noise?
Fut. Auria, who lately
Wedded and bedded to the fair Spinella,
Tir'd with th' enjoyments of delights, is hasting

[1] *The newest news?* unvamp'd?] i.e. fresh, genuine, not patched up.

To cuff the Turkish pirates in the service
Of the Great Duke of Florence.
Piero. Does not carry
His pretty thing along.
Fut. Leaves her to buffet
Land-pirates here at home.
Piero. That's thou and I;
Futelli, sirrah, and Piero.—Blockhead!
To run from such an armful of pleasures,
For gaining—what?—a bloody nose of honour:
Most sottish and abominable!
Fut. Wicked,
Shameful, and cowardly, I will maintain.
Piero. Is all my signor's hospitality,
Huge banquetings, deep revels, costly trappings,
Shrunk to a cabin, and a single welcome
To beverage and biscuit?
Fut. Hold thy peace, man;
It makes for us:—he comes; let's part demurely.
[*They take different sides.*

Enter ADURNI *and* AURIA.

Adur. We wish thee, honour'd Auria, life and safety;
Return crown'd with a victory whose wreath
Of triumph may advance thy country's glory,
Worthy your name and ancestors!
Aur. My lord,
I shall not live to thrive in any action
Deserving memory, when I forget
Adurni's love and favour.
Piero. I present ye[2]
My service for a farewell; let few words

[2] Piero. *I present ye*, &c.] In the old 4to this short valediction is broken in the midst, and *Fut.* inserted before the latter part of it. *Fut.* instead of *Ful.* should be placed before the next speech.

Excuse all arts of compliment.

Fut. For my own part,
Kill or be kill'd,—for there's the short and long on't,—
Call me your shadow's hench-boy.[3]

Aur. Gentlemen,
My business, urging on a present haste,
Enforceth short reply.

Adur. We dare not hinder
Your resolution wing'd with thoughts so constant.
All happiness!

Piero and Fut. Contents!

[*Exeunt Adur. Piero, and Fut.*

Aur. So leave the winter'd people of the north
The minutes of their summer, when the sun
Departing leaves them in cold robes of ice,
As I leave Genoa.

Enter TRELCATIO, SPINELLA, *and* CASTANNA.

Now appears the object
Of my apprentic'd heart.—Thou bring'st, Spinella,
A welcome in a farewell—souls and bodies
Are sever'd for a time, a span of time,
To join again, without all separation,
In a confirmèd unity for ever:
Such will our next embraces be, for life;
And then to take the wreck of our divisions[4]
Will sweeten the remembrance of past dangers,
Will fasten love in perpetuity,
Will force our sleeps to steal upon our stories.
These days must come, and shall, without a cloud
Or night of fear or envy.—To your charge,

[3] *Call me your shadow's* hench-boy.] A common expression in our old writers for a *page;* a state-attendant on court or municipal officers.

[4] *And then to take the* wreck *of our divisions*] i. e. to enjoy the remnant of time which our separations have left us.

Trelcatio, our good uncle, and the comfort
Of my Spinella's sister, fair Castanna,
I do intrust this treasure.
Trel. I dare promise
My husbanding that trust with truth and care.
Cast. My sister shall to me stand an example
Of pouring free devotions for your safety.
Aur. Gentle Castanna, thou'rt a branch of goodness
Grown on the self-same stock with my Spinella.—
[*To Spin.*] But why, my dear, hast thou lock'd up thy speech
In so much silent sadness? O, at parting,
Belike one private whisper must be sigh'd.—
Uncle, the best of peace enrich your family!
I take my leave.
Trel. Blessings and health preserve ye! [*Exit.*
Aur. Nay, nay, Castanna, you may hear our counsels;
A while you are design'd your sister's husband.—
Give me thy hand, Spinella: you did promise
To send me from you with more cheerful looks,
Without a grudge or tear; 'deed, love, you did.
Spi. What friend have I left in your absence?
Aur. Many:
Thy virtues are such friends they cannot fail thee;
Faith, purity of thoughts, and such a meekness
As would force scandal to a blush.
Spi. Admit, sir,
The patent of your life should be call'd in;
How am I left then[5] to account with griefs,
More slav'd to pity than a broken heart?
Auria, soul of my comforts! I let fall

[5] *left then*] Gifford printed "then left." D.

No eye on breach of fortune; I contemn
No entertainment to divided hopes,
I urge no pressures by the scorn of change;
And yet, my Auria, when I but conceive
How easy 'tis—without impossibility—
Never to see thee more, forgive me then,
If I conclude I may be miserable,
Most miserable.

Cast. And such conclusion, sister,
Argues effects of a distrust more voluntary
Than cause by likelihood.

Aur. 'Tis truth, Castanna.

Spi. I grant it truth; yet, Auria, I'm a woman,
And therefore apt to fear: to show my duty,
And not take heart[6] from you, I'll walk from ye,
At your command, and not as much as trouble
Your thought with one poor looking-back.

Aur. I thank thee,
My worthy wife! Before we kiss,[7] receive
This caution from thine Auria: first—Castanna,
Let us bid farewell. [*Cast. walks aside.*

Spi. Speak, good, speak.

Aur. The steps
Young ladies tread, left to their own discretion,
However wisely printed, are observ'd,
And constru'd as the lookers-on presume:
Point out thy ways, then, in such even paths
As thine own jealousies from others' tongues
May not intrude a guilt, though undeserv'd.
Admit of visits as of physic forc'd,
Not to procure health, but for safe prevention

[6] *And not take heart*] Gifford printed "*And not* to *take heart.*" D.

[7] *Before we kiss*, &c.] He is about to speak, when he perceives his sister[-in-law], whom he desires to remove out of hearing; and accordingly she walks aside.

Against a growing sickness; in thy use
Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty
As no remembrance may impeach thy rest.
Appear not in a fashion that can prompt[8]
The gazer's eye, or holla, to report
Some widowèd neglect of handsome value:
In recreations be both wise and free;
Live still at home, home to thyself, howe'er
Enrich'd with noble company; remember
A woman's virtue, in her lifetime, writes
The epitaph all covet on their tombs:
In short, I know thou never wilt forget
Whose wife thou art, nor how upon thy lips
Thy husband at his parting seal'd[9] this kiss.—
No more. [*Kisses her.*

Spi. Dear heaven!—Go, sister, go.
[*Exeunt Spinella and Castanna.*

Aur. Done bravely,
And like the choice of glory, to know mine—
One of earth's best I have forgone—

Enter AURELIO.

See, see!
Yet in another I am rich, a friend,
A perfect one, Aurelio.

Aurel. Had I been
No stranger to your bosom, sir, ere now
You might have sorted me in your resolves,
Companion of your fortunes.

Aur. So the wrongs

[8] *Appear not in a fashion that can prompt*, &c.] "Do not," he says, "appear abroad so particularly dressed as to invite attention, and prompt the gazer's eye, or voice (clamorous voice, if the reader pleases) to report (to prattle of) a handsome woman apparently neglected by her husband."

[9] *seal'd*] The 4to has "stald." D.

I should have ventur'd on against thy fate
Must have denied all pardon. Not to hold
Dispute with reputations, why before
This present instant I conceal'd the stealth
Of my adventures from thy[10] counsels,—know
My wants do drive me hence.

Aurel. Wants! so you said,
And 'twas not friendly spoken.

Aur. Hear me further.

Aurel. Auria, take heed the covert of a folly
Willing to range be not without excuse
Discover'd in the coinage of untruths;
I use no harder language. Thou art near
Already on a shipwreck, in forsaking
The holy land of friendship, [and forbearing][11]
To talk your wants. Fie!

Aur. By that sacred thing
Last issu'd from the temple where it dwelt,
I mean our friendship, I am sunk so low
In my estate, that, bid[12] me live in Genoa
But six months longer, I survive the remnant
Of all my store.

Aurel. Umph!

Aur. In my country, friend,
Where I have sided my superior, friend,
Sway'd opposition, friend; friend, here to fall
Subject to scorn or rarely-found compassion,
Were more than man that hath a soul could bear,
A soul not stoop'd to servitude.

[10] *thy*] The 4to has "the." D.

[11] The 4to reads *in forsaking*
The holy land of friendship in forsaking, &c.] There can, I think, be no question but the last two words in the second line were inadvertently copied from the first at the press. I have given what may be supposed the sense of the original expression; the words themselves are irrecoverable.

[12] *bid*] The 4to has "bids." D.

Aurel. You[13] show
Nor certainty nor weak assurance yet
Of reparation in this course, in case
Command be proffer'd.

Aur. He who cannot merit
Preferment by employments, let him bare
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty,
Or die, or live a slave without redemption!

Aurel. For that, so! but you have a wife, a young,
A fair wife; she, though she could never claim
Right in prosperity, was never tempted
By trial of extremes; to youth and beauty
Baits for dishonour and a perish'd fame.

Aur. Show me the man that lives, and to my face
Dares speak, scarce think, such tyranny against
Spinella's constancy, except Aurelio—
He is my friend.

Aurel. There lives not, then, a friend
Dares love you like Aurelio; that Aurelio,
Who late and early often said, and truly,
Your marriage with Spinella would entangle
As much th' opinion due to your discretion
As your estate: it hath done so to both.

Aur. I find it hath.

Aurel. He who prescribes no law,
No limits of condition to the objects
Of his affection, but will merely wed
A face because 'tis round, or limn'd by nature
In purest red and white; or, at the best,
For that his mistress owes an excellence
Of qualities, knows when and how to speak,
Where to keep silence, with fit reasons why;
Whose virtues are her only dower, else [none]

[13] *You*] The 4to has "Your." D.

In either kind,—ought of himself to master
Such fortunes as add fuel to their loves;
For otherwise—but herein I am idle,
Have fool'd to little purpose.

Aur. She's my wife.

Aurel. And being so, it is not manly done
To leave her to the trial of her wits,
Her modesty, her innocence, her vows:
This is the way that points her out an art
Of wanton life.

Aur. Sir, said ye?

Aurel. You form reasons,
Just ones, for your abandoning the storms
Which threaten your own ruin; but propose
No shelter for her honour: what my tongue
Hath utter'd, Auria, is but honest doubt,
And you are wise enough in the construction.

Aur. Necessity must arm my confidence,
Which, if I live to triumph over, friend,
And e'er come back in plenty, I pronounce
Aurelio heir of what I can bequeath;
Some fit deduction for a worthy widow
Allow'd, with caution she be like to prove so.

Aurel. Who? I your heir! your wife being yet so young,
In every probability so forward
To make you a father? leave such thoughts.

Aur. Believe it,
Without replies, Aurelio: keep this note,
A warrant for receiving from Martino
Two hundred ducats; as you find occasion
Dispose them in my absence to Spinella:
I would not trust her uncle; he, good man,
Is at an ebb himself: another hundred
I left with her; a fourth I carry with me.

Am I not poor, Aurelio, now? Exchange
Of more debates between us would undo
My resolution: walk a little, prithee;
Friends we are, and will embrace; but let's not speak
Another word.

Aurel. I'll follow you to your horse.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the house of* ADURNI.

Enter ADURNI, *and* FUTELLI *with a letter, which he presents to* ADURNI.

Adur. With her own hand?

Fut. She never us'd, my lord,
A second means, but kiss'd the letter first,
O'erlook'd the superscription; then let fall
Some amorous drops, kiss'd it again, talk'd to it
Twenty times over, set it to her mouth,
Then gave it me, then snatch'd it back again,
Then cried, "O, my poor heart!" and, in an instant,
"Commend my truth and secrecy." Such medley
Of passion yet I never saw in woman.

Adur. In woman? thou'rt deceiv'd; but that we both
Had mothers, I could say how women are,
In their own natures, models of mere change;
Of change of what is naught to what is worse.—
She fee'd[13] ye liberally?

Fut. Twenty ducats
She forc'd on me; vow'd, by the precious love
She bore the best of men,—I use, my lord,
Her very words,—the miracle of men,
Malfato,—then she sigh'd,—this mite of gold
Was only entrance to a farther bounty:
'Tis meant, my lord, belike, press-money.

[13] *fee'd*] The 4to has "fed." D.

Adur. Devil!
How durst she tempt thee [thus], Futelli, knowing
Thy love to me?
Fut. There lies, my lord, her cunning,
Rather her craft: first she began, what pity
It was that men should differ in estates
Without proportion; some so strangely rich,
Others so miserable poor; "and yet,"
Quoth she, "since 'tis [in] very deed unfit
All should be equals, so, I must confess,
It were good justice that the properest men
Should be preferr'd to fortune, such as nature
Had mark'd with fair abilities; of which
Genoa, for aught I know, hath wonderous few,
Not two to boast of."
Adur. Here began her itch.
Fut. I answer'd, she was happy, then, whose choice
In you, my lord, was singular.
Adur. Well urg'd.
Fut. She smil'd, and said it might be so; and yet—
There stopp'd: then I clos'd with her, and concluded
The title of a lord was not enough
For absolute perfection; I had seen
Persons of meaner quality much more
Exact in fair endowments—but your lordship
Will pardon me, I hope.
Adur. And love thee for it.
Fut. "Phew! let that pass," quoth she; "and now
we prattle
Of handsome gentlemen, in my opinion
Malfato is a very pretty fellow;
Is he not, pray, sir?" I had then the truth
Of what I rov'd at, and with more than praise
Approv'd her judgment in so high a strain,
Without comparison, my honour'd lord,

That soon we both concluded of the man,
The match and business.
Adur. For delivering
A letter to Malfato?
Fut. Whereto I
No sooner had consented, with protests—
I did protest, my lord—of secrecy
And service, but she kiss'd me, as I live,
Of her own free accord—I trust your lordship
Conceives not me amiss—pray, rip the seal,
My lord; you'll find sweet stuff, I dare believe.
Adur. [*reads*] *Present to the most accomplished of men, Malfato, with this love a service.*
Kind superscription! prithee, find him out,
Deliver it with compliment; observe
How ceremoniously he does receive it.
Fut. Will not your lordship péruse the contents?
Adur. Enough, I know too much; be just and cunning:
A wanton mistress is a common sewer.—
Much newer project[14] labours in my brain.—

Enter PIERO.

Your friend! here's now the Gemini of wit:
What odd conceit is next on foot? some cast
Of neat invention, ha, sirs?
Piero. Very fine,
I do protest, my lord.
Fut. Your lordship's ear
Shall share i' th' plot.
Adur. As how?
Piero. You know, my lord,
Young Amoretta, old Trelcatio's daughter;

[14] *Much* newer *project*, &c.] The old copy, by a slight mistake, reads "Much *never* project," &c.

An honest man, but poor.
Fut. And, my good lord,
He that is honest must be poor, my lord;
It is a common rule.
Adur. Well,—Amoretta.—
Pray, one at once—my knowledge is not much
Of her; instruct me.
Piero. Speak, Futelli.
Fut. Spare me.
Piero has the tongue more pregnant.
Piero. Fie!
Play on your creature?
Fut. Shall be yours.
Piero. Nay, good.
Adur. Well, keep your mirth, my dainty honeys; agree
Some two days hence, till when—
Piero. By any means,
Partake the sport, my lord; this thing of youth—
Fut. Handsome enough; good face, quick eye, well-bred.
Piero. Is yet possess'd so strangely—
Fut. With an humour
Of thinking she deserves—
Piero. A duke, a count,
At least a viscount, for her husband, that—
Fut. She scorns all mention of a match beneath
One of the foresaid nobles; will not ride
In a caroche without eight horses.
Piero. Six
She may be drawn to; four—
Fut. Are for the poor:
But for two horses in a coach—
Piero. She says
They're not for creatures of Heaven's making; fitter—

Fut. Fitter for litters to convey hounds in
Than people Christian: yet herself—
Piero. Herself
Walks evermore a-foot, and knows not whether
A coach doth trot or amble—
Fut. But by hearsay.
Adur. Stop, gentlemen, you run a gallop both;
Are out of breath, sure: 'tis a kind of compliment
Scarce enter'd to the times; but certainly
You coin a humour: let me understand
Deliberately your fancy.
Piero. In plain troth,
My lord, the she whom we describe is such,
And lives here, here in Genoa, this city,
This very city, now, the very now.
Adur. Trelcatio's daughter?
Fut. Has refusèd suitors
Of worthy rank, substantial and free parts,
Only for that they are not dukes or counts;
Yet she herself with all her father's store
Can hardly weigh above four hundred ducats.
Adur. Now, your design for sport?
Piero. Without prevention:
Guzman, the Spaniard late cashier'd, most gravely
Observes the full punctilios of his nation;
And him have we beleaguer'd to accost
This she-piece, under a pretence of being
Grandee of Spain, and cousin to twelve princes.
Fut. For rival unto whom we have enrag'd
Fulgoso, the rich coxcomb lately started
A gentleman, out of a sutler's hut
In the late Flemish wars; we have resolv'd him
He is descended from Pantagruel
Of famous memory by the father's side,
And by the mother from Dame Fusti-Bunga,

Who, troubled long time with a strangury,
Vented at last salt-water so abundantly
As drown'd the land 'twixt Zirick-see and Vere,[15]
Where steeples' tops are only seen. He casts
Beyond the moon, and will be greater yet,
In spite of Don.

Adur. You must abuse the maid[16]
Beyond amends.

Fut. But countenance the course,
My lord, and it may chance, beside the mirth,
To work a reformation on the maiden:
Her father's leave is granted, and thanks promis'd;
Our ends are harmless trials.

Adur. I betray
No[17] secrets of such use.

Piero and Fut. Your lordship's humblest.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in* MALFATO'S *house.*

Enter AURELIO *and* MALFATO.

Aurel. A melancholy grounded and resolv'd,
Receiv'd into a habit, argues love,
Or deep impression of strong discontents.
In cases of these rarities a friend,
Upon whose faith and confidence we may
Vent with security our grief, becomes
Oft-times the best physician; for, admit

[15] *As drown'd the land 'twixt* Zirick-see *and Vere,*] The old copy reads "*Sirixia* and Vere." The allusion is to the great inundation which overwhelmed a considerable part of Zealand in the early part of the 16th century.

[16] *You must abuse the maid*] If "*must*" be not an error of the press for "*much*," it is used here in the sense of—it cannot be but you abuse the maid beyond, &c.

[17] *No*] The 4to has "me." D.

We find no remedy, we cannot miss
Advice instead of comfort; and believe
It is an ease, Malfato, to disburthen
Our souls of secret clogs, where they may find
A rest in pity, though not in redress.

Mal. Let all this sense be yielded to.

Aurel. Perhaps
You measure what I say the common nature
Of an officious curiosity.

Mal. Not I, sir.

Aurel. Or that other private ends
Sift your retirements.

Mal. Neither.

Enter FUTELLI.

Fut. Under favour,
Signor Malfato, I am sent to crave
Your leisure for a word or two in private.

Mal. To me!—Your mind.

Fut. This letter will inform ye.
[*Gives him letter.*

Mal. Letter! how's this? what's here?

Fut. Speak ye to me, sir?

Mal. Brave riddle! I'll endeavour to unfold it.

Aurel. How fares the Lord Adurni?

Fut. Sure, in health, sir.

Aurel. He is a noble gentleman, withal
Happy in his endeavours: the general voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And every fair demeanour, an example;
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his titles.

Mal. You know from whence this comes?

Fut. I do.

Mal. D'ye laugh?

But that I must consider such as spaniels
To those who feed and clothe them, I would print
Thy panderism upon thy forehead :—there !
[*Throws him the letter.*
Bear back that paper to the hell from whence
It gave thee thy directions ; tell this lord
He ventur'd on a foolish policy
In aiming at the scandal of my blood ;
The trick is childish, base,—say, base.
Fut. You wrong him.
Aurel. Be wise, Malfato.
Mal. Say, I know this whore.
She who sent this temptation was wife
To his abusèd servant ; and divorc'd
From poor Benatzi, senseless of the wrongs,
That Madam Levidolche and Adurni
Might revel in their sports without control,
Secure, uncheck'd.
Aurel. You range too wildly now,
Are too much inconsiderate.
Mal. I am
A gentleman free-born ; I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed
Upon their after-meals ; I never crouch'd
Unto the offal of an office promis'd,—
Reward for long attendance,—and then miss'd.
I read no difference between this huge,
This monstrous big word "lord" and "gentleman,"
More than the title sounds ; for aught I learn,
The latter is as noble as the first,
I'm sure more ancient.
Aurel. Let me tell you, then,
You are too bitter, talk you know not what.
Make all men equals, and confound all course
Of order and of nature ! this is madness.

Mal. 'Tis so; and I have reason to be mad,—
Reason, Aurelio, by my truth and hopes.
This wit Futelli brings a suit of love
From Levidolche; one, however mask'd
In colourable privacy, is fam'd
The Lord Adurni's pensioner at least.
Am I a husband pick'd out for a strumpet?
For a cast-suit of bawdry? Aurelio,
You are as I am,[18] you could ill digest
The trial of a patience so unfit.—
Be gone, Futelli! do not mince one syllable
Of what you hear; another fetch like this
May tempt a peace to rage: so say; be gone!
Fut. I shall report your answer. [*Exit.*
Mal. What have I
Deserv'd to be so us'd! In colder blood,
I do confess nobility requires
Duty and love; it is a badge of virtue,
By action first acquir'd, and next in rank
Unto anointed royalty.—Wherein
Have I neglected distance, or forgot
Observance to superiors? sure, my name
Was in the note mistook.
Aurel. We will consider
The meaning of this mystery.
Mal. Not so;
Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear;
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart. [*Exeunt.*

[18] *Aurelio,*
You are as I am, &c.] This expression, which is not uncommon in our old writers, means "suppose you were"—or rather, "put yourself—in my place," &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A street.*

Enter FUTELLI *and* GUZMAN.

Fut. Dexterity and sufferance, brave Don,
Are engines the pure politic must work with.
Guz. We understand.
Fut. In subtleties of war,—
I talk t'ye now in your own occupation,
Your trade, or what you please,—unto a soldier
Surprisal of an enemy by stratagem
Or downright cutting throats is all one thing.
Guz. Most certain: on, proceed.
Fut. By way of parallel;
You drill or exercise your company,—
No matter which, for terms,—before you draw
Into the field; so in the feats of courtship,
First choice is made of thoughts, behaviour, words,
The set of looks, the posture of the beard,
Beso las manos, cringes of the knee,
The very hums and ha's, thumps and ay me's![1]
Guz. We understand all these: advance.
Fut. Then next
Your enemy in face,—your mistress, mark it,—
Now you consult either to skirmish slightly,—
That's careless ámours,—or to enter battle;
Then fall to open treaty, or to work
By secret spies or gold: here you corrupt
The chambermaid, a fatal engine, or
Place there an ambuscado,—that's contract

[1] *ay me's!*] See note, vol. i. p. 165.—Here Gifford, as elsewhere, printed "ah *me's!*" D.

With some of her near friends for half her portion;—
Or offer truce, and in the interim
Run upon slaughter, 'tis a noble treachery,—
That's swear and lie; steal her away, and to her
Cast caps, and cry *Victoria!* the field's
Thine own, my Don, she's thine.

Guz. We do vouchsafe her.

Fut. Hold her, then, fast.

Guz. As fast as can the arms
Of strong imagination hold her.

Fut. No,
Sh'as skipt[2] your hold; my imagination's eyes
Perceive she not endures the touch or scent
Of your war-overworn habiliments,
Which I forgot in my instructions
To warn you of: therefore, my warlike Don,
Apparel speedily your imagination
With a more courtly outside.

Guz. 'Tis soon done.

Fut. As soon as said;—[*aside*] in all the clothes thou hast,
More than that walking-wardrobe on thy back.

Guz. Imagine first our rich mockado doublet[3]
With our cut cloth-of-gold sleeves, and our quellio,
Our diamond-button'd callamanco hose,
Our plume of ostrich, with th' embroider'd scarf
The Duchess Infantasgo roll'd our arm in.

Fut. Ay, this is brave indeed!

Guz. Our cloak, whose cape is
Larded with pearls, which the Indian cacique[4]
Presented to our countryman De Cortez
For ransom of his life; rated in value

[2] *skipt*] Qy. "slipt" or "scap'd"? D.

[3] *Our rich* mockado *doublet*] i. e. an inferior kind of velvet, *velveret: quellio*, which occurs in the following line, is a *ruff*.

[4] *cacique*] The 4to has "Iacquies." D.

At thirteen thousand pistolets; the guerdon
Of our achievement, when we rescuèd
Th' infanta from the boar in single duel,
Near to the Austrian forest, with this rapier,
This only, very, naked, single rapier.

Fut. Top and top-gallant brave!

Guz. We will appear
Before our Amoretta like the issue
Of our progenitors.

Fut. Imagine so,
And that this rich suit of imagination
Is on already now,—which is most probable,[5]—
As that apparel:—here stands your Amoretta;
Make your approach and court her.

Guz. Lustre of beauty,
Not to affright your tender soul with horror,
We may descend to tales of peace and love,
Soft whispers fitting ladies' closets; for
Thunder of cannon, roaring smoke and fire,
As if hell's maw had vomited confusion,
The clash of steel, the neighs of barbèd steeds,
Wounds spouting blood, towns capering in the air,
Castles push'd down, and cities plough'd with swords,
Become great Guzman's oratory best,
Who, though victorious,—and during life
Must be,—yet now grants parley to thy smiles.

Fut. 'Sfoot, Don, you talk too big; you make her tremble;
Do you not see't imaginarily?
I do, as plainly as you saw the death
Of the Austrian boar: she rather hears

[5] *which is most probable,*—] This hemistich seems to be spoken aside, and alludes to a former speech, in which he had hinted that Guzman was already dressed "in all the clothes he had." The rest is plain enough. Conceive that this imaginary suit is now on; in other words—that what you now wear is that apparel.

Of feasting than of fighting; take her that way.

Guz. Yes, we will feast;—my queen, my empress, saint,
Shalt taste no delicates but what are drest
With costlier spices than th' Arabian bird
Sweetens her funeral bed with; we will riot
With every change of meats, which may renew
Our blood unto a spring, so pure, so high,
That from our pleasures shall proceed a race
Of sceptre-bearing princes, who at once
Must reign in every quarter of the globe.

Fut. [*aside*] Can more be said by one that feeds on herring
And garlic constantly?

Guz. Yes, we will feast—

Fut. Enough! she's taken, and will love you now
As well in buff as your imagin'd bravery:
Your dainty ten-times-drest buff, with this language,
Bold man of arms, shall win upon her, doubt not,
Beyond all silken puppetry. Think no more
Of your "mockadoes, callamancoes, quellios,
Pearl-larded capes, and diamond-button'd breeches;"
Leave such poor outside helps to puling lovers
Such as Fulgoso, your weak rival, is,
That starveling-brain'd companion; appear you,
At first at least, in your own warlike fashion:
I pray be rul'd, and change not a thread about you.

Guz. The humour takes; for I, sir, am a man
Affects not shifts: I will adventure thus.

Fut. Why, so you carry her from all the world.
I'm proud my stars design'd me out an instrument
In such an high employment.

Guz. Gravely spoken;
You may be proud on't.

Enter from the opposite side FULGOSO *and* PIERO.

Ful. What is lost is lost,
Money is trash, and ladies are *et-cæteras*,
Play's play, luck's luck, fortune's an—I know what;
You see the worst of me, and what's all this now?

Piero. A very spark, I vow: you will be styl'd
Fulgoso the Invincible. But did
The fair Spinella lose an equal part?
How much in all, d'ye say?

Ful. Bare threescore ducats,
Thirty a-piece; we need not care who know it.
She play'd; I went her half, walk'd by, and whistled—
After my usual manner thus [*whistles*]—unmov'd,
As no such thing had ever been, as 't were,
Although I saw the winners share my money:
His lordship and an honest gentleman
Purs'd it, but not so merrily as I
Whistled it off. [*Whistles.*

Piero. A noble confidence!

Fut. D'ye note your rival?

Guz. With contempt I do.

Ful. I can forgo things nearer than my gold,
Allied to my affections and my blood;
Yea, honour, as it were, with the same kind
Of careless confidence, and come off fairly
Too, as it were.

Piero. But not your love, Fulgoso.

Ful. No, she's inherent, and mine own past losing.

Piero. It tickles me to think with how much state
You, *as it were*, did run at tilt in love
Before your Amoretta.

Ful. Broke my lance.

Piero. Of wit, of wit!

Ful. I mean so, as it were,

And laid flat on her back both horse and woman.

Piero. Right, as it were.

Ful. What else, man, as it were?

Guz. [*crossing over to Ful.*] Did you do this to her? dare you to vaunt
Your triumph, we being present? *um, ha, um.*
[*Ful. whistles the Spanish pavin.*[6]

Fut. What think you, Don, of this brave man?

Guz. A man!
It is some truss of reeds, or empty cask,
In which the wind with whistling sports itself.

Fut. Bear up, sir; he's your rival; budge not from him
An inch; your grounds are honour.

Piero. Stoutly ventur'd;
Don, hold him to't.

Ful. 'Protest, a fine conceit,
A very fine conceit; and thus I told her,
That, for mine own part, if she lik'd me, so!
If not, not; for "My duck, or doe," said I,
"It is no fault of mine that I am noble:
Grant it; another may be noble too;
And then we're both one noble;" better still!—
Hab-nab's[7] good; wink and choose; if one must have her,
The other goes without her,—best of all!—
My spirit is too high to fight for woman;
I am too full of mercy to be angry;
A foolish generous quality, from which
No might of man can beat me,[8] I'm resolv'd.

Guz. Hast thou a spirit, then, ha? speaks thy weapon

[6] *the Spanish pavin.*] See note, vol. i. p. 121. D.
[7] *Hab-nab's*] The 4to has "Habs-*nabs.*" D.
[8] *me,*] The 4to has "I'me." D.

Toledo language, Bilboa, or dull Pisa?
If an Italian blade or Spanish metal,
Be brief; we challenge answer.
Fut. Famous Don!
Ful. What does he talk? My weapon speaks no language;
'Tis a Dutch iron truncheon.
Guz. Dutch!
Ful. And, if need be,
'Twill maul one's hide, in spite of who says nay.
Guz. Dutch to a Spaniard! hold me.
Ful. Hold me too,
Sirrah, if thou'rt my friend, for I love no fighting;
Yet hold me, lest in pity I fly off:
If I must fight, I must; in a scurvy quarrel
I defy hes and shes: twit me with Dutch!
Hang Dutch and French, hang Spanish and Italians,
Christians and Turks. Pew-waw, all's one to me!
I know what's what, I know [up]on which side
My bread is butter'd.
Guz. Butter'd! Dutch again!
You come not with intention to affront us?
Ful. Front me no fronts; if thou be'st angry, squabble—
Here's my defence, and thy destruction;
[*Whistles a charge.*
If friends, shake hands, and go with me to dinner.
Guz. We will embrace the motion; it doth relish.
The cavaliero treats on terms of honour;
Peace is not to be balk'd on fair conditions.
Fut. Still Don is Don the Great.
Piero. He shows the greatness
Of his vast stomach in the quick embracement
Of th' other's dinner.
Fut. 'Twas the ready means

To catch his friendship.

Piero. Ye're a pair of Worthies,
That make the Nine no wonder.

Fut. Now, since fate
Ordains that one of two must be the man,
The man of men which must enjoy alone
Love's darling, Amoretta; both take liberty
To show himself before her, without cross
Of interruption, one of t'other: he
Whose sacred mystery of earthly blessings
Crowns the pursuit be happy!

Piero. And till then
Live brothers in society.

Guz. We're fast.

Ful. I vow a match; I'll feast the Don to-day,
And fast with him to-morrow.

Guz. Fair conditions.

Enter ADURNI, SPINELLA, AMORETTA, *and* CASTANNA, *passing over the stage.*

Adur. Futelli and Piero, follow speedily.

Piero. My lord, we wait ye.

Fut. We shall soon return.

[*Exeunt all but Ful. and Guz.*

Ful. What's that I saw?—a sound.

Guz. A voice for certain.

Ful. It nam'd a lord.

Guz. Here are lords too, we take it;
We carry blood about us, rich and haughty
As any the[9] Twelve Cæsars.

Ful. Gulls or Moguls,
Tag-rag or other, hogen-mogen,[10] vanden,

[9] *any the*] Gifford printed "*any* o' *the.*" D.

[10] *hogen-mogen,*] The 4to has "hoger-*mogen.*" D.

Skip-jacks or chouses.[11] Whoo! the brace are flinch'd,
The pair of shavers are sneak'd from us, Don:
Why, what are we!

Guz. The valiant will stand to't.

Ful. So say I; we will eat and drink and squander,
Till all do split again.

Guz. March on with greediness.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the house of* MARTINO.

Enter MARTINO *and* LEVIDOLCHE.

Mart. You cannot answer what a general tongue
Objects against your folly; I may curse
The interest you lay claim to in my blood.
Your mother, my dear niece, did die, I thought,
Too soon, but she is happy; had she liv'd
Till now, and known the vanities your[12] life
Hath dealt in, she had wish'd herself a grave
Before a timely hour.

Lev. Sir, consider
My sex; were I mankind, my sword should quit
A wounded honour, and reprieve a name
From injury, by printing on their bosoms
Some deadly character whose drunken surfeits
Vomit such base aspersions: as I am,
Scorn and contempt is virtue; my desert
Stands far above their malice.

Mart. Levidolche,
Hypocrisy puts on a holy robe,

[11] *Skip-jacks or chouses.*] Turkish officers, *sanjiaks* and *chiouses;* the last term we have naturalised. As a verb, it means to cheat, to defraud; as a substantive, a dexterous rogue, a swindler. See *Mass.* [vol. ii. p. 182] and *Jonson*, vol. iv. p. 27.

[12] *vanities your*] The 4to has "*vanities* of *your.*" D.

Yet never changeth nature; call to mind
How, in your girl's days, you fell, forsooth,
In love, and married,—married—hark ye!—whom?
A trencher-waiter; shrewd preferment! but
Your childhood then excus'd that fault; for so
Footmen have run away with lusty heirs,
And stable-grooms reach'd to some fair-ones' chambers.

Lev. Pray let not me be bandied, sir, and baffled
By your intelligence.

Mart. So touch'd to the quick!
Fine mistress, I will, then, rip up at length
The progress of your infamy:[13] in colour
Of disagreement, you must be divorc'd;
Were so, and I must countenance the reasons;
On better hopes I did, nay, took you home,
Provided you my care, nay, justified
Your alteration; joy'd to entertain
Such visitants of worth and rank as tender'd
Civil respects: but then, even then—

Lev. What then?
Sweet uncle, do not spare me.

Mart. I more shame
To fear my hospitality was bawd,
And name it so, to your unchaste desires,
Than you to hear and know it.

Lev. Whose whore am I?
For that's your plainest meaning.

Mart. Were you modest,
The word you utter'd last would force a blush.
Adurni is a bounteous lord, 'tis said,
He parts with gold and jewels like a free
And liberal purchaser! he wriggles in
To ladies' pleasures by a right of pension:

[13] *infamy:*] The 4to has "infancie." D.

But you know none of this! you're grown a tavern-talk,
Matter for fiddlers' songs. I toil to build
The credit of my family, and you
To pluck-up the foundation: even this morning,
Before the common-council, young Malfato,—
Convented for some lands he held, suppos'd
Belong'd to certain orphans,—as I question'd
His tenure in particulars, he answer'd,
My worship needed not to flaw his right;
For if the humour held him, he could make
A jointure to my over-loving[14] niece
Without oppression; bade me tell her too
She was a kind young soul, and might in time
Be su'd-to by a loving man: no doubt
Here was a jolly breakfast!

Lev. Uncles are privileg'd
More than our parents; some wise man in state
Hath rectified, no doubt, your knowledge, sir.
Whiles all the policy for public business
Was spent—for want of matter, I by chance
Fell into grave discourse; but, by your leave,
I from a stranger's table rather wish
To earn my bread than from a friend's by gift,
Be daily subject to unfit reproofs.

Mart. Come, come, to the point.

Lev. All the curses
Due to a ravisher of sober truth
Dam-up their graceless mouths!

Mart. Now you turn rampant,
Just in the wenches' trim and garb; these prayers
Speak your devotions purely.

Lev. [*weeps*] Sir, alas,
What would you have me do? I have no orators,

[14] *over-loving*] The 4to has "*over*-living." D.

More than my tears, to plead my innocence,
Since you forsake me, and are pleas'd to lend
An open ear against my honest fame.
Would all their spite could harry[15] my contents
Unto a desperate ruin! O, dear goodness!
There is a right for wrongs.

Mart. There is; but first
Sit in commission on your own defects;
Accuse yourself; be your own jury, judge,
And executioner: I make no sport
Of my vexation.

Lev. All the short remains
Of undesirèd life shall only speak
Th' extremity of penance; your opinion
Enjoins it too.

Mart. Enough; thy tears prevail
Against credulity.

Lev. My miseries,
As in a glass, present me the rent face
Of an unguided youth.

Mart. No more.

Enter TRELCATIO *with an open letter.*

Trelcatio!
Some business speeds you hither.

Trel. Happy news—
Signior Martino, pray your ear; my nephew
Auria hath done brave service; and I hear—
Let's be exceeding private—is return'd
High in the Duke of Florence's respects:
'Tis said—but make no words—that he has firk'd
And mumbled the rogue Turks.[16]

[15] *could* harry *my contents*] i. e. *worry, torment, drive by violence*, &c.

[16] *the rogue Turks.*] The 4to has "*the* roguie-*Turkes.*" D.

Mart. Why would you have
His merits so unknown?[17]
Trel. I am not yet
Confirm'd at full:—withdraw, and you shall read
All what this paper talks.
Mart. So!—Levidolche,
You know our mind, be cheerful.—Come, Trelcatio,—
Causes of joy or grief do seldom happen
Without companions near; thy resolutions
Have given another birth to my contents.
[*Exeunt Mart. and Trel.*
Lev. Even so, wise uncle! much good do ye.—Discover'd!
I could fly out, mix vengeance with my love—
Unworthy man, Malfato!—my good lord,
My hot in blood, rare lord, grows cold too! well,
Rise dotage into rage, and sleep no longer;
Affection turn'd to hatred threatens mischief. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *An apartment in* ADURNI'S *house.*

Enter PIERO, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, *and* CASTANNA.

Piero. In the next gallery you may behold
Such living pictures, lady, such rich pieces,
Of kings and queens and princes, that you'd think
They breathe and smile upon ye.
Amor. Ha they crownths,
Great crownths oth gold upon their headths?
Piero. Pure gold;
Drawn all in state.

[17] *Why would you* have
His merits so unknown?] The 4to has "Why would you *know*," &c. A slighter alteration would be "*now*;" but the reading of the text gives, I think, the poet's meaning.

Amor. How many horthes, pray,
Are ith their chariots?
Piero. Sixteen, some twenty.
Cast. My sister! wherefore left we her alone?
Where stays she, gentlemen?
Fut. Viewing the rooms:
'Tis like you'll meet her in the gallery:
This house is full of curiosities
Most fit for ladies' sights.
Amor. Yeth, yeth, the thight
Of printhethes ith a fine thight.
Cast. Good, let's find her.
Piero. Sweet ladies, this way.—[*Aside to Fut.*] See the doors sure.
Fut. [*aside to Piero.*] Doubt not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another room in the same. A banquet set out.*

Enter ADURNI *and* SPINELLA. *A Song within.*

Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye
Whiles the spring of nature lasteth;
Love and melting thoughts befriend[18] *ye;*
Use the time, ere winter hasteth.
Active blood and free delight,
Place and privacy invite.
Do, do! be kind as fair;
Lose not opportunity for air.[19]

She is cruel that denies it,
Bounty best appears in granting;

[18] *befriend*] Substituted by Gifford for "attend" of the 4to. D.
[19] *air.*] A mere trifle, such as the speaker insinuates fame, idle report, to be.

Stealth of sport as soon supplies it,
Whiles the dues of love are wanting.
Here's the sweet exchange of bliss,
When each whisper proves a kiss.
In the game are felt no pains,
For in all the loser gains.

Adur. Plead not, fair creature, without sense of pity,
So incompassionately 'gainst a service
In nothing faulty more than pure obedience:
My honours and my fortunes are led captives
In triumph by your all-commanding beauty;
And if you ever felt the power of love,
The rigour of an uncontrollèd passion,
The tyranny of thoughts, consider mine,
In some proportion, by the strength of yours;
Thus may you yield and conquer.

Spin. Do not study,
My lord, to apparel folly in the weed
Of costly colours;[20] henceforth cast off far,
Far from your noblest nature the contempt
Of goodness, and be gentler to your fame,
By purchase of a life to grace your story.

Adur. Dear, how sweetly
Reproof drops from that balmy spring, your breath!
Now could I read a lecture of my griefs,
Unearth a mine of jewels at your foot,
Command a golden shower to rain down,
Impoverish every kingdom of the East
Which traffics richest clothes and silks, would you

[20] *to apparel folly in the* weed
Of costly colours;] This is the nearest approach which I can make to the expression in the old copy—"*steed.*" That it was the author's word, I cannot flatter myself; but it may serve in the absence of "*stole,*" or "garb," or some more fortunate guess.

Vouchsafe one unspleen'd chiding to my riot:
Else such a sacrifice can but beget
Suspicion of returns to my devotion
In mercenary blessings; for that saint
To whom I vow myself must never want
Fit offerings to her altar.

Spin. Auria, Auria,
Fight not for name abroad; but come, my husband,
Fight for thy wife at home!

Adur. O, never rank,[21]
Dear cruelty, one that is sworn your creature
Amongst your country's enemies: I use
No force but humble words, deliver'd from
A tongue that's secretary to my heart.

Spin. How poorly some, tame to their wild desires,
Fawn on abuse of virtue! pray, my lord,
Make not your house my prison.

Adur. Grant a freedom
To him who is the bondman to your beauty.—

[*A noise within, and the door is forced.*

Enter AURELIO, *followed by* CASTANNA, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, *and* PIERO.

Aurel. Keep back, ye close contrivers of false pleasures,
Or I shall force ye back.—Can it be possible?
Lock'd up, and singly too! chaste hospitality!
A banquet in a bed-chamber! Adurni,
Dishonourable man!

Adur. What sees this rudeness,
That can broach scandal here?

Aurel. For you hereafter.—
O woman, lost to every brave report,

[21] *rank,*] The 4to has "canke." D.

Thy wrongèd Auria is come home with glory![22]
Prepare a welcome to uncrown the greatness
Of his prevailing fates.
Spin. Whiles you, belike,
Are furnish'd with some news for entertainment,
Which must become your friendship, to be knit
More fast betwixt your souls by my removal
Both from his heart and memory!
Adur. Rich conquest,
To triumph on a lady's injur'd fame,
Without a proof or warrant!
Fut. Have I life, sir?
Faith? Christianity?
Piero. Put me on the rack,
The wheel, or the galleys, if—
Aurel. Peace, factors
In merchandise of scorn! your sounds are deadly.—
Castanna, I could pity your consent
To such ignoble practice; but I find
Coarse fortunes easily seduc'd, and herein
All claim to goodness ceases.
Cast. Use your tyranny.
Spin. What rests behind for me? out with it!
Aurel. Horror,
Becoming such a forfeit of obedience;
Hope not that any falsity in friendship
Can palliate a broken faith; it dares not.
Leave in thy prayers, fair, vow-breaking wanton,
To dress thy soul [a]new, whose purer whiteness
Is sullied by thy change from truth to folly.

[22] *Thy wrongèd Auria is* come *home with glory!*] Ford seldom embarrasses himself with the unities either of time or place; nor is his conduct in this respect, perhaps, a matter of much importance. Auria's "triumphant exploits" must have occupied a space worth noticing; and his return might easily, had the author been so pleased, been transferred to the opening of the next act; though this, after all, would only have relieved one improbability among many.

A fearful storm is hovering; it will fall;
No shelter can avoid it: let the guilty
Sink under their own ruin. [*Exit.*

Spin. How unmanly
His anger threatens mischief!

Amor. Whom, I prithee,
Doth the man speak to?

Adur. Lady, be not mov'd;
I will stand champion for your honour, hazard
All what is dearest to me.

Spin. Mercy, heaven!
Champion for me, and Auria living! Auria!
He lives; and for my guard, my innocence,
As free as are my husband's clearest thoughts,
Shall keep off vain constructions. I must beg
Your charities; sweet sister, yours, to leave me;
I need no followers[23] now: let me appear
Or mine own lawyer, or in open court,—
Like some forsaken client,—in my suit
Be cast for want of honest plea—O, misery! [*Exit.*

Adur. Her resolution's violent;—quickly follow.

Cast. By no means, sir: you've follow'd her already,
I fear, with too much ill success, in trial
Of unbecoming courtesies, your welcome
Ends in so sad a farewell.

Adur. I will stand
The roughness of th' encounter like a gentleman,
And wait ye to your homes, whate'er befall me.
[*Exeunt.*

[23] *followers*] The 4to has "fellowes." D.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The street before* MARTINO'S *house.*

Enter FULGOSO *and* GUZMAN.

Ful. I say, Don, brother mine, win her and wear her:
And so will I: if 't be my luck to lose her,
I lose a pretty wench, and there's the worst on't.
Guz. Wench said ye? most mechanically, faugh!
Wench is your trull, your blowse, your dowdy; but,
Sir brother, he who names my queen of love
Without his bonnet vail'd, or saying grace
As at some paranymphal feast, is rude,
Not vers'd in literature. Dame Amoretta,
Lo, I am sworn thy champion!
Ful. So am I too;
Can, as occasion serves, if she turn scurvy,
Unswear myself again, and ne'er change colours.
Pish, man! the best, though call 'em ladies, madams,
Fairs, fines, and honeys, are but flesh and blood,
And now and then too, when the fit's come on 'em,
Will prove themselves but flirts and tirliry-puffkins.[1]
Guz. Our choler must advance.
Ful. Dost long for a beating?
Shall's try a slash? here's that shall do't; [*draws*] I'll tap
A gallon of thy brains, and fill thy hogshead

[1] *tirliry-puffkins.*] *Puffkin* is formed from *puff* (a worthless fungous excrescence, a dust-ball), precisely as *whiskin* is from *whisk*, and has degenerated, by a similar process, into a term of low ribaldry. See vol. ii. p. 236.

With two of wine for't.

Guz. Not in friendship, brother.

Ful. Or whistle thee into an ague: hang't,
Be sociable; drink till we roar and scratch;
Then drink ourselves asleep again:—the fashion!
Thou dost not know the fashion.

Guz. Her fair eyes,
Like to a pair of pointed beams drawn from
The sun's most glorious orb, do dazzle sight
Audacious to gaze there; then over those
A several bow of jet securely twines
In semicircles; under them two banks
Of roses red and white, divided by
An arch of polish'd ivory, surveying
A temple from whence oracles proceed
More gracious than Apollo's, more desir'd
Than amorous songs of poets softly tun'd.

Ful. Heyday! what's this?

Guz. O, but those other parts,
All—

Ful. All!—hold there, I bar play under board,
My part yet lies therein; you never saw
The things you wire-draw thus.

Guz. [But] I have dreamt
Of every part about her, can lay open
Her several inches as exactly—mark it—
As if I had took measure with a compass,
A rule, or yard, from head to foot.

Ful. O, rare!
And all this in a dream!

Guz. A very dream.

Ful. My waking brother soldier is turn'd
Into a sleeping carpenter, or tailor
Which goes for half a man.

Enter BENATZI, *as an outlaw;* LEVIDOLCHE *at a window above.*

What's he? [*seeing Benatzi*]; bear up!

Ben. Death of reputation, the wheel, strappado, galleys, rack, are ridiculous fopperies; goblins to fright babies. Poor lean-souled rogues! they will swoon at the scar of a pin; one tear dropped from their harlot's eyes breeds earthquakes in their bones.

Ful. Bless us! a monster, patch'd of dagger-bombast,
His eyes like copper-basins; he has chang'd
Hair with a shag-dog.

Guz. Let us, then, avoid him,
Or stand upon our guard; the foe approaches.

Ben. Cutthroats by the score abroad, come home, and rot in fripperies.[2] Brave man-at-arms, go turn pander, do; stalk for a mess of warm broth—damnable! honourable cuts are but badges for a fool to vaunt; the raw-ribbed apothecary poisons *cum privilegio*, and is paid. O, the commonwealth of beasts is most politicly ordered!

Guz. Brother, we'll keep aloof; there is no valour
In tugging with a man-fiend.

Ful. I defy him.
It gabbles like I know not what;—believe it,
The fellow's a shrewd fellow at a pink.[3]

[2] *rot in fripperies.*] The speaker alludes to the neglect shown the poor disbanded soldier on his return from the wars. At home, he says, they are suffered to *rot* in *cast clothes, rags.* [*Fripperies* generally means "old clothes-shops," but here "old clothes." D.]

[3] *This fellow's a shrewd fellow at a* pink.] i. e. *at fighting*, at a *duel.* He judges from the rugged appearance of Benatzi, and his fierce strutting language. He is described above as an *outlaw;* by which nothing more seems meant than a disbanded soldier in rags, as in our author's age was too commonly the case, formidable from arms, and desperate from necessity [*pink*, a stab. D.].

Ben. Look else: the lion roars, and the spaniel fawns; down, cur! the badger bribes the unicorn, that a jury may not pass upon his pillage; here the bear fees the wolf, for he will not howl gratis,—beasts call pleading howling.—So, then! there the horse complains of the ape's rank-riding; the jockey makes mouths, but is fined for it; the stag is not jeered by the monkey for his horns, the ass by the hare for his burthen, the ox by the leopard for his yoke, nor the goat by the ram for his beard; only the fox wraps himself warm in beaver, bids the cat mouse, the elephant toil, the boar gather acorns; whiles he grins, feeds fat, tells tales, laughs at all, and sleeps safe at the lion's feet.—Save ye, people.

Ful. Why, save thee too, if thou be'st of heaven's making:
What art?—Fear nothing, Don; we have our blades,
Are metal-men ourselves, try us who dare.

Guz. Our brother speaks our mind, think what you please on't.

Ben. A match: observe well this switch; with this only switch have I pashed[4] out the brains of thirteen Turks to the dozen for a breakfast.

Ful. What, man, thirteen! is't possible thou liest not?

Ben. I was once a scholar, then I begged without pity; from thence I practised law, there a scruple of conscience popped me over the bar; a soldier I turned a while, but could not procure the letter of preferment; merchant I would be, and a glut of land-rats gnawed me to the bones; would have bought an office, but the places with reversions were catched up; offered to pass into the court, and wanted trust for clothes;

[4] *pashed*] See note, vol. i. p. 15. D.

was lastly, for my good parts, pressed into the galleys, took prisoner, redeemed amongst other slaves by your gay great man,—they call him Auria,—and am now I know not who, where, or what. How d'ye like me? say.

Ful. A shaver of all trades! What course of life
Dost mean to follow next? ha! speak thy mind.

Guz. Nor be thou daunted, fellow; we ourselves
Have felt the frowns of fortune in our days.

Ben. I want extremely, exceedingly, hideously.

Lev. [*above*] Take that, enjoy it freely, wisely use it [to]
Th' advantage of thy fate, and know the giver.
[*Throws him a purse, and draws back.*

Ful. Hoy-day! a purse, in troth; who dropp'd?—stay, stay:
Um, have we gipsies here? O, mine is safe.—
Is't your purse, brother Don?

Guz. Not mine; I seldom
Wear such unfashionable trash about me.

Ful. Has't any money in it, hónest blade?
A bots on empty purses!

Guz. We defy them.

Ben. Stand from about me, as you are mortal! You are dull clod-pated lumps of mire and garbish. This is the land of fairies.—Imperial queen of elves, I do crouch to thee, vow my services, my blood, my sinews to thee, sweet sovereign of largess and liberality.—A French tailor—neat!—Persian cook—dainty!—Greek wines—rich!—Flanders mares—stately!—Spanish salads—poignant!—Venetian wanton—ravishing!—English bawd—unmatchable!—Sirs, I am fitted.

Ful. All these thy followers? miserable pigmies!
Prate sense, and don't be mad: I like thy humour,
'Tis pretty, odd, and so—as one might say,

I care not greatly if I entertain thee:
Dost want a master? if thou dost, I'm for thee;
Else choose, and sneck-up![5] pish, I scorn to flinch, man.

Guz. Forsake not fair advancement; money, certes,
Will fleet[6] and drop off, like a cozening friend:
Who holds it, holds a slippery eel by th' tail,
Unless he gripe it fast: be rul'd by counsel.

Ben. Excellent! what place shall I be admitted to? chamber, wardrobe, cellar, or stable?

Ful. Why, one and all: thou'rt welcome, let's shake hands on't.
Thy name?

Ben. Parado, sir.

Ful. The great affairs
I shall employ thee most in will be news,
And telling what's o'clock, for aught I know yet.

Ben. It is, sir, to speak punctually, some hour and half, eight three thirds of two seconds of one minute over at most, sir.

Ful. I do not ask thee now; or if I did,
We are not much the wiser; and for news—

Ben. Auria, the fortunate, is this day to be received with great solemnity at the city council-house; the streets are already thronged with lookers-on.

Ful. That's well remember'd.—Brother Don, let's trudge,
Or we shall come too late.

Guz. By no means, brother.

Ful. Wait close, my ragged new-come.

Ben. As your shadows.[7]
[*Exeunt.*

[5] *sneck-up!*] Or "snick-*up*,—equivalent to "Go and hang yourself!" The 4to has "sneake *up*." D.
[6] *fleet*] Gifford printed "flit." D. [7] *shadows.*] Qy. "shadow"? D.

SCENE II. *A hall in the house of* AURIA.

Enter AURIA, ADURNI, MARTINO, TRELCATIO, AURELIO, PIERO, *and* FUTELLI.

Aur. Your favours, with these honours, speak your bounties;
And though the low deserts of my success
Appear in your constructions fair and goodly,
Yet I attribute to a noble cause,
Not my abilities, the thanks due to them.
The Duke of Florence hath too highly priz'd
My duty in my service, by example,
Rather to cherish and encourage virtue
In spirits of action than to crown the issue
Of feeble undertakings. Whiles my life
Can stand in use, I shall no longer rate it
In value, than it stirs to pay that debt
I owe my country for my birth and fortunes.

Mart. Which to make good, our state of Genoa,
Not willing that a native of her own,
So able for her safety, should take pension
From any other prince, hath cast upon you
The government of Corsica.

Trel. Adds thereto,
Besides th' allowance yearly due, for ever,
To you and to your heirs, the full revenue
Belonging to Savona, with the office
Of Admiral of Genoa.

Adur. Presenting
By my hands from their public treasury
A thousand ducats.

Mart. But they limit only
One month of stay for your dispatch; no more.

Fut. In all your great attempts may you grow thrifty,

Secure, and prosperous!

Piero. If you please to rank
Amongst the humblest one that shall attend
Instructions under your command, I am
Ready to wait the charge.

Aur. O, still the state
Engageth me her creature, with the burthen
Unequal for my weakness: to you, gentlemen,
I will prove friendly honest, of all mindful.

Adur. In memory, my Lord,—such is your style now,—
Of your late fortunate exploits, the council,
Amongst their general acts, have register'd
The Great Duke's letters, witness of your merit,
To stand in characters upon record.

Aur. Load upon load! let not my want of modesty
Trespass against good manners: I must study
Retirement to compose this weighty business,
And moderately digest[7] so large a plenty,
For fear it swell into a surfeit.

Adur. May I
Be bold to press a visit?

Aur. At your pleasure:
Good time of day, and peace!

All. Health to your lordship!

[*Exeunt all but Adur. and Fut.*

Adur. What of Spinella yet?

Fut. Quite lost; no prints
Or any tongue of tracing her. However
Matters are huddled up, I doubt, my lord,
Her husband carries little peace about him.

Adur. Fall danger what fall can, she is a goodness
Above temptation; more to be ador'd

[7] *digest*] Here the 4to has "disgest." D.

~~Than sifted; I'm to blame, sure.~~

Fut. Levidolche,
For her part too, laugh'd at Malfato's frenzy,—
Just so she term'd it; but for you, my lord,
She said she thank'd your charity, which lent
Her crookèd soul, before it left her body,
Some respite, wherein it might learn again
The means of growing straight.

Adur. She has found mercy;
Which I will seek and sue for.

Fut. You are happy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another room in the same.*

Enter AURIA *and* AURELIO.

Aur. Count of Savona! Genoa's admiral!
Lord-governor of Corsica! enroll'd
A worthy of my country! sought and su'd-to,
Prais'd, courted, flatter'd! sure, this bulk of mine
Tails in the size! a tympany of greatness
Puffs up too monstrously my narrow chest.
How surely dost thou malice these extremes,[8]
Uncomfortable man! When I was needy,
Cast naked on the flats of barren pity,
Abated to an ebb so low that boys
A'-cock-horse frisk'd about me without plunge,
You could chat gravely then in formal tones,
Reason most paradoxically: now
Contempt and wilful grudge at my uprising
Becalms your learnèd noise.

Aurel. Such flourish, Auria,

[8] *How surely dost thou* malice *these extremes,*] i. e. view with *ill will*, bear *malice to*, &c. Thus Jonson; "I am so far from *malicing* their states, That I begin to pity them." vol. ii. p. 208.

Flies with so swift a gale, as it will waft
Thy sudden joys into a faithless harbour.
Aur. Canst mutter mischief? I observ'd your dulness
Whiles the whole ging[9] crow'd to me. Hark! my triumphs
Are echo'd under every roof; the air
Is straiten'd with the sound, there is not room
Enough to brace them in; but not a thought
Doth pierce into the grief that cabins here:
Here, through a creek, a little inlet, crawls
A flake no bigger than a sister's thread,[10]
Which sets the region of my heart a-fire.
I had a kingdom once, but am depos'd
From all that royalty of blest content
By a confederacy 'twixt love and frailty.
Aurel. Glories in public view but add to misery,
Which travails in unrest at home.
Aur. At home!
That home Aurelio speaks of I have lost,

[9] *ging*] i. e. gang, company (a very old word). D.

[10] *a sister's thread,*] Here Gifford very inconsiderately substituted "*a* spider's *thread,*" and remarked; "The old copy has '*a sister's* thread;' which I do not understand, unless it means one of the Fates: if the reader prefer '*a spinster's* thread,' it is just as near the 4to, and just as likely to be genuine."—In *The Rates of the Custome house*, &c. 1582, we find "Thred called *Sisters thred* the li, v. s." Sig. G viii verso; and in *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c. n. d. (published by command of James I.), "*Sisters thred* the pound x. s." Sig. F 3 verso. So, too, in Dekker and Middleton's *Honest Whore*, Part First;

"*Can.* Bound with strong cord!
A sister's thread, i'faith, had been enough
To lead me any where."
Middleton's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 91, ed. Dyce

(in which passage Dodsley, puzzled, like Gifford, by the expression "*A sister's thread,*" substituted "*A* silver *thread*"). That "*sister's*" is a form of "sewster's" we cannot doubt: compare

"At every twisted *thrid* my rock let fly
Unto the *sewster.*"
Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, act ii. sc. 1. D.

And, which is worse, when I have roll'd about,
Toil'd like a pilgrim round this globe of earth,
Wearied with care and overworn with age,
Lodg'd in the grave, I am not yet at home;
There rots but half of me, the other part
Sleeps Heaven knows where: would she and I—my wife
I mean,—but what, alas, talk I of wife?—.
The woman—would we had together fed
On any outcast parings coarse and mouldy,
Not liv'd divided thus! I could have begg'd
For both; for't had been pity she should ever
Have felt so much extremity.

Aurel. This is not
Patience requir'd in wrongs of such vile nature:
You pity her; think rather on revenge.

Aur. Revenge! for what, uncharitable friend?
On whom? let's speak a little, pray, with reason.
You found Spinella in Adurni's house;
'Tis like he gave her welcome—very likely;
Her sister and another with her; so!
Invited, nobly done; but he with her
Privately chamber'd:—he deserves no wife
Of worthy quality who dares not trust
Her virtue in the proofs of any danger.

Aurel. But I broke ope the doors upon 'em.

Aur. Marry,
It was a slovenly presumption,
And punishable by a sharp rebuke.
I tell you, sir, I in my younger growth
Have by the stealth of privacy enjoy'd
A lady's closet, where to have profan'd
That shrine of chastity and innocence
With one unhallow'd word would have exil'd
The freedom of such favour into scorn.

Had any he alive then ventur'd there
With foul construction, I had stamp'd the justice
Of my unguilty truth upon his heart.
Aurel. Adurni might have done the like, but that
The conscience of his fault in coward blood
Blush'd at the quick surprisal.
Aur. O, fie, fie!
How ill some argue in their sour reproof
Against a party liable to law!
For had that lord offended with that creature,
Her presence would have doubled every strength
Of man in him, and justified the forfeit
Of noble shame; else 'twas enough in both
With a smile only to correct your rudeness.
Aurel. 'Tis well you make such use of neighbours' courtesy:
Some kind of beasts are tame, and hug their injuries;
Such way leads to a fame too!
Aur. Not uncivilly,
Though violently, friend.[11]
Aurel. Wherefore, then, think ye,
Can she absent herself, if she be blameless?
You grant, of course, your triumphs are proclaim'd;
And I in person told her your return:
Where lies she hid the while?
Aur. That rests for answer
In you; now I come t'ye: we have exchang'd
Bosoms, Aurelio, from our years of childhood;
Let me acknowledge with what pride I own
A man so faithful, honest, fast my friend;
He who, if I speak fully, never fail'd,
By teaching trust to me, to learn of mine:
I wish'd myself thine equal; if I aim'd

[11] *Not uncivilly,*
Though violently, friend.] i. e. Do not use *rude* language, however warm you may be.

Awrong, 'twas in an envy of thy goodness;
So dearly—witness with me my integrity—
I laid thee up to heart, that from my love
My wife was but distinguish'd in her sex:
Give back that holy signature of friendship,
Cancell'd, defac'd, pluck'd off, or I shall urge
Accounts, scor'd on the tally of my vengeance,
Without all former compliments.

Aurel. D'ye imagine
I fawn upon your fortunes, or intrude
Upon the hope of bettering my estate,
That you cashier me at a minute's warning?
No, Auria, I dare vie with your respects;
Put both into the balance, and the poise
Shall make a settled stand: perhaps the proffer,
So frankly vow'd at your departure first,
Of settling me a partner in your purchase,
Leads you into opinion of some ends
Of mercenary falsehood; yet such wrong
Least suits a noble soul.

Aur. By all my sorrows,
The mention is too coarse.

Aurel. Since, then, th' occasion
Presents our discontinuance, use your liberty;
For my part, I am resolute to die
The same my life profess'd me.

Aur. Pish! your faith
Was never in suspicion; but consider,
Neither the lord nor lady, nor the bawd,
Which shuffled them together, Opportunity,[12]

[12] *the bawd,*
Which shuffled them together, Opportunity,] Here Ford had in his thoughts some lines of Shakespeare's *Lucrece;*

"O *Opportunity*, thy guilt is great!
* * * * *
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious *bawd!*" D.

Have fasten'd stain on my unquestion'd name;
My friend's rash indiscretion was the bellows
Which blew the coal, now kindled to a flame,
Will light his slander to all wandering eyes.
Some men in giddy zeal o'er-do that office
They catch at, of whose number is Aurelio:
For I am certain, certain, it had been
Impossible, had you stood wisely silent,
But my Spinella, trembling on her knee,
Would have accus'd her breach of truth, have[13] begg'd
A speedy execution on her trespass;
Then with a justice lawful as the magistrate's
Might I have drawn my sword against Adurni,
Which now is sheath'd and rusted in the scabbard,
Good thanks to your cheap providence!—Once more
I make demand—my wife!—you,—sir—
[*Draws his sword.*
Aurel. Roar louder,
The noise affrights not me; threaten your enemies,
And prove a valiant tongue-man;—now must follow,
By way of method, the exact condition
Of rage which runs to mutiny in friendship.
Auria, come on; this weapon looks not pale [*Draws.*
At sight of that.—Again hear, and believe it;
What I have done was well done and well meant;
Twenty times over, were it new to do,
I'd do't and do't, and boast the pains religious:
Yet since you shake me off, I slightly value
Other severity.
Aur. Honour and duty
Stand my compurgators: never did passion
Purpose ungentle usage of my sword
Against Aurelio: let me rather want

[13] *have*] Gifford printed "and." D.

My hands, nay, friend, a heart, than ever suffer
Such dotage enter here. If I must lose
Spinella, let me not proceed to misery
By losing my Aurelio: we, through madness,
Frame strange conceits in our discoursing[14] brains,
And prate of things as we pretend they were.
Join help to mine, good man, and let us listen
After this straying soul, and, till we find her,
Bear our discomfort quietly.

Aurel. So doubtless
She may be soon discover'd.

Aur. That's spoke cheerfully.
Why, there's a friend now !—Auria and Aurelio
At odds ! O, 't cannot be, must not, and shall not.—
But look, Castanna's here !

Enter CASTANNA.

Welcome, fair figure
Of a choice jewel lock'd up in a cabinet,
More precious than the public view should sully.

Cast. Sir, how you are inform'd, or on what terms
Of prejudice against my course or custom
Opinion sways your confidence, I know not.
Much anger, if my fears persuade not falsely,
Sits on this gentleman's stern brow; yet, sir,
If an unhappy maid's word may find credit,
As I wish harm to nobody on earth,
So would all good folks may wish none to me !

Aur. None does, sweet sister.

Cast. If they do, dear Heaven
Forgive them, is my prayer; but perhaps
You might conceive—and yet methinks you should not—

[14] *discoursing*] Wandering, incoherent, wild.

How I am faulty in my sister's absence:
Indeed, 'tis nothing so, nor was I knowing
Of any private speech my lord intended,
Save civil entertainment: pray, what hurt
Can fall out in discourse, if it be modest?
Sure, noblemen will show that they are such
With those of their own rank;—and that was all
My sister can be charg'd with.

Aur. Is't not, friend,
An excellent maid?

Aurel. Deserves the best of fortunes;
I ever spoke her virtuous.

Cast. With your leave,
You us'd most cruel language to my sister,
Enough to fright her wits; not very kind
To me myself: she sigh'd when you were gone,
Desir'd no creature else should follow her;
And, in good truth, I was so full of weeping,
I mark'd not well which way she went.

Aur. Stay'd she not
Within the house, then?

Cast. 'Las, not she!—Aurelio
Was passing rough.

Aur. Strange! nowhere to be found out?[15]

Cast. Not yet; but, on my life, ere many hours
I shall hear from her.

Aur. Shalt thou? worthy maid,
Thou'st brought to my sick heart a cordial.—Friend,
Good news!—Most sweet Castanna!

Aurel. May it prove so!

[*Exeunt.*

[15] *out?*] Omitted by Gifford. D.

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter BENATZI, *disguised as before.*

Ben. The paper in the purse for my directions appointed this the place, the time now; here dance I attendance—she is come already.

Enter LEVIDOLCHE.

Lev. Parado! so I overheard you nam'd.

Ben. A mushroom, sprung up in a minute by the sunshine of your benevolent grace. Liberality and hospitable compassion, most magnificent beauty, have long since lien bedrid in the ashes of the old world, till now your illustrious charity hath raked up the dead embers, by giving life to a worm inevitably devoted yours, as you shall please to new-shape me.

Lev. [*aside*] A grateful man, it seems. Where gratitude
Has harbour, other furniture becoming
Accomplish'd qualities must needs inhabit.—
What country claims your birth?

Ben. None; I was born at sea, as my mother was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Cagliari,[16] toward Afric, in Sardinia; was bred up in Aquilastro, and at years put myself in service under the Spanish Viceroy, till I was taken prisoner by the Turks. I have tasted in my days handsome store of good and bad, and am thankful for both.

Lev. You seem the issue, then, of honest parents.

Ben. Reputed no less: many children oftentimes inherit their lands who peradventure never begot them.

[16] *As my mother was in passage from Cape* Ludugory *to Cape* Cagliari,] Benatzi is sufficiently correct in his geography. In our old maps of Sardinia, the northern division of the island is called *Logudori*, and the southern *Cagliari*.

My mother's husband was a very old man at my birth; but no man is too old to father his wife's child. Your servant I am sure I will ever prove myself entirely.

Lev. Dare you be secret?

Ben. Yes.

Lev. And sudden?

Ben. Yes.

Lev. But withal sure of hand and spirit?

Ben. Yes, yes.[17]

Lev. I use not many words, the time prevents 'em: A man of quality has robb'd mine honour.

Ben. Name him.

Lev. Adurni.

Ben. He shall bleed.

Lev. Malfato Contemn'd my proffer'd love.

Ben. Yoke 'em in death.— What's my reward?

Lev. Propose it, and enjoy it.

Ben. You for my wife.

Lev. Ha!

Ben. Nothing else: deny me, And I'll betray your counsels to your ruin; Else do the feat courageously. Consider.

Lev. I do: dispatch the task I have enjoin'd, Then claim my promise.

Ben. No such matter, pretty one: We'll marry first,—or—farewell. [*Going.*

Lev. Stay: examine From my confession what a plague thou draw'st Into thy bosom; though I blush to say it, Know, I have, without sense of shame or honour,

[17] *Yes, yes.*] The 4to has "*Yes, yes,* yes." D.

Forsook a lawful marriage-bed, to dally
Between Adurni's arms.
Ben. This lord's?
Lev. The same.
More; not content with him, I courted
A newer pleasure, but was there refus'd
By him I nam'd so late.
Ben. Malfato?
Lev. Right:
Am henceforth resolutely bent to print
My follies on their hearts; then change my life
For some rare penance.[18] Canst thou love me now?
Ben. Better:
I do believe 'tis possible you may mend:
All this breaks off no bargain.
Lev. Accept my hand; with this a faith as constant
As vows can urge; nor shall my haste prevent
This contract, which death only must divorce.
Ben. Settle the time.
Lev. Meet here to-morrow night;
We will determine further, as behoves us.
Ben. How is my new love call'd?
Lev. Levidolche.
Be confident I bring a worthy portion.

[18] *then change my life*
For some rare penance.] It might almost be conjectured from this passage, that the author really had some Italian story before him. It is the genuine mode of repentance in that country. "Let me only commit a few more crimes, dispatch a few more enemies, and I will then do some rare penance, and amend my life for good and all."—It may seem somewhat extraordinary that Benatzi should not recognise his wife. She, it appears, had discovered him through all his disguises, his military rags and accoutrements, his false beard, &c.; whereas he continues ignorant of her, though she meets him without any apparent effort at concealment, affects no change of language, or even of name, and resides with her uncle, with whom Benatzi must have been sufficiently familiar. But there is the old plea—*aliter non fit, Avite, liber!* Otherwise, no plot!

But you'll fly off.

Ben. Not I, by all that's noble!
A kiss. Farewell, dear fate! [*Exit.*

Lev. Love is sharp-sighted,
And can pierce through the cunning of disguises.
False pleasures, I cashier ye; fair truth, welcome!
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A room in the house of* MALFATO.

Enter MALFATO *and* SPINELLA.

Mal. Here you are safe, sad cousin; if you please
May over-say the circumstance of what
You late discours'd: mine ears are gladly open;
For I myself am in such hearty league
With solitary thoughts, that pensive language
Charms my attention.

Spin. But my husband's honours,
By how much more in him they sparkle clearly,
By so much more they tempt belief to credit
The wreck and ruin of my injur'd name.

Mal. Why, cousin, should the earth cleave to the roots,
The seas and heavens be mingled in disorder,
Your purity with unaffrighted eyes
Might wait the uproar: 'tis the guilty trembles
At horrors, not the innocent: you're cruel
In censuring a liberty allow'd.
Speak freely, gentle cousin; was Adurni
Importunately wanton?

Spin. In excess

Of entertainment, else not.

Mal. Not the boldness
Of an uncivil courtship?

Spin. What that meant
I never understood. I have at once
Set bars between my best of earthly joys
And best of men; so excellent a man
As lives without comparison; his love
To me was matchless.

Mal. Yet, put case, sweet cousin,
That I could name a creature whose affection
Follow'd your Auria in the height; affection
To you, even to Spinella, true and settled
As ever Auria's was, can, is, or will be:
You may not chide the story.

Spin. Fortune's minions
Are flatter'd, not the miserable.

Mal. Listen
To a strange tale, which thus the author sigh'd.
A kinsman of Spinella,—so it runs,—
Her father's sister's son, some time before
Auria, the fortunate, possess'd her beauties,
Became enamour'd of such rare perfections
As she was stor'd with; fed his idle hopes
With possibilities of lawful conquest;
Propos'd each difficulty in pursuit
Of what his vain supposal styl'd his own;
Found in the argument one only flaw
Of conscience, by the nearness of their bloods,—
Unhappy scruple, easily dispens'd with,
Had any friend's advice resolv'd the doubt.
Still on he lov'd and lov'd, and wish'd and wish'd;
Eftsoon began to speak, yet soon broke off,
And still the fondling durst not,—'cause he durst not.

Spin. 'Twas wonderful.

Mal. Exceeding wonderful,
Beyond all wonder; yet 'tis known for truth.
After her marriage, when remain'd not aught
Of expectation to such fruitless dotage,
His reason then,—now,—then—could not reduce
The violence of passion, though he vow'd
Ne'er to unlock that secret, scarce to her,
Herself, Spinella; and withal resolv'd
Not to come near her presence, but t' avoid
All opportunities, however proffer'd.

Spin. An understanding dull'd by th' infelicity
Of constant sorrow is not apprehensive
In pregnant novelty: my ears receive
The words you utter, cousin, but my thoughts
Are fasten'd on another subject.

Mal. Can you
Embrace, so like a darling, your own woes,
And play the tyrant with a partner in them?
Then I am thankful for [th'] advantage; urg'd
By fatal and enjoin'd necessity
To stand up in defence of injur'd virtue,
Will against any—I except no quality—
Maintain all supposition misapplied,
Unhonest, false, and villanous.

Spin. Dear cousin,
As you're a gentleman,—

Mal. I'll bless that hand,
Whose honourable pity seals the passport
For my incessant turmoils to their rest.
If I prevail,—which heaven forbid!—these ages
Which shall inherit ours may tell posterity
Spinella had Malfato for a kinsman,
By noble love made jealous of her fame.

Spin. No more; I dare not hear it.

Mal. All is said:

Henceforth shall never syllable proceed
From my unpleasant voice of amorous folly.[1]

Enter CASTANNA.

Cast. Your summons warn'd me hither; I am come.
Sister, my sister, 'twas an unkind part
Not to take me along w'ye.
Mal. Chide her for it:
Castanna, this house is as freely yours
As ever was your father's.
Cast. We conceive so,
Though your late strangeness hath bred marvel in us.—
But wherefore, sister, keeps your silence distance?
Am I not welcome t'ye?
Spin. Lives Auria safe?
O, prithee do not hear me call him husband
Before thou canst resolve what kind of wife
His fury terms the runaway: speak quickly;
Yet do not—stay, Castanna,—I am lost!
His friend hath set before him a bad woman,
And he, good man, believes it.
Cast. Now, in truth,—
Spin. Hold! my heart trembles;—I perceive thy tongue
Is great with ills, and hastes to be deliver'd:
I should not use Castanna so. First tell me,
Shortly and truly tell me, how he does.
Cast. In perfect health.
Spin. For that my thanks to Heaven.
Mal. The world hath not another wife like this.—
Cousin, you will not hear your sister speak,

[1] Malfato has hitherto appeared to little advantage; but the author makes him full amends in this beautiful scene, and that which follows in the next act, in which the pure, undeviating attachment of the wife, and the warm, delicate, and honourable affection of the friend are portrayed in language worthy of the highest commendation.

So much your passion rules.
Spin. Even what she pleases.—
Go on, Castanna.
Cast. Your most noble husband
Is deaf to all reports, and only grieves
At his soul's love, Spinella's, causeless absence.
Mal. Why, look ye, cousin, now!
Spin. Indeed!
Cast. Will value
No counsel, takes no pleasure in his greatness,
Neither admits of likelihood at all
That you are living; if you were, he's certain
It were impossible you could conceal
Your welcomes to him, being all one with him;
But as for jealousy of your dishonour,
He both laughs at and scorns it.
Spin. Does he?
Mal. Therein
He shows himself desertful of his happiness.
Cast. Methinks the news should cause some motion, sister:—
You are not well.
Mal. Not well!
Spin. I am unworthy—
Mal. Of whom? what? why?
Spin. Go, cousin.—Come, Castanna.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An apartment in the house of* TRELCATIO.

Enter TRELCATIO, PIERO, *and* FUTELLI.

Trel. The state in council is already set,
My coming will be late; now, therefore, gentlemen,
This house is free; as your intents are sober,
Your pains shall be accepted.

Fut. Mirth sometimes
Falls into earnest, signor.
Piero. We, for our parts,
Aim at the best.
Trel. You wrong yourselves and me else:
Good success t'ye! [*Exit.*
Piero. Futelli, 'tis our wisest course to follow
Our pastime with discretion, by which means
We may ingratiate, as our business hits,
Our undertakings to great Auria's favour.
Fut. I grow quite weary of this lazy custom,
Attending on the fruitless hopes of service
For meat and rags: a wit? a shrewd preferment!
Study some scurril jests, grow old, and beg!
No, let 'em be admir'd that love foul linen;
I'll run a new course.
Piero. Get the coin we spend,
And knock 'em o'er the pate who jeer our earnings.
Fut. Husht, man! one suitor comes.
Piero. The t'other follows.
Fut. Be not so loud:—here comes Madonna Sweet-
lips; [*Music below.*
Mithtreth, in thooth, forthooth, will lithp it to uth.

Enter AMORETTA.

Amor. Dentlemen, then ye![2] Ith thith muthic
yourth,
Or can ye tell what great manth's fiddleth made it?
Tith vedee pretty noyth, but who thold thend it?
Piero. Does not yourself know, lady?
Amor. I do not uthe
To thpend lip-labour upon quethtionths
That I mythelf can anthwer.

[2] *Dentlemen*, then ye!] i. e. *den ye! good even!* The reader would scarcely thank me for putting the rest of the pretty lispings of this affected fair-one into articulate language.

Fut. No, sweet madam,
Your lips are destin'd to a better use,
Or else the proverb fails of lisping maids.[3]

Amor. Kithing you mean; pay, come behind with your mockths, then:
My lipths will therve the one to kith the other.—
How now, whath neckth?

SONG *within.*

What, ho! we come to be merry,—
Open the doors,—a jovial crew,
Lusty boys and free, and very,
Very, very lusty boys are we;
We can drink till all look blue,
Dance, sing, and roar,
Never give o'er
As long as we have e'er[4] *an eye to see.*
Pithee, pithee, leths come in,
Oue thall all oua favous win,[5]
Dently, dently, we thall pass;
None kitheth like the lithping lass.

Piero. What call ye this, a song?

Amor. Yeth, a delithious thing, and wondroth pretty.

Fut. [*aside*] A very country-catch! — Doubtless some prince
Belike hath sent it to congratulate
Your night's repose.

Amor. Think ye tho, thignor?
It muth be, then, thome unknown obthcure printh
That thuns the light.

Piero. Perhaps the Prince of darkness.

[3] *Or else the* proverb *fails*, &c.] See the last line of the song; it seems to have come very opportunely for the purpose of explanation.

[4] *e'er*] The 4to has "nere." D.

[5] Oue *thall all* oua *favous win*,] *Opus est interprete. We* shall all *your* favours win.

Amor. Of darkneth! what ith he?
Fut. A courtier matchless;
He woos and wins more beauties to his love
Than all the kings on earth.
Amor. Whea thandeth hith court, pay?
Fut. This gentleman approaching, I presume,
Has more relation to his court than I,
And comes in time t'inform ye.

Enter FULGOSO.

Amor. Think ye tho?
I'm thure you know him.
Piero. Lady, you'll perceive it.
Ful. [*aside*] She seems in my first entrance to admire me;
Protest she eyes me round; Fulg, she's thine own!
Piero. Noble Fulgoso.
Ful. Did you hear the music?
'Twas I that brought it; was't not tickling? ah, ha!
Amor. Pay, what printh[6] thent it?
Ful. Prince! no prince, but we;
We set the ditty and compos'd the song;
There's not a note or foot in't but our own,
And the pure trodden mortar of this brain:
We can do things and things.
Amor. Dood! thing't youa thelf, then.
Ful. Nay, nay, I could never sing
More than a gib-cat or a very howlet;
But you shall hear me whistle it. [*Whistles.*
Amor. Thith thingth thome jethter;
Thure he belongth unto the Printh of darkneth.
Piero. Yes, and I'll tell you what his office is:
His prince delights himself exceedingly
In birds of divers kinds; this gentleman

[6] *printh*] Here the 4to has "plnth:" but see *ante* and *post*. D.

Is keeper and instructor of his blackbirds ;
He took his skill first from his father's carter.
Amor. Tith wonderful to thee by what thrange means
Thome men are rais'd to plathes.
Ful. I do hear you,
And thank ye heartily for your good wills,
In setting forth my parts; but what I live on
Is simple trade of money from my lands:
Hang sharks ! I am no shifter.
Amor. Ith pothible ?

Enter GUZMAN.

Bleth uth, whoth thith ?
Fut. O, 'tis the man of might.
Guz. May my address to beauty lay no scandal
Upon my martial honour, since even Mars,
Whom, as in war, in love I imitate,
Could not resist the shafts of Cupid ; therefore,
As, with the god of war, I deign to stoop,
Lady, vouchsafe, Love's goddess like, to yield
Your fairer hand unto these lips, the portals
Of valiant breath that hath o'erturn'd an army.
Amor. Faya weather keep me ! what a thorm ith thith ?
Fut. O, Don, keep off at further distance ; yet
A little further ; do you not observe
How your strong breath hath terrified the lady ?
Guz. I'll stop the breath of war, and breathe as gently
As a perfumèd pair of sucking bellows
In some sweet lady's chamber ; for I can
Speak lion-like or sheep-like, when I please.
Fut. Stand by, then, without noise, a while, brave Don,

And let her only view your parts; they'll take her.
Guz. I'll publish them in silence.
Piero. Stand you there,
Fulgoso the magnificent.
Ful. Here?
Piero. Just there:
Let her survey you both; you'll be her choice;
Ne'er doubt it, man.
Ful. I cannot doubt it, man.
Piero. But speak not till I bid you.
Ful. I may whistle?
Piero. A little to yourself, to spend the time.
Amor. Both foolth, you thay?
Fut. But hear them for your sport.
Piero. Don shall begin.—Begin, Don; she has survey'd
Your outwards and your inwards, through the rents
And wounds of your apparel.
Guz. She is politic.—
My outside, lady, shrouds a prince obscur'd.
Amor. I thank ye for your muthic, printh.
Guz. [*aside*] My words
Are music to her.
Amor. The muthic and the thong
You thent me by thith whithling thing, your man.
Guz. [*aside*] She took him for my man! love, thou wert just.
Ful. [*aside*] I wo'not hold;—his man! 'tis time to speak
Before my time—O scurvy! I his man,
That has no means for meat, or rags and seam-rents!
Guz. Have I with this one rapier—
Piero. He has no other.
Guz. Pass'd through a field of pikes, whose heads I lopt

As easily as the bloody-minded youth
Lopt off the poppy-heads?[6]

Ful. The puppet-heads.

Guz. Have I—have I—have I?—

Ful. Thou liest, thou hast not,
And I'll maintain't.

Guz. Have I—but let that pass;
For though my famous acts were damn'd to silence,
Yet my descent shall crown me thy superior.

Amor. That I would lithen to.

Guz. List[en] and wonder.
My great-great-grandsire was an ancient duke,
Styl'd Desver di Gonzado.[7]

Fut. That's, in Spanish,
An incorrigible rogue without a fellow,
An unmatch'd rogue: he thinks we understand not.

Guz. So was my grandfather, hight[8] Argozile.

Fut. An arrant, arrant thief-leader; pray, mark[9] it.

Guz. My grandsire by the mother's side a conde,
Conde Scrivano.

Fut. A crop-ear'd scrivener.

Guz. Whose son, my mother's father, was a marquis,
Hijo di puto.

[6] Guz. *Lopt off the* poppy-*heads?*
Ful. *The* puppet-*heads.*] The Don seems the better scholar of the two; he alludes to Tarquin, and Fulgoso corrects him out of Don Quixote. The poetical rant which Ford occasionally puts into Guzman's mouth is an evident burlesque of some piece then on the stage.

[7] *Desver di Gonzado.*] i.e. *Desvergonzado,* shameless; or, as it is expounded with sufficient accuracy by the learned Futelli, "a rogue without a fellow." [The 4to has "*Dis? vir di Gonzado.*" D.] Ford probably had his scraps out of the Spanish grammar, and is hardly worth amending (even supposing that he meant to be correct, which is doubtful), either here or in the balderdash which follows.

[8] *hight*] i.e. called. D.

[9] *mark*] The 4to has "mocke." D.

Piero. That's the son of a whore.
Guz. And my renownèd sire, Don Picaro,—
Fut. In proper sense, a rascal—O, brave Don!
Guz. Hijo di una pravada,—
Piero. He goes on,
Son of a branded bitch—high-spirited Don!
Guz. Had honours both by sea and land, to wit—
Fut. The galleys and Bridewell.
Ful. I'll not endure it.
To hear a canting mongrel—Hear me, lady!
Guz. 'Tis no fair play.
Ful. I care not, fair or foul.—
I from a king derive my pedigree,
King Oberon by name, from whom my father,
The mighty and courageous Mountibanco,
Was lineally descended; and my mother—
In right of whose blood I must ever honour
The lower Germany—was a Harlequin.
Fut. He['ll] blow up
The Spaniard presently by his mother['s] side.
Ful. Her father was Grave Hans Van Herne, the son
Of Hogen Mogen, dat de droates did sneighen
Of veirteen hundred Spaniards in one neict.
Guz. O, diabolo!
Ful. Ten thousand devils nor diabolos
Shall fright me from my pedigree.—My uncle,
Yacob Van Flagon-drought, with Abraham Snorten-fert,
And yongster Brogen-foh, with fourscore hargubush,
Manag'd by well-lin'd butter-boxes, took
A thousand Spanish jobbernowls by surprise,
And beat a sconce about their ears.
Guz. My fury
Is now but justice on thy forfeit life. [*Draws.*

Amor. 'Lath, they thall not fight.
Fut. Fear not, sweet lady.
Piero. Be advis'd, great spirits.
Ful. My fortunes bid me to be wise in duels;
Else, hang't, who cares?
Guz. Mine honour is my tutor,
Already tried and known.
Ful. Why, there's the point;
Mine honour is my tutor too. Noble men
Fight in their persons! scorn't! 'tis out of fashion;
There's none but harebrain'd youths of mettle use it.
Piero. Yet put not up your swords; it is the pleasure
Of the fair lady that you quit the field
With brandish'd blades in hand.
Fut. And more, to show
Your suffering valour, as her equal favours,
You both should take a competence of kicks.
Guz. and Ful. How!
Fut. and Piero [*kicking them*]. Thus, and thus!
Away, you brace of stinkards!
Ful. Pheugh! as it were. [*Whistles.*
Guz. Why, since it is her pleasure,
I dare and will endure it.
Ful. Pheugh!
Piero. Away,
But stay below.
Fut. Budge not, I charge ye [both],
Till you have further leave.
Guz. Mine honour claims
The last foot in the field.
Ful. I'll lead the van, then.
Fut. Yet more? begone! [*Exeunt Fulg. and Guz.*]
Are not these precious suitors?

Re-enter TRELCATIO.

Trel. What tumults fright the house?
Fut. A brace of castrels,
That flutter'd, sir, about this lovely game,[1]
Your daughter; but they durst not give the souse,
And so took hedge.
Piero. Mere[10] haggards, buzzards, kites.
Amor. I thcorn thuch trumpe[ry]; and will thape my luffe
Henthforth ath thall my father betht direct me.
Trel. Why, now thou sing'st in tune, my Amoretta;—
And, my good friends, you have, like wise physicians,
Prescrib'd a healthful diet: I shall think on
A bounty for your pains, and will present ye
To noble Auria, such as your descents
Commend;[11] but for the present we must quit
This room to privacy; they come—
Amor. Nay, pridee
Leave me not, dentlemen.
Fut. We are your servants. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AURIA, ADURNI, *and* AURELIO.

Aur. You're welcome, be assur'd you are; for proof,
Retrieve the boldness—as you please to term it—
Of visit to commands: if this man's presence
Be not of use, dismiss him.
Adur. 'Tis, with favour,
Of consequence, my lord, your friend may witness
How far my reputation stands engag'd

[10] *Mere*] The 4to has "Mee;" and, a little before, "flattered." D.
[11] *such as your* descents
Commend;] I have not ventured to alter the text; but surely "*descents*" should be "*deserts.*"

To noble reconcilement.

Aur. I observe
No party here amongst us who can challenge
A motion of such honour.

Adur. Could your looks
Borrow more clear serenity[12] and calmness
Than can the peace of a composèd soul,
Yet, I presume, report of my attempt,
Train'd by a curiosity in youth
For scattering clouds before 'em, hath rais'd tempests
Which will at last break out.

Aur. Hid now, most likely,
I' th' darkness of your speech.

Aurel. You may be plainer.

Adur. I shall, my lord: that I intended wrong—

Aur. Ha! wrong! to whom?

Adur. To Auria; and as far
As language could prevail, did—

Aur. Take advice,
Young lord, before thy[13] tongue betray a secret
Conceal'd yet from the world; hear and consider:
In all my flight of vanity and giddiness,
When scarce the wings of my excess were fledg'd,
When a distemperature of youthful heat
Might have excus'd disorder and ambition;
Even then, and so from thence till now the down
Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age
Confirm'd and harden'd,[14] never durst I pitch
On any, howsoever likely, rest,

[12] *serenity*] The 4to has "severitie." D.

[13] *thy*] Gifford printed "your." D.

[14] *now the down*
Of softness is exchang'd for plumes *of age*, &c.] This is at once a correct translation and a good comment on the well-known line,

"Insperata tuæ cum veniet pluma superbiæ,"

which has sorely perplexed the critics.

Where the presumption might be constru'd wrong:
The word is hateful, and the sense wants pardon.
For, as I durst not wrong the meanest, so
He who but only aim'd by any boldness
A wrong to me, should find I must not bear it;
The one is as unmanly as the other.—
Now, without interruption.

Adur. Stand, Aurelio,
And justify thine accusation boldly;
Spare me the needless use of my confession;
And, having told no more than what thy jealousy
Possess'd thee with, again before my face
Urge to thy friend the breach of hospitality
Adurni trespass'd in, and thou conceiv'st,
Against Spinella; [when thy] proofs grow faint,[15]
If barely not suppos'd, I'll answer guilty.

Aurel. You come not here to brave us?

Adur. No, Aurelio;
But to reply upon that brittle evidence,
To which thy cunning never shall rejoin.
I make my judge my jury; be accountant
Whether, with all the eagerness of spleen
Of a suspicious rage can plead, thou hast
Enforc'd the likelihood of scandal.

Aurel. Doubt not
But that I have deliver'd honest truth,
As much as I believe and justly witness.

Adur. Loose grounds to raise a bulwark of reproach on!
And thus for that:—my errand hither is not,
In whining, truant-like submission,
To cry, "I have offended; pray, forgive me,

[15] [when thy] *proofs grow faint,*] This is formed by conjecture out of "*why*" (the old reading), which has no sense here, and which the defect of metre shows to be made-up of some dropt word.

I will do so no more;" but to proclaim
The power of virtue, whose commanding sovereignty
Sets bounds to rebel bloods, and check[s], restrains
Custom of folly; by example teaches
A rule to reformation; by rewards
Crowns worthy actions, and invites to honour.

Aurel. Honour and worthy actions best beseem
Their lips who practise both, and not discourse 'em.

Aur. Peace, peace, man! I am silent.

Adur. Some there are,
And they not few in number, who resolve
No beauty can be chaste unless attempted;[16]
And, for because the liberty of courtship
Flies from the wanton, on the her comes next,
Meeting ofttimes too many soon seduc'd,
Conclude all may be won by gifts, by service,
Or compliments of vows: and with this file
I stood in rank; conquest secur'd my confidence.
Spinella—storm not, Auria—was an object
Of study for fruition; here I angled,
Not doubting the deceit could find resistance.

Aurel. After confession follows—

Aur. Noise! observe him.

Adur. O, strange! by all the comforts of my hopes,
I found a woman good,—a woman good!
Yet, as I wish belief, or do desire
A memorable mention, so much majesty
Of humbleness and scorn appear'd at once
In fair, in chaste, in wise Spinella's eyes,
That I grew dull in utterance, and one frown

[16] *No beauty can be chaste* un*less attempted;*] The old copy reads "less *un*attempted." The speaker seems to allude to *The Parliament of Love*, where this thorny question is treated with great clearness and spirit by the Lady Bellisant. *Mass.* vol. ii. p. 243. The error, if there be one, consists simply in the accidental separation and misplacement of "*un.*"

From her cool'd every flame of sensual appetite.
Aur. On, sir, and do not stop.
Adur. Without protests,
I pleaded merely love, us'd not a syllable
But what a virgin might without a blush
Have listen'd to, and, not well arm'd, have pitied;
But she neglecting, cried, "Come, Auria, come;
Fight for thy wife at home!" then in rush'd you, sir,
Talk'd in much fury, parted; when as soon
The lady vanish'd; after her the rest.
Aur. What follow'd?
Adur. My commission on mine error;[17]
In execution whereof I have prov'd
So punctually severe, that I renounce
All memory, not to this one fault alone,
But to my other greater and more irksome.
Now he, whoever owns a name, that construes
This repetition the report of fear,
Of falsehood or imposture, let him tell me
I give myself the lie, and I will clear
The injury, and man to man; or if
Such justice may prove doubtful, two to two,
Or three to three, or any way reprieve
Th' opinion of my forfeit without blemish.
Aur. Who can you think I am? did you expect
So great a tameness as you find, Adurni,
That you cast loud defiance? say—
Adur. I've robb'd you
Of rigour, Auria, by my strict self-penance
For the presumption.

[17] Aur. *What follow'd?*
Adur. *My* commission *on mine error;*] This drama is so carelessly printed as almost to justify the suspicion of an error whenever the text, as in the present instance, appears singularly involved and obscure: "*commission*"—which is not readily explicable—has here perhaps, if we may judge from Adurni's two next speeches, usurped the place of "*contrition.*"

Aur. Sure, Italians hardly
Admit dispute in questions of this nature;
The trick is new.
Adur. I find my absolution
By vows of change from all ignoble practice.
Aur. Why, look ye, friend, I told you this before;
You would not be persuaded.—[*Walks apart*] Let me think—
Aurel. You do not yet deny that you solicited
The lady to ill purpose.
Adur. I have answer'd;
But it return'd much quiet to my mind,
Perplex'd with rare commotions.
Aur. That's the way;
It smooths all rubs.
Aurel. My lord?
Aur. Foh! I am thinking—
You may talk forward.—If it take, 'tis clear;
And then—and then,—and so—and so—
Adur. You labour
With curious engines, sure.
Aur. Fine ones! I take ye
To be a man of credit; else—
Adur. Suspicion
Is needless; know me better.
Aur. Yet you must not
Part from me, sir.
Adur. For that, your pleasure.
Aur. "Come,
Fight for thy wife at home, my Auria!"—Yes,
We can fight, my Spinella, when thine honour
Relies upon a champion.

Re-enter TRELCATIO.

Now?

Trel. My lord,
Castanna, with her sister and Malfato,
Are newly enter'd.
Aur. Be not loud; convey them
Into the gallery.—Aurelio, friend,
Adurni, lord, we three will sit in council,
And piece a hearty league, or scuffle shrewdly.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in the house of* MARTINO.

Enter MARTINO, BENATZI, *and* LEVIDOLCHE.

Mart. Ruffian, out of my doors! thou com'st to rob me.—
An officer! what, ho!—my house is haunted
By a lewd pack of thieves, of harlots, murderers,
Rogues, vagabonds! I foster a decoy here;
And she trolls on her raggèd customer
To cut my throat for pillage.
Lev. Good sir, hear me.
Ben. Hear or not hear,—let him rave his lungs out,—whiles this woman hath abode under this roof I will justify myself her bedfellow in despite of denial; in despite—those are my words.
Mart. Monstrous!
Why, sirrah, do I keep a bawdy-house,
An hospital for panders?—O, thou monster,
Thou she-confusion! are you grown so rampant
That, from a private wanton, thou proclaim'st thyself
A baggage for all gamesters, lords or gentlemen,
Strangers or home-spun yeomen, footposts, pages,

Roarers, or hangmen? hey-dey! set-up shop,
And then cry, "A market open; to't, and welcome!"

Lev. This is my husband.

Mart. Husband!

Ben. Husband natural; I have married her; and what's your verdict on the match, signor?

Mart. Husband, and married her!

Lev. Indeed, 'tis truth.

Mart. A proper joining! give ye joy, great mistress;
Your fortunes are advanc'd, marry, are they.
What jointure is assur'd, pray? some three thousand
A-year in oaths and vermin? fair preferment!
Was ever such a tatter'd rag of man's flesh
Patch'd-up for copesmate to my niece's daughter!

Lev. Sir, for my mother's name forbear this anger:
If I have yok'd myself beneath your wishes,
Yet is my choice a lawful one; and I
Will live as truly chaste unto his bosom
As e'er my faith hath bound me.

Mart. A sweet couple!

Ben. We are so: for mine own part, however my outside appear ungay, I have wrestled with death, Signor Martino, to preserve your sleeps, and such as you are, untroubled. A soldier is in peace a mockery, a very town-bull for laughter; unthrifts and landed babies are prey curmudgeons lay their baits for. Let the wars rattle about your ears once, and the security of a soldier is right honourable amongst ye then; that day may shine again. So to my business.

Mart. A soldier! thou a soldier! I do believe
Thou'rt lousy; that's a pretty sign, I grant:—
A villanous poor banditti rather; one
Can man a quean, and cant, and pick a pocket,
Pad for a cloak or hat, and in the dark

Pistol a straggler for a quarter-ducat.
A soldier! yes,—he looks as if he had not
The spirit of a herring or a tumbler.[1]

Ben. Let age and dotage rage together! Levidolche, thou art mine; on what conditions the world shall soon witness: yet since our hands joined I have not interessed my possession of thy bed; nor till I have accounted to thy injunction, do I mean: kiss me quick, and resolute, so!—Adieu, signor!

Lev. Dear, for love's sake, stay.

Ben. Forbear entreaties. [*Exit.*

Mart. Ah, thou—but what? I know not how to call thee:
Fain would I smother grief, but[2] out it must;
My heart is broke: thou hast for many a day
Been at a loss, and now art lost for ever;
Lost, lost, without recovery.

Lev. With pardon,
Let me restrain your sorrows.[3]

Mart. 'Tis impossible;
Despair of rising up to honest fame
Turns all the courses wild, and this last action
Will roar thy infamy.—Then you are certainly
Married, forsooth, unto this new-come?

Lev. Yes,
And herein every hope is brought to life
Which long hath lain in deadness; I have once more
Wedded Benatzi, my divorcèd husband.

[1] *or a* tumbler.] A species of hound. Jonson uses the word as synonymous with *setting* dog; "Away, *setter*, away; yet stay, my little *tumbler*." vol. ii. p. 407. In *The Gentleman's Recreation*, where a full description of the animal's qualities will be found, he is said to be justly called a *mongrel* greyhound.

[2] *but*] The 4to has "and." D.

[3] *Let me* restrain *your sorrows.*] The 4to reads "*retain.*" There is something very extraordinary in the construction of this part of the plot: but see p. 95.

Mart. Benatzi! this the man?
Lev. No odd disguise
Could guard him from discovery; 'tis he,
The choice of my ambition; heaven preserve me
Thankful for such a bounty! yet he dreams not
Of this deceit; but let me die in speaking,
If I repute not my success more happy
Than any earthly blessing. O, sweet uncle,
Rejoice with me! I am a faithful convert,
And will redeem the stains of a foul name
By love and true obedience.
Mart. Force of passion
Shows me a child again. Do, Levidolche,
Perform thy resolutions; those perform'd,
I have been only steward for your welfare;
You shall have all between ye.
Lev. Join with me, sir;
Our plot requires much speed; we must be earnest.
I'll tell ye what conditions threaten danger,
Unless you intermediate; let us hasten,
For fear we come too late.
Mart. As thou intendest
A virtuous honesty, I am thy second
To any office, Levidolche witty,
My niece, my witty niece.
Lev. Let's slack no time,[4] sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An apartment in* TRELCATIO'S *house.*

Enter TRELCATIO, MALFATO, SPINELLA, *and* CASTANNA.

Trel. Kinsman and ladies, have a little patience:
All will be as you wish; I'll be your warrant;

[4] *slack no time,*] See note, vol. ii. p. 96. D.

Fear nothing; Auria[5] is a noble fellow.
I leave ye; but, be sure, I am in hearing:
Take courage. [*Exit.*

Mal. Courage! they who have no hearts
Find none to lose; ours is as great as his,
Who defie[s] danger most.—Sure, state and ceremony
Inhabit here. Like strangers, we shall wait
Formality of entertainment. Cousin,
Let us return; 'tis paltry.

Spin. Gentle sir,
Confine your passion; my attendance only
Commends a duty.

Cast. Now, for heaven's sake, sister!—
He comes, your husband comes; take comfort, sister.

Enter AURIA *and* AURELIO.

Aur. Malfato!

Mal. . Auria!

Aur. Cousin, would mine arms
In their embraces might at once deliver
Affectionately what interest your merit
Holds in my estimation! I may chide
The coyness of this intercourse betwixt us,
Which a retirèd privacy on your part
Hath pleas'd to show: if aught of my endeavours
Can purchase kind opinion, I shall honour
The means and practice.

Mal. 'Tis your charity.

Aurel. Worthy Malfato!

Mal. Provident Aurelio!

Aur. Castanna, virtuous maid!

Cast. Your servant, brother.

Aur. But who's that other? such a face mine eyes
Have been acquainted with; the sight resembles

[5] *Auria*] The 4to has "Augia." D.

Something which is not quite lost to remembrance.
[*Spin. kneels.*
Why does the lady kneel? to whom? pray rise;
I shall forget civility of manners,
Imagining you tender a false tribute,
Or him to whom you tender it a counterfeit.
[*She rises.*

Mal. My lord, you use a borrow'd bravery,
Not suiting fair constructions; may your fortunes
Mount higher than can apprehension reach 'em!
Yet this waste kind of antic sovereignty
Unto a wife who equals every best
Of your deserts, achievements, or prosperity,[6]
Bewrays a barrenness of noble nature:
Let upstarts exercise uncomely roughness,
Clear spirits to the humble will be humble.—
You know your wife, no doubt.

Aur. 'Cry ye mercy, gentleman!
Belike you come to tutor a good carriage,
Are expert in the nick on't: we shall study
Instructions quaintly—"wife" you said? agreed.
Keep fair, and stand the trial.

Spin. Those words raise
A lively soul in her, who almost yielded
To faintness and stupidity; I thank ye:
Though prove what judge you will, till I can purge
Objections which require belief and conscience,
I have no kindred, sister, husband, friend,
Or pity for my plea.

Mal. Call ye this welcome?
We are mistook, Castanna.

Cast. O, my lord,
Other respects were promis'd!

[6] *prosperity,*] The 4to has "posteritie." D.

Aur. Said ye, lady,
"No kindred, sister, husband, friend"?
Spin. Nor name;
With this addition—I disclaim all benefit
Of mercy from a charitable thought;
If one or all the subtleties of malice,
If any engineer of faithless discord,
If supposition for pretence in folly,
Can point out, without injury to goodness,
A likelihood of guilt in my behaviour,
Which may declare neglect in every duty
Requir'd, fit, or exacted.
Aur. High and peremptory!
The confidence is masculine.
Mal. Why not?
An honourable cause gives life to truth
Without control.
Spin. I can proceed: that tongue
Whose venom, by traducing spotless honour,
Hath spread th' infection, is not more mine enemy
Than theirs, or his weak and besotted brains are
On whom the poison of its canker'd falsehood
Hath wrought for credit to so foul a mischief.
Speak, sir, the churlish voice of this combustion,
Aurelio, speak; nor, gentle sir, forbear
Aught what you know, but roundly use your eloquence
Against a mean defendant.
Mal. He's put to't;
It seems the challenge gravels him.
Aurel. My intelligence
Was issue of my doubts, not of my knowledge.
A self-confession may crave assistance;
Let the lady's justice [then] impose the penance.
So, in the rules of friendship as of love,
Suspicion is not seldom an improper

Advantage for the knitting faster joints
Of faithfulest affection, by the fevers
Of casualty unloos'd, where lastly error
Hath run into the toil.

Spin. Woful satisfaction
For a divorce of hearts!

Aur. So resolute?
I shall touch nearer home: behold these hairs,
Great masters of a spirit,[7] yet they are not
By winter of old age quite hid in snow;
Some messengers of time, I must acknowledge,
Amongst them took up lodging; when we first
Exchang'd our faiths in wedlock, I was proud
I did prevail with one whose youth and beauty
Deserv'd a choice more suitable in both.
Advancement to a fortune could not court
Ambition either on my side or hers;
Love drove the bargain, and the truth of love
Confirm'd it, I conceiv'd. But disproportion
In years amongst the married is a reason
For change of pleasures: whereto I reply,
Our union was not forc'd, 'twas by consent;
So then the breach in such a case appears
Unpardonable:—say your thoughts.

Spin. My thoughts
In that respect are resolute[8] as yours;
The same: yet herein evidence of frailty
Deserv'd not more a separation
Than doth charge of disloyalty objected

[7] *behold these hairs,*
Great masters of a spirit, &c.]

Lenit albescens animos capillus,
Litium et rixæ cupidos, &c.

Auria, like Othello, was somewhat declined into the vale of years; but *that's not much.* This speech is exquisitely beautiful.

[8] *resolute*] The 4to has "as *resolute;*" and so Gifford. D.

Without or ground or witness : women's[9] faults
Subject to punishments, and men's applauded
Prescribe no laws in force.

Aurel. Are ye so nimble?

Mal. A soul sublim'd from dross by competition,
Such as is mighty Auria's fam'd, descends
From its own sphere, when injuries, profound ones,
Yield to the combat of a scolding mastery,
Skirmish of words. Hath your wife lewdly rang'd,[10]
Adulterating the honour of your bed?
Withhold dispute ; but execute your vengeance
With unresisted rage ; we shall look on,
Allow the fact, and spurn her from our bloods :
Else, not detected, you have wrong'd her innocence
Unworthily and childishly, for which
I challenge satisfaction.

Cast. 'Tis a tyranny
Over an humble and obedient sweetness
Ungently to insult.

Enter ADURNI.

Adur. That I make good,
And must without exception find admittance
Fitting the party who hath herein interest.
Put case I was in fault, that fault stretch'd merely
To a misguided thought ; and who in presence,
Except the pair of sisters fair and matchless,
Can quit an imputation of like folly?
Here I ask pardon, excellent Spinella,
Of only you ; that granted, he amongst you

[9] *women's*] The 4to has "womans:" but compare "*men's*" in the next line. D.

[10] *Skirmish of words. Hath your wife lewdly rang'd,* &c.] The 4to has

"*Skirmish of words hath* with *your wife lewdly rang'd*
Adulterating the honour of your bed.
Hold *dispute,*" &c. D.

Who calls an even reckoning shall meet
An even accountant.
Aur. Baited by confederacy!
I must have right.
Spin. And I, my lord, my lord—
What stir and coil is here! you can suspect?
So reconciliation, then, is needless:—
Conclude the difference by revenge, or part,
And never more see one another.—Sister,
Lend me thine arm; I have assum'd a courage
Above my force, and can hold out no longer.—
Auria, unkind, unkind!
Cast. She faints.
Aur. Spinella!
Regent of my affections, thou hast conquer'd:
I find thy virtues as I left them, perfect,
Pure, and unflaw'd: for instance, let me claim
Castanna's promise.
Cast. Mine?
Aur. Yours, to whose faith
I am a guardian, not by imposition,
But by you chosen. Look ye, I have fitted
A husband for you, noble and deserving;
No shrinking back.—Adurni, I present her,
A wife of worth.
Mal. How's that?
Adur. So great a blessing
Crowns all desires of life.—The motion, lady,
To me, I can assure you, is not sudden,
But welcom'd and forethought; would you could please
To say the like!
Aur. Castanna, do.—Speak, dearest;
It rectifies all crookèd[11] vain surmises;

[11] *crookèd*] The 4to has "crookes." D.

I prithee speak.

Spin. The courtship's somewhat quick,
The match it seems agreed on:—do not, sister,
Reject the use of fate.

Cast. I dare not question
The will of heaven.

Mal. Unthought-of and unlook'd-for!

Spin. My ever-honour'd lord!

Aurel. This marriage frees
Each circumstance of jealousy.

Aur. Make no scruple,
Castanna, of the choice; 'tis firm and real:
Why else have I so long with tameness nourish'd
Report of wrongs, but that I fix'd on issue
Of my desires? Italians use not dalliance,
But execution: herein I degenerated
From custom of our nation; for the virtues[12]
Of my Spinella rooted in my soul,

* * * * *

Yet common form of matrimonial compliments,
Short-liv'd as are their pleasures.—Yet in sooth,
My dearest, I might blame your causeless absence,
To whom my love and nature were no strangers:
But being in your kinsman's house, I honour
His hospitable friendship, and must thank it.
Now lasting truce on all hands.

Aurel. You will pardon

[12] *for the virtues*
Of my Spinella rooted in my soul,
Yet common form of matrimonial compliments,
Short-liv'd as are their pleasures.] This passage, as it stands in the 4to, is scarcely intelligible. What Auria apparently means to urge is, that the virtues of his wife, of which he was firmly persuaded, *triumphed over*, or were too great for the flattering "yet common form," &c.: a verse, therefore, if not more, has been lost at the press.—It may be added here, that Ford has imitated himself in some measure, and awkwardly removed the suspicions of Aurelio, as he had previously done those of Romanello in *The Fancies*, by an unlooked-for marriage.

A rash and over-busy curiosity.

Spin. It was to blame; but the success remits it.

Adur. Sir, what presumptions formerly have grounded
Opinion of unfitting carriage to you,
On my part I shall faithfully acquit
At easy summons.

Mal. You prevent the nicety;
Use your own pleasure—

BENATZI *rushes in with his sword drawn, followed by* LEVIDOLCHE *and* MARTINO.

Aurel. What's the matter?

Aur. Matter?

Ben. Adurni and Malfato found together!
Now for a glorious vengeance.

Lev. Hold, O, hold him!

Aurel. This is no place for murder; yield thy sword.

Aur. Yield it, or force it. [*Ben. is disarmed.*] Set you up your shambles
Of slaughter in my presence?

Adur. Let him come.

Mal. What can the ruffian mean?

Ben. I am prevented;
The temple or the chamber of the Duke
Had else not prov'd a sanctuary.—Lord,
Thou hast dishonourably wrong'd my wife.

Adur. Thy wife! I know not her nor thee.

Aur. Fear nothing.

Lev. Yes, me you know. Heaven has a gentle mercy
For penitent offenders: blessèd ladies,
Repute me not a castaway, though once
I fell into some lapses, which our sex

Are oft entangl'd by; yet what I have been
Concerns me now no more, who am resolv'd
On a new life. This gentleman, Benatzi,
Disguisèd as you see, I have re-married.—
I knew you at first sight, and tender constantly
Submission for all errors.

Mart. Nay, 'tis true, sir.

Ben. I joy in the discovery, am thankful
Unto the change.[13]

Aur. Let wonder henceforth cease;
For I am partner with Benatzi's counsels,
And in them was director: I have seen
The man do service in the wars late past
Worthy an ample mention; but of that
At large hereafter; repetitions now
Of good or bad would straiten time, presented
For other use.

Mart. Welcome, and welcome ever!

Lev. Mine eyes, sir, never shall without a blush
Receive a look from yours: please to forget
All passages of rashness; such attempt
Was mine, and only mine.

Mal. You've found a way
To happiness; I honour the conversion.

Adur. Then I am freed.

Mal. May style your friend your servant.

Mart. Now all that's mine is theirs.

[13] *I joy in the discovery, am thankful Unto the change.*] Benatzi takes the matter with all due composure. That his precious moiety should recognise him through his rags, his formidable mustachios, and his Pistol-like demeanour, is natural enough; the wonder is, that Benatzi should not recollect her. She wore no disguise, she retains the name by which he married her, she still lived as before with her foolish uncle, and she confides to him a part of her history, in which he was a sharer. The author seems to have discovered all this when it was too late, and has just allowed us to surmise, from Auria's next speech, that the "re-married gentleman" might not be so complete a dupe as he appears.

Adur. But let me add
An offering to the altar of this peace.
[*Gives her money.*

Aur. How likes Spinella this? our holiday
Deserves the kalendar.

Spin. This gentlewoman
Reform'd must in my thoughts live fair and worthy:—
Indeed you shall. [*Gives her money.*

Cast. And mine; the novelty
Requires a friendly love. [*Gives her money.*

Lev. You're kind and bountiful.

Enter TRELCATIO, FUTELLI, AMORETTA, PIERO, *driving in* FULGOSO *and* GUZMAN.

Trel. By your leaves, lords and ladies! to your jollities
I bring increase with mine too; here's a youngster
Whom I c[a]ll son-in-law, for so my daughter
Will have it. [*Presenting Fut.*

Amor. Yeth, in sooth, thee will.

Trel. Futelli
Hath wean'd her from this pair.[14]

Piero. Stand forth, stout lovers.

Trel. Top and top-gallant pair—and for his pains
She will have him or none. He's not the richest
I' th' parish; but a wit: I say, Amen,
Because I cannot help it.

Amor. Tith no matter.

Aur. We'll remedy the penury of fortune;
They shall with us to Corsica. Our cousin
Must not despair of means, since 'tis believ'd
Futelli can deserve a place of trust.

Fut. You are in all unfellow'd.

[14] *pair.*] The 4to has "paine." D.

Amor. Withely thpoken.
Piero. Think on Piero, sir.
Aur. Piero, yes;
But what of these two pretty ones?
Ful. I'll follow
The ladies, play at cards, make sport, and whistle;
My purse shall bear me out: a lazy life
Is scurvy and debauch'd; fight you abroad;
And we'll be gaming,[15] whiles you fight, at home;
Run high, run low, here is a brain can do't—
But for my martial brother Don, prithee[16] make him
A—what-d'ye call't—a setting dog,—a sentinel;
I'll mend his weekly pay.
Guz. He shall deserve it.
Vouchsafe employment honourable—
Ful. Marry,
The Don's a generous Don.
Aur. Unfit to lose him.—
Command doth limit us short time for revels;
We must be thrifty in them. None, I trust,
Repines at these delights, they're free and harmless:
After distress at sea, the dangers o'er,
Safety and welcomes better taste ashore. [*Exeunt.*

[15] *gaming,*] The 4to has "game." D.
[16] *prithee*] Gifford printed "pray ye." D.

This drama, like *Perkin Warbeck*, has been somewhat too lightly regarded. The plot, indeed, is simple, and the poet has not availed himself of the interest of which even that simplicity was susceptible; but the characters are well discriminated and strongly marked. The high-spirited, pure-minded Spinella; the uxorious, sensitive, and noble Auria; and the rash, repentant, and dignified Adurni, do credit to the author's powers of conception: nor is the next trio, the faithful sister, the silent devoted lover, and the suspicious, gloomy, and selfish friend, to be passed without praise. The more serious scenes are beautifully written; and the situation, if not the language of some of

the speakers in them, is well calculated to excite that tender feeling which melts the heart in almost every drama of this pathetic writer.

Either by accident or design, the humbler characters of *The Lady's Trial* are inoffensive; they are occasionally even amusing, and lead us to wish that Ford had suspected his want of genuine humour, and recollected, before he closed his theatrical career,—for this was probably his last play,—that a dull medley of extravagance and impurity was poorly calculated to supply the defect.

EPILOGUE.

THE court's on rising; 'tis too late
To wish the lady in her fate
Of trial now more fortunate.

A verdict in the jury's breast
Will be given up anon at least;
Till then 'tis fit we hope the best.

Else if there can be any stay,
Next sitting without more delay
We will expect a gentle day.

THE SUN'S DARLING.

A MORAL MASQUE,

BY JOHN FORD AND THOMAS DECKER.

The title of the old copy runs thus; "The Sun's Darling: A Moral Masque: As it hath been often presented at Whitehall by their Majesties Servants; and after at the Cock-pit in Drury-lane, with great applause. Written by John Foard and Tho. Decker, Gent. London, printed by J. Bell, for Andrew Penneycuicke, Anno Dom. 1657. 4to." It appears from the Henslowe papers (examined by Mr. Malone) that a play of this name [?] was on the acting-stock of the Rose Theatre. This might probably be the first sketch of the present masque as furnished by Decker, who is known to have written for that theatre; and Ford might have been called in to assist him, when the growing taste of the times rendered it necessary to recast or improve the original plot. ["Dekker's play of *Phaeton* was probably the original foundation of *The Sun's Darling* by Dekker and Ford." Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 354, note. D.] This was no uncommon circumstance: many of the popular pieces of the old stage, such as *Jeronymo*, *The Virgin Martyr*, &c. having been reproduced, with large "adycions." In its present state *The Sun's Darling* was presented in March 1623-4. It seems to have been a favourite with the people; an advantage which it owed, perhaps, in some degree, to its activity and bustle, its May-games, its songs, and its dances.

[Two quartos of this drama are mentioned; the one dated 1656, the other 1657. I suspect, however, that there is really but one edition, the copies differing only in the Dedication. The Garrick copy in the Brit. Museum, and the copy in the King's Library, also in the Brit. Museum (the former bearing the date 1656, the latter having the date torn away), are dedicated, like the copy used by Gifford, "To the Right Honourable Thomas Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton," &c., by "Theophilus Bird and Andrew Penneycuicke." But the copy in my possession is dedicated "To the Right Honorable My very good Lady, the Lady Newton, Wife to the worshipfull Sir Henry Newton, Knight," by "Andrew Penneycuicke." D.]

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE[1]

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, LORD WRIOTHESLEY, OF TITCHFIELD, ETC.[2]

MY LORD,

HERODOTUS reports, that the Egyptians, by wrapping their dead in glass, present them lively to all posterity; but your lordship will do more, by the vivifying beams of your acceptation revive the parents of this orphan poem, and make them live to eternity. While the stage flourished, the poem lived by the breath of general applauses, and the virtual fervour[3] of the court; but since hath languished for want of heat, and now, near shrunk-up with cold, creeps, with a shivering fear, to extend itself at the flames of your benignity. My lord, though it seems rough and forlorn, it is the issue of worthy parents, and we doubt not but you will find it

[1] *To the Right Honourable*, &c.] See the preceding page. D.

[2] *Lord Wriothesley, of Titchfield*, &c.] Thomas, fourth Earl of Southampton, eminent for his rare virtues; more eminent for those of his daughter, the admirable Lady Rachel Russell. He succeeded his father Henry, third earl, the friend and patron of Shakespeare, in 1624, and died in 1667. If more be wanting to his fame, it may be added, that he enjoyed the friendship and merited the praise of the Earl of Clarendon.

[3] *fervour*] Altered by Weber to "favour:" on which Gifford remarks; "It only required to read to the end of the line to see that his emendation was perfectly ridiculous, since the whole force of the sentence depends upon retaining the original word, *fervour*." D.

accomplished with their virtue. Be pleased, then, my lord, to give it entertainment; the more destitute and needy it is, the greater reward may be challenged by your charity; and so, being sheltered under your wings, and comforted by the sunshine of your favour, it will become proof against the injustice of time, and, like one of Demetrius' statues, appear fresher and fresher to all ages. My lord, were we not confident of the excellence of the piece, we should not dare to assume an impudence to prefer it to a person of your honour and known judgment; whose hearts are ready sacrifices to your name and honour; being, my lord, your lordship's most humble and most obligedly submissive servants,

THEOPHILUS BIRD,
ANDREW PENNEYCUICKE.

Little more is known of Bird than what is told by the sensible author of the *Historia Histrionica*, that "he was one of the eminent actors at the Cockpit before the wars." He probably played in *The Lady's Trial*, to which he has a Prologue; and he is known to have taken a part in several of Beaumont and Fletcher's pieces. In 1647, when the success of the Puritans had enabled them to close the theatres and consign the great actors of that period to hopeless poverty, he joined with Lowin, Taylor, and others, in bringing out a folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, which they dedicated to Philip Earl of Pembroke, who ill deserved the honour.

Andrew Penneycuicke was also an actor of some celebrity. He is entitled to our gratitude for having, as Shirley expresses it, "in that tragical age in which the theatre itself was outacted," rescued not only this, and perhaps the following drama, but also Massinger's admirable comedy of *The City Madam*, from what he calls "the teeth of time;" and something yet more destructive than the teeth of time,—the vulgar and malignant persecution of all that tended to harmonise and improve society.

READER,

IT is not here intended to present thee with the perfect analogy betwixt the world and man, which was made for man; nor their co-existence, the world determining with man: this, I presume, hath been by others treated on: but, drawing the curtain of this moral, you shall find him in his progression as followeth:

THE FIRST SEASON.

Presents him in the *twilight* of his age,
Not potgun-proof, and yet he'll have his page:
This small knight-errant will encounter things
Above his perch, and like the partridge springs.

THE SECOND SEASON.

Folly, his squire, the Lady Humour brings,
Who in his ear far sweeter novels[1] sings.
He follows them; forsakes the April queen,
And now the *noontide* of his age is seen.

THE THIRD SEASON.

As soon as, nerv'd with strength, he becomes weak,
Folly and Humour do his reason break;
Hurry him from his noontide to his even:
From summer to his *autumn* he is driven.

THE FOURTH SEASON.

And now the *winter*, or his nonage, takes him,
The sad remembrance of his errors wakes him;

[1] See note, vol. ii. p. 298. D.

Folly and Humour fain he'd cast away,
But they will never leave him till he's clay:
Thus man as clay descends, ascends in spirit;
Dust goes to dust, the soul unto its merit.

World and Man.] The "analogy betwixt the world and man," or Macrocosmus and Microcosmus, had, as the writer says, been treated of by others. With this, however, the present masque has little to do; and it is therefore unnecessary to say another word on the subject. Nabbes, who followed our authors, and who also calls his play (*Microcosmus*) "a moral masque," has written with better effect, and on a plan far more ingeniously constructed.

The "progression" sufficiently explains the poet's object, which was originally more simple, perhaps, than it appears in the present piece of patchwork. The authors are mainly indebted to Jonson. Many hints are taken from some of his *Masques at Court*, and the character of the Lady Humour is formed from the elaborate description of this quality in *Every Man out of his Humour*. If the reader wishes for more on the subject, he may turn to the *Masque of Hymen*, vol. vii. p. 55.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHŒBUS, the Sun.
RAYBRIGHT, the Sun's Darling.
Lady SPRING.
YOUTH,
DELIGHT, } her attendants.
HEALTH,
SUMMER.
PLENTY.
POMONA.
CUPID.
FORTUNE.
AUTUMN.
BACCHANALIAN.
BOUNTY.
WINTER.
CONCEIT.
DETRACTION.
TIME.
PRIEST OF THE SUN.
Lady HUMOUR.
FOLLY.
ÆOLUS.

A Soldier, a Spaniard, an Italian Dancer, a French Tailor, a Forester, Masquers, Clowns, &c.

THE SUN'S DARLING.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A temple with an altar.* RAYBRIGHT *discovered asleep.*

Enter the Priest of the Sun.

Priest. Let your tunes, you sweet-voic'd spheres,
O'ertake him:
Charm his fancies,[1] ope his ears;
Now wake[2] him! [*Music within.*

SONG.

Fancies are but streams
Of vain pleasure:
They who by their dreams
True joys measure,
Feasting starve, laughing weep,
Playing smart; whilst in sleep
Fools, with shadows smiling,
Wake and find
Hopes like wind,
Idle hopes, beguiling.

[1] *fancies,*] Qy. "fancy"? but see the following song. D.
[2] *wake*] The 4to has "awake." D.

Thoughts fly away; time hath pass'd 'em:
Wake now, awake! see and taste 'em!

Ray. [*waking*] That I might ever slumber, and enjoy
Contents as happy as the soul's best wishes
Can fancy or imagine! 'Tis a cruelty
Beyond example to usurp the peace
I sat enthron'd in: who was't pluck'd me from it?

Priest. Young man, look hither.

Ray. Good, I envy not
The pomp of your high office; all preferment
Of earthly glories are to me diseases,
Infecting those sound parts which should preserve
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness.
The times are better to me; there's no taste
Left on the palate of my discontent
To catch at empty hopes, whose only blessedness
Depends on being miserable.

Priest. Raybright,
Thou draw'st thy great descent from my grand patron,
The Sun, whose priest I am.

Ray. For small advantage.
He who is high-born never mounts yon battlemen[ts]
Of sparkling stars, unless he[3] be in spirit
As humble as the child of one that sweats
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

Priest. Hast thou not flow'd in honours?

Ray. Honours! I'd not be baited with my fears
Of losing 'em, to be their monstrous creature
An age together: 'tis, beside,[4] as comfortable
To die upon th' embroidery of the grass
Unminded, as to set a world at gaze,
Whilst from a pinnacle I tumble down

[3] *he*] The 4to has "I." D.
[4] *beside,*] Gifford printed "besides." D.

And break my neck, to be talk'd of and wonder'd at.
Priest. You have worn rich habits.
Ray. Fine ass-trappings!
A pedlar's heir turn'd gallant follows fashion,
Can by a cross-legg'd tailor be transform'd
Into a jack-an-apes of passing bravery.
'Tis a stout happiness to wear good clothes,
Yet live and die a fool!—mew!
Priest. You've had choice
Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.
Ray. Monkeys and paraquitoes are as pretty
To play withal, though not indeed so gentle.
Honesty's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies
Where't grows is hard to be discover'd: 'troth, sir,
I care for no long travels with lost labour.
Priest. Pleasures of every sense have been your servants,
Whenas you've commanded them.
Ray. To threaten ruin,
Corrupt the purity of knowledge, wrest
Desires of better life to those of this,[5]
This scurvy one, this life scarce worth the keeping!
Priest. 'Tis melancholy and too fond indulgence
To your own dull'd affections sway your judgment;
You could not else be thus lost, or suspect
The care your ancestor the Sun takes of ye.
Ray. The care! the scorn he throws on me.
Priest. Fie, fie!
Have you been sent out into strange[r] lands,
Seen courts of foreign kings, by them been grac'd,
To bring home such neglect?
Ray. I've reason for't.
Priest. Pray show it.

[5] *this,*] The 4to has "these." D.

Ray. Since my coming home I've found
More sweets in one unprofitable dream
Than in my life's whole pilgrimage.
Priest. Your fantasy
Misleads your judgment vainly. Sir, in brief,
I am to tell you how I have receiv'd
From your progenitor, my lord the Sun,
A token, that he visibly will descend
From the celestial orb, to gratify
All your wild longings.
Ray. Very likely! when, pray?
The world the whiles shall be beholding to him
For a long night; new-married men will curse,
Though their brides tickle for't: O, candle and lantern
Will grow to an excessive rate i' th' city!
Priest. These are but flashes of a brain disorder'd:
Contain your float of spleen in seemly bounds;
Your eyes shall be your witness.
Ray. He may come.

Enter TIME, *whipping* FOLLY *in rags before him.*

Time. Hence, hence, thou shame of nature, mankind's foil!
Time whips thee from the world, kicks thee and scorns thee.
Fol. Whip me from the world! why whip? am I a dog, a cur, a mongrel? baw-waw! do thy worst; I defy thee. [*Sings.*

I will roar and squander,
Cozen and be drunk too;
I'll maintain my pander,
Keep my horse and punk too;

Brawl and scuffle,
Shift and shuffle,
Swagger in my potmeals;
Damn-me's rank with;
Do mad prank with
Roaring-boys and Oatmeals.[6]
Pox o' time, I care not;
Being past, 'tis nothing.
I'll be free and spare not;
Sorrows are life's loathing.
Melancholy
Is but folly;
Mirth and youth are plotters:
Time, go hang thee!
I will bang thee,
Though I die in totters.[7]

[6] *Do mad prank with*
Roaring-boys *and* Oatmeals.] I have already had more than one occasion to notice those lawless ruffians, who, to the disgrace of the city, under the various names of Mohawks, Roarers, Circling-boys, Twibills, Blades, Tityre-tu's, Oatmeals, &c., infested the streets, almost with impunity, from the days of Elizabeth down to the beginning of the last century. Some of the Tityre-tu's, not long after the appearance of this drama (1624), appear to have been brought before the Council, and committed on a suspicion of state delinquency: had they been sent to be flogged in Bridewell, it would have been at least as wise. The names of two of them incidentally appear,—A. Windsor and George Chambers: "madcaps" they call themselves. The badge of their order was a blue ribbon: the *Oatmeals* are usually coupled with them. "So! now I am a *Blade*, and of a better row" (higher class?) "than those of Tityre-tu or *Oatmeal*-ho!" *Covent Garden weeded* [by Brome].—The Oatmeals are alluded to by Cartwright [in *The Ordinary*], under a pretended mistake, for Ottomans. "My son [a Roaring boy] shall have the Turkish monarchy! . . . Great Andrew Mahomet! . . . Andrew *Oatmeal*-man! *Oatmeal*-man Andrew!" &c.—The Tityre-tu's were committed to prison on the charge (they say) of "my Lord of Canterbury;" and they do not forget to triumph over the misfortune which embittered his declining years;

"If he were but behind me now,
And should this ballad hear,
Sure he'd revenge with *bended bow*,
And I die like a *deer*."

[7] *Though I die in* totters.] i. e. *tatters*. So the word was usually written by our old dramatists.

And what think you of this, you old doting, moth-eaten, bearded rascal? as I am Folly by the mother's side, and a true-bred gentleman, I will sing thee to death, if thou vex me. Cannot a man of fashion, for his pleasure, put on, now and then, his working-day robes of humility, but he must presently be subject to a beadle's rod of correction? Go, mend thyself, cannibal! 'tis not without need; I am sure the times were never more beggarly and proud: waiting-women flaunt it in cast suits, and their ladies fall for 'em; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fools. Pitiful Time! pitiful Time!

Time. Out, foul, prodigious, and abortive birth!
Behold, the sand-glass of thy days is broke.

Fol. Bring me another; I'll shatter that too.

Time. No, thou'st misspent thy hours, lavish['d], fool-like,
The circuit of thy life in ceaseless riots;
It is not therefore fit that thou shouldst live
In such a court as the Sun's majesty
Vouchsafes t' illuminate with his bright beams.

Fol. In any court, father baldpate, where my grannam the Moon shows her horns, except the Consistory Court; and there she need not appear, cuckolds carry such sharp stilettos in their foreheads. I'll live here, and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, maugre thy scurvy and abominable beard.

Time. Priest of the Sun, 'tis near about the minute
Thy patron will descend; scourge hence this trifle:
Time is ne'er lost, till, in the common schools
Of impudence, time meets with wilful fools. [*Exit.*

Fol. Farewell 1538! I might have said 5000; but the other's long enough o' conscience to be honest-conditioned—pox on him! it's a notable railing whipper, of a plain Time-whipper.

Priest. You heard the charge he left.

Fol. Ay, ay, he may give a charge; he has been a petty court-holder ever since he was a minute old; he took you for a foreman of a jury.

Ray. Pray, sir, what are you?

Fol. No matter what: what are you?

Ray. Not as you are, I thank my better fates;
I am grandchild to the Sun.

Fol. And I am cousin-german, some two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

Ray. Folly, sir! of what quality?

Fol. Quality! any quality in fashion; drinking, whoring, singing, dancing, dicing, swearing, roaring, foisting, lying, cogging, canting, *et cætera.* Will you have any more?

Ray. You have a merry heart, if you can guide it.

Fol. Yes, 'faith, so, so: I laugh not at those whom I fear; I fear not those whom I love; and I love not any whom I laugh not at: pretty strange humour, is't not?

Ray. To any one that knows you not, it is.

Priest. You must avoid.

Fol. Away, away! I have no such meaning, indeed, la! [*Music of recorders.*[8]

Priest. Hark, the fair hour is come; draw to the altar,
And, with amazement, reverence, and comfort,
Behold the broad-ey'd lamp of heaven descending!
Stand!

The SUN *appears above.*

Fol. O, brave!

Priest. Stand!

[8] *recorders.*] See note, vol. i. p. 315. D.

SONG.

Glorious and bright! lo, here we bend
Before thy throne; trembling attend
Thy sacred pleasures: be pleas'd, then,
To shower thy comforts down, that men
May freely taste in life's extremes
The influence of thy powerful beams.[9]

Ray. Let not my fate too swiftly run,
Till thou acknowledge me thy son:
O, there's no joy even from the womb
Of frailty, till we be call'd home.

Fol. Now am I an arrant rascal, and cannot speak one word for myself, if I were hanged.

Sun. Raybright!

Priest. It calls ye; answer.

Ray. Lord and father!

Sun. We know thy cares; appear to give release:
Boldly make thy demands, for we will please
To grant whate'er thou su'st[10] for.

Ray. Fair-beam'd sir!
I dare not greedily prefer
Eternity of earth's delights
Before that duty which invites
My filial piety: in this
Your love shall perfect my heart's bliss,
If I but for one only year
Enjoy the several pleasures here,
Which every season in his kind
Can bless a mortal with.

Sun. I find

[9] *The influence of thy powerful* beams.] For "*beams*" the old copy reads "*dreams*,"—an evident misprint; of which there are far too many in this piece.

[10] *su'st*] The 4to has "saist." D.

Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it;
Thou master'st thy desire, and shalt[11] not want it.—
To the Spring-garden let him be convey'd,
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid;
All the varieties the Spring can show
Be subject to his will.

Priest. Light's lord, we go.

[*Exeunt Priest and Ray.*

Fol. And I will follow, that am not in love with such fopperies. [*Exit.*

Sun. We must descend, and leave awhile our sphere,[12]
To greet the world.—Ha! there does now appear
A circle in this round of beams that shine
As if their friendly lights would darken mine:
No, let 'em shine-out still, for these are they
By whose sweet favours, when our warmths decay,
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish
Our active motions, which in summer flourish,
By their fair quickening dews of noble loves:
O, may you all, like stars, whilst swift time moves,
Stand fix'd in firmaments of blest content![13]
Meanwhile [the] recreations we present
Shall strive to please:—I have the foremost tract;
Each Season else begins and ends an Act.

[*The Sun disappears.*

[11] *shalt*] The 4to has "shall." D.

[12] *We must descend*, &c.] The "sphere" in which the "lord of light" appeared was probably a *creaking throne* which overlooked the curtain at the back of the stage; from this he probably descended to the raised platform. Besides his robe, *flammas imitante pyropo*, his solar majesty was probably distinguished by a tiara, or rayed coronet,—but this is no subject for light merriment. Whatever his SHAPE might be, his address to the audience of the Cockpit is graceful, elegant, and poetical. I believe it to be the composition of Decker.

[13] *content!*] The 4to has "contents." D.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The garden of* SPRING.

Enter SPRING, RAYBRIGHT, YOUTH, HEALTH, *and* DELIGHT.

Spring. Welcome! The mother of the year, the Spring,
That mother on whose back Age ne'er can sit,
For Age still waits on[1] her; that Spring, the nurse
Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made wanton;
Physician to the sick, strength to the sound,
By whom all things above and under ground
Are quicken'd with new heat, fresh blood, brave vigour,—
That Spring on thy fair cheeks in kisses lays
Ten thousand welcomes, free as are those rays
From which thy name thou borrow'st,—glorious name,
RAYBRIGHT, as bright in person as in fame!

Ray. Your eyes amaz'd me first, but now mine ears
Feel your tongue's charm;[2] in you move all the spheres.
O, lady! would the Sun, which gave me life,
Had never sent me to you!

Spring. Why? all my veins
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were come back,
And with his frozen beard had[3] numb'd my lips,
To hear that sigh fly from you.

Ray. Round about me
A firmament of such full blessings shine,[4]
I in your sphere seem a star more divine

[1] *on*] The 4to has "upon." D.
[2] *charm;*] The 4to has "charms." D.
[3] *had*] The 4to has "have." D.
[4] *A firmament of such full blessings shine,*] See note, vol. i. p. 85. D.

Than in my father's chariot should I ride
One year about the world in all his pride.
Spring. O, that sweet breath revives me! if thou never
Part'st hence,—as part thou shalt not,—be happy ever!
Ray. I know I shall.
Spring. Thou, to buy whose state
Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth, wait,
I charge thee, on my darling.
Youth. Madam, I shall,
And on his smooth cheek such sweet roses set,
You still shall sit to gather them; and when
Their colours fade, [like] brave shall spring agen.
Spring. Thou, without whom they that have hills of gold
Are slaves and wretches, Health, that canst nor be sold
Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
Guarded, for there lies the Spring's paramour.
Health. One of my hands is writing still in heaven,
For that's Health's library; t' other, on the earth,
Is physic's treasurer, and what wealth those lay
Up for my queen, all shall his will obey.
Ray. Mortality, sure, falls from me.
Spring. Thou to whose tunes
The five nice senses dance; thou that dost spin
Those golden threads all women love to wind,
And but for whom man would cut-off mankind,—
Delight, not base, but noble, touch thy lyre,
And fill my court with brightest Delphic fire.
Del. Hover, you wing'd musicians, in the air!
Clouds, leave your dancing! no winds stir but fair!
Health. Leave blustering, March!

SONG *by* DELIGHT.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?[5]
'Tis Philomel the nightingale;
"Jug, jug, jug, Tereu," she cries,
And hating earth to heaven she flies.
[The cuckoo is heard.
Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckoos sing
"Cuckoo," to welcome in the Spring.

Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
'Tis the lark's silver leer-a-leer.
Chirrup the sparrow flies away;
For he fell to't ere break of day.
[The cuckoo again.
Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckoos sing
"Cuckoo," to welcome in the Spring.

Spring. How does my Sun-born sweetheart like his queen,
Her court, her train?
Ray. Wondrous; such ne'er were seen.
Health. Fresher and fresher pastimes! one delight
Is a disease to th' wanton appetite.

[5] *What bird*, &c.] This is taken from the beautiful song of Trico in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*. It will be seen from the original, which is subjoined, that it has received no improvements from Delight;

"What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O, 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
'Jug, jug, jug, jug, Tereu,' she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark, so shrill and clear;
How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note;
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
'Cuckoo!' to welcome in the spring."

Del. Music, take Echo's voice, and dance quick rounds
To thine own times in repercussive sounds.
[*An echo of cornets.*

Spring. Enough! I will not weary thee. [*Exit Del.*
Pleasures, change!
Thou as the Sun in a free zodiac range.

Re-enter DELIGHT.

Del. A company of rural fellows, fac'd
Like lovers of your laws,[6] beg to be grac'd
Before your highness, to present their sport.

Spring. What is 't?

Del. A morris.[7]

Spring. Give them our court.
Stay, these dull birds may make thee stop thine ear;
Take thou my lightning, none but laurel here
Shall scape thy blasting: whom thou wilt confound,
Smite; let those stand who in thy choice sit crown'd.

Ray. Let these, then, I may surfeit else on sweets;
Sound sleeps do not still lie in princes' sheets.

Spring. Beckon the rurals in; the country-gray
Seldom ploughs treason: shouldst thou be stol'n away
By great ones,—that's my fear.

Ray. Fear it not, lady;
Should all the world's black sorceries be laid
To blow me hence, I move not.

Enter the Morris-dancers.

Spring. I am made
In that word the earth's empress.[8]

[6] *A company of rural fellows,* fac'd
Like lovers of your laws,] i.e. with youthful, ruddy, cheerful countenances.

[7] *A morris.*] Qy. (for the metre) "*A morris*-dance"? D.

[8] *empress.*] To be pronounced "emperess." The word "*empress*" was often pronounced (and even written) "emperess" by our early

A DANCE.

Are not
These sports too rustic?

Ray. No; pretty and pleasing.

Spring. My youngest girl, the violet-breathing May,
Being told by Flora that my love dwelt here,
Is come to do you service: will you please
To honour her arrival?

Ray. I shall attend.

Spring. On, then; [*Exeunt Morris-dancers.*
and bid my rosy-finger'd May
Rob hills and dales, with sweets to strow his way.
[*Exit, followed by Youth and Health.*

Enter FOLLY, *and whispers* RAYBRIGHT.

Ray. An empress, say'st thou, fall'n in love with me?

Fol. She's a great woman, and all great women wish[9] to be empresses; her name, the Lady Humour.

Ray. Strange name! I never saw her, knew her not:
What kind of creature is she?

Fol. Creature! of a skin soft as pomatum, sleek as jelly, white as blanched almonds; no mercer's wife ever handled yard with a prettier [hand]; breath sweet as a monkey's; lips of cherries, teeth of pearl, eyes of diamond, foot and leg as—

Ray. And what's thy name?[10]

---

poets: see, for instance, [Shakespeare's?] *Titus Andronicus*, in which play it is to be read both as a dissyllable and a trisyllable. D.

[9] *wish*] Gifford printed "love." D.

[10] *And what's thy* name?] Raybright has but a short memory; he had been informed of this in a former scene (see p. 115); but perhaps Folly had changed his dress with his service, for he first enters

Fol. 'Tis but a folly to tell it; my name is Folly.

Ray. Humour and Folly! To my listening ear
The lady's praises often have been sung;
Thy trumpet, sounding forth her graceful beauties,
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

Fol. She's as hot as you for your heart.

Ray. This lady, call'd the Spring, is an odd trifle.

Fol. A green-sickness thing. I came by the way of a hobby-horse letter-of-attorney, sent by my lady as a spy to you. Spring, a hot lady! a few fields and gardens lass. Can you feed upon salads and tansies? eat like an ass upon grass every day? At my lady's comes to you now a goose, now a woodcock; nothing but fowl; fowl pies, platters all covered with fowl;[12] and is not fowl very good fare?

Ray. Yea, marry, is't, sir; the fowl being kept clean.
My admiration wastes itself in longings
To see this rare piece: I'll see her: what are kings,
Were not their pleasures varied? shall not mine, then?
Should day last ever, 'twould be loath'd as night;
Change is the sauce that sharpens appetite.
The way? I'll to her.

Fol. The way is windy and narrow; for, look you, I do but wind this cornet, and if another answer it, she comes.

---

in rags. This, however, will not account for his forgetfulness of the Lady Humour, of whom he has just declared his utter ignorance, though it now appears that he was familiar with her praises. In the preceding speech I have inserted "*hand*" at a guess; and in that which follows [in the next speech but one after this] have transposed the words "*Thy*" and "*Thee*" at the commencement of the respective lines.

[12] *platters all covered with fowl;*] The author seems fearful that his witticisms should escape the reader, for he has judiciously printed *foul* in one place for *fowl*. This scene savours strongly of Decker, whose inveterate and wearisome propensity to playing on words is everywhere discoverable.

Ray. Be quick, then.

[*Folly winds his cornet, and is answered from without.*

Enter HUMOUR, *followed by a* Soldier, *a* Spaniard, *an* Italian Dancer, *and a* French Tailor.

Hum. Is this that flower the Spring so dotes upon?

Fol. This is that honeysuckle she sticks in her ruff.

Hum. [*aside*] A bedfellow for a fairy!

Ray. Admir'd perfection,
You set my praises to so high a tune,
My merits cannot reach 'em.

Hum. My heart-strings shall, then,
As mine eye gives that sentence on thy person,
And never was mine eye a corrupt judge.
That judge to save thee would condemn a world,
And lose mankind to gain thee: 'tis not the Spring,
With all her gaudy arbours, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incense to the Sun,
For shooting glances[13] at her, and for sending
Whole quires of singers to her every morn,
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
As I can with one kiss.

Ray. The rose-lipp'd dawning
Is not so melting, so delicious:
Turn me into a bird, that I may sit
Still singing in such boughs.

Hum.[14] What bird?

Fol. A ring-tail.

Hum. Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to mine,

[13] *glances*] The 4to has "glames." D.

[14] Hum. *What bird?*] The 4to gives this speech to "Fol.," and the next to "Sol." D.

My Mine of pleasures, which no hand shall rifle
But this, which in warm nectar bathes the palm.—
Invent some other tires! Music!—stay,—none!—

Fol. Hoyday![15]

Hum. New gowns, fresh fashions! I'm not brave enough
To make thee wonder at me.

Ray. Not the Moon,
Riding at midnight in her crystal chariot,
With all her courtiers in their robes of stars,
Is half so glorious.

Hum. This feather was a bird-of-paradise;
Shall it be yours?

Ray. No kingdom buys it from me.

Fol. Being in fool's paradise he must not lose his bauble.

Ray. I'm wrapt—

Fol. In your mother's smock.

Ray. I'm wrapt above man's being, in being spher'd
In such a globe of rarities: but say, lady,
What these are that attend you?

Hum. All my attendants
Shall be to thee sworn servants.

Fol. Folly is sworn to him already never to leave him.

Ray. He?

Fol. A French gentleman, that trails a Spanish pike;[16] a tailor.

Tail. Wee, mounsieur; hey! nimbla upon de cross-

[15] *Hoyday!*] Gifford printed "Heyday." D.

[16] *Spanish pike;*] i. e. a needle. It has been observed elsewhere that our best sword-blades, scissors, *needles*, &c. were in the poet's days imported from Spain. Thus Greene; "He (the tailor) had no other weapon but a plain *Spanish needle*, with a Welsh cricket (a louse) at top." *Quippe*, &c.

caper; me take a de measure of de body from de top a de noddle to de heel and great-toe; O, dish be[17] fine! dis collar is cut out in anger scurvy: O, dis beeshes pincha de bum; me put one French yard into de toder hose.

Fol. No French yards; they want a[n English] yard at least.

Ray. Shall I be brave, then?

Hum. Golden as the sun.

Ray. What's he that looks so smickly?[18]

Fol. A flounder in a frying-pan, still skipping; one that loves mutton so well, he always carries capers about him; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs serve him to no other use than to do tricks, as if he had bought 'em of a juggler: he's an Italian dancer, his name—

Dan. Signor Lavolta, messer mio; me tesha all de bella corantoes, gagliardas, pianettas, capeorettas, amorettas, dolche dolche, to declamante do bona-robas de Toscana.[19]

Ray. I ne'er shall be so nimble.

Fol. Yes, if you pour quicksilver into your shin-bones, as he does.

Ray. This now?

Fol. A most sweet Spaniard.

Span. A confecianador, which in your tongue is a comfit-maker, of Toledo. I can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways—

[17] *dish be*] The 4to has "stish de." D.

[18] *What's he that looks so* smickly?] i. e. so *finically*, so *effeminately*. Ford has the word again in *Fame's Memorial;*

"he forsook
The *smicker* use of court humanity."

[19] *to declamante do bona-robas*, &c.] I have left this and all the remaining gallimaufry nearly as I found it. It is too ignorant for correction, and too trifling for explanation. [The 4to has "galliardaes, piamettaes, capeorettaes, amorettaes . . . . robaes." D.]

Fol. And the throat has but one in all; O, Toledo!

Span. In conserves, candies, marmalades, sincadoes, ponadoes, marablane, bergamoto, aranxues muria, limons, berengenas of Toledo, oriones, potatoes[20] of Malaga, and ten millions more.

Fol. Now 'tis ten millions! a Spaniard can multiply.

Span. I am your servidor.

Ray. My palate pleas'd too!—What's this last?

Sold. I am a gun that can roar, two stilettoes in one sheath; I can fight and bounce too. My lady, by me, presents this sword and belt to you.

Ray. Incomparable mistress!

Hum. Put them on.

Sold. I'll drill you how to give the lie, and stab in the punto; if you dare not fight, then how to vamp[21] a rotten quarrel without ado.

Ray. How! dare not fight! there's in me the Sun's fire.

Hum. No more of this:—[*Dances*]—awake the music! Oyes! music!

Ray. No more of this:—this sword arms me for battle.

Hum. Come, then, let thou and I rise up in arms; The field, embraces; kisses, our alarms.

Fol. A dancer and a tailor! yet stand still? Strike up. [*Music. A dance.*

Re-enter SPRING, HEALTH, YOUTH, DELIGHT.

Spring. O, thou enticing strumpet! how durst thou Throw thy voluptuous spells about a temple

[20] *bergamoto . . . . potatoes*] The 4to has "Bergamotu . . . potataes."

[21] *how to* vamp, &c.] i.e. to *patch-up* a quarrel: see p. 9.

That's consecrate to me?

Hum. Poor Spring, goody herbwife!
How dar'st thou cast a glance on this rich jewel
I ha' bought for my own wearing?

Spring. Bought! art thou sold, then?

Ray. Yes, with her gifts; she buys me with her graces.

Health. Graces! a witch!

Spring. What can she give thee?—

Ray. All things.

Spring. Which I for one bubble cannot add a sea to?

Fol. And show him a hobby-horse in my likeness.

Spring. My Raybright, hear me; I regard not these.

Ray. What dowry can you bring me?

Spring. Dowry! ha!
Is't come to this? am I held poor and base?
A girdle make, whose buckles, stretch'd to th' length,
Shall reach from th' arctic to th' antarctic pole;
What ground soe'er thou canst with that enclose
I'll give thee freely: not a lark, that calls[22]
The morning up, shall build on any turf
But she shall be thy tenant, call thee lord,
And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.

[22] *not a lark*, &c.] I attribute, without scruple, all these incidental glimpses of rural nature to Decker. Ford rarely, if ever, indulges in them. The lark is justly a great favourite with our old poets; and I should imagine, from my own observations, that a greater number of descriptive passages might be found respecting him than of the nightingale. A judicious collection of both would furnish not a few pages of surpassing taste and beauty. While I am writing this, the following simple and pretty address [?] occurs to me. It is that of Young Fitzwalter [Fitzwaters] to his mistress, whom he meets [is about to meet] at daybreak;

"So early! then I see love's the best larke:
For the corne-builder has not warbled yet
His morning's caroll to the rising sunne." *The Palsg.* [*The Hector of Germanie, or The Palsgrave, Prime Elector. Made by W. Smith, with new additions*, sig. B 3 verso, ed. 1615. D.]

Ray. I must turn birdcatcher.

Fol. Do you think to have him for a song?

Hum. Live with me still, and all the measures
Play'd-to by the spheres I'll teach thee;
Let's but thus dally, all the pleasures
The moon beholds her man shall reach thee.

Ray. Divinest!

Fol. Here's a lady!

Spring. Is't come to who gives most?
The selfsame bay-tree into which was turn'd
Peneian Daphne I have still kept green;
That tree shall now be thine; about it sit
All the old poets with fresh laurel crown'd,
Singing in verse the praise of chastity;
Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,
Sweet cantos of thy love and mine to sing,
And invoke none but thee as Delian king.

Ray. Live by singing ballads!

Fol. O, base! turn poet? I would not be one myself.

Hum. Dwell in mine arms; aloft we'll hover,
And see fields of armies fighting:
O, part not from me! I'll discover
There all but books of fancy's writing.

Del. Not far off stands the Hippocrenian well
Whither I'll lead thee; and but drinking there,
To welcome thee Nine Muses shall appear,
And with full bowels of knowledge thee inspire.

Ray. Hang knowledge! drown your Muse[s]!

Fol. Ay, ay, or they'll drown themselves in sack and claret.

Hum. Do not regard their toys;
Be but my darling, age to free thee
From her curse shall fall a-dying;

Call me thy[23] empress, Time to see thee
Shall forget his art of flying.

Ray. O, my all excellence!

Spring [*to Health*]. Speak thou for me; I am fainting.

Health. Leave her; take this, and travel through the world;[24]
I'll bring thee into all the courts of kings,
Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages;
Kiss ladies, revel out the nights in dancing,
The day [in] manly pastimes; snatch from Time
His glass, and let the golden sands run forth
As thou shalt jog them; riot it, go brave;
Spend half a world, my queen shall bear thee out:
Yet all this while, though thou climb hills of years,
Shall not one wrinkle sit upon thy brow,
Nor any sickness shake thee; Youth and Health,
As slaves, shall lackey by thy chariot-wheels:
And who for two such jewels would not sell
Th' East and West Indies? both are thine, so that—

Ray. What?

Fol. All lies! gallop o'er the world, and not grow old nor be sick? a lie! One gallant went but into France last day, and was never his own man since; another stept but into the Low Countries, and was drunk dead under the table; another did but peep into England, and it cost him more in good-morrows, blown up to him under his window by drums and trumpets, than his whole voyage; besides he run[25] mad upon't.[26]

[23] *thy*] The 4to has "their." D.

[24] *Leave her; take this, and travel* through *the world;*] It is plain, from Folly's next speech, that this is the true reading: the old copy has "take this and travel, *tell* the world."

[25] *run*] Gifford printed "ran." D.

[26] I scarcely know how to understand this. France and the Low Countries are characterised by their well-known attributes; but the *greeting* of strangers (if that be the poet's meaning) was never before,

Hum. Here's my last farewell: ride along with me;
I'll raise by art out of base earth a palace,
* * * * a crystal stream,[27]
Whither thyself, waving * * *
Shalt call together the most glorious spirits
Of all the kings that have been in the world;
And they shall come, only to feast with thee.

Ray. Rare!

Hum. At one end of this palace shall be heard
That music which gives motion to the heaven;
And in the midst[28] Orpheus shall sit and weep
For sorrow that his lute had not the charms
To bring his fair Eurydice from hell:
Then, at another end,—

Ray. I'll hear no more:
This ends your strife; you only I adore. [*To Hum.*

Spring. O, I am sick at heart! unthankful man,
'Tis thou hast wounded me; farewell!
[*Spring is led in by Delight.*

Ray. Farewell.

Fol. Health, recover her; sirrah Youth, look to her.

Health. That bird that in her nest sleeps out the spring
May fly in summer; but—with sickly wing.
[*Exeunt Health and Youth.*

I believe, made the distinctive mark of England. It is sufficiently clear, however, that the streets of London were grievously infested with *noises* (little knots) of fiddlers, who pressed into all companies, and pestered every *new-comer* with their salutations. Thus Withers;

"O, how I scorn
Those raptures which are free and nobly born
Should, *fiddler-like*, for entertainment scrape
At *strangers'* windows!" *Motto.*

[27] Here again something is apparently lost; perhaps a description of the palace-garden. All that can be done is to mark the omission. [The 4to has

"Whither thy selfe, waving a Christal stream,
Shall call together," &c. D.]

[28] *midst*] The 4to has "midle." D.

Ray. I owe thee for this pill, doctor.
Hum. The Spring will die, sure.
Ray. Let her!
Hum. If she does,
Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,
And he shall write her epitaph.
Ray. Against the morning
See it, then, writ, and I'll reward thee for it.
Fol. It shall not need.
Ray. 'Tis like it shall not need;
This is your Folly?
Hum. He shall be ever yours.
Fol. I hope ever to be mine own folly; he's one of our fellows.
Hum. In triumph now I lead thee;—no, be thou Cæsar,
And lead me.
Ray. Neither; we'll ride with equal state
Both in one chariot, since we have equal fate.
Hum. Each do his office to this man, your lord;
For though Delight and Youth and Health should leave him,
This ivory-gated palace shall receive him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The confines of Spring and Summer.*

Enter RAYBRIGHT *melancholy.*

Ray. O, my dear love the Spring, I'm cheated of thee!
Thou hadst a body, the four elements

Dwelt never in a fairer; a mind princely;
Thy language, like thy singers, musical.
How cool wert thou in anger! in thy diet
How temperate, and yet sumptuous! thou wouldst not waste
The weight of a sad violet in excess,
Yet still thy board had dishes numberless:
Dumb beasts even lovèd thee; once a young lark
Sat on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes
Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies.

Enter FOLLY.

Fol. I ha' done, my lord; my Muse has pumped hard for an epitaph upon the late departed Spring, and here her lines spring up.

Ray. Read.

Fol. Read! so I will, please you to reach me your high ears.

Here lies the blithe Spring,
Who first taught birds to sing,
Yet in April herself fell a-crying;
Then May growing hot,
A sweating-sickness she got,
And the first of June lay a-dying.

Yet no month can say
But her merry daughter May
Stuck her coffin with flowers great plenty;
The cookoo sung in verse
An epitaph o'er her hearse,
But assure you the lines were not dainty.

Ray. No more are thine, thou idiot! hast thou none
To poison with thy nasty jigs but mine,
My matchless frame of nature, creation's wonder?

Out of my sight!

Fol. I am not in't; if I were, you'd see but scurvily. You find fault as patrons do with books, to give nothing.

Ray. Yes, bald one, beastly base one, blockish—away!
Vex me not, fool; turn out o' doors your roarer,
French tailor, and that Spanish gingerbread,
And your Italian skipper; then, sir, yourself.

Fol. Myself! Carbonado me, bastinado me, strappado me, hang me, I'll not stir; poor Folly, honest Folly, jocundary Folly forsake your lordship! no true gentleman hates me; and how many women are given daily to me,—if I would take 'em,—some not far off know. Tailor gone, Spanish fig gone, all gone, but I—

Enter HUMOUR.

Hum. My waiters quoited off by you! you flay them!
Whence come these thunderbolts? what Furies haunt you?

Ray. You.

Fol. She!

Ray. Yes, and thou.

Fol. Baw-waw!

Ray. I shall grow old, diseas'd, and melancholy;
For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,
And that Delight my Spring bestow'd upon me:
But for you two, I should be wondrous good;
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, torn[1]
From the embracements of the noblest creature—

Hum. Your Spring?

Ray. Yes, she, even she, only the Spring.

[1] *torn*] The 4to has "and *torn*." D.

One morning spent with her was worth ten nights
With ten of the prime beauties in the world:
She was unhappy never, but in two sons,
March, a rude roaring fool,—

Fol. And April, a whining puppy.

Hum. But May was a fine piece.

Ray. Mirror of faces.

Fol. Indeed, May was a sweet creature; and yet a great raiser of Maypoles.

Hum. When will you sing my praises thus?

Ray. Thy praises,
That art a common creature!

Hum. Common!

Ray. Yes, common:
I cannot pass through any prince's court,
Through any country, camp, town, city, village,
But up your name is cried, nay curs'd; "a vengeance
On this your debauch'd Humour!"

Fol. A vintner spoke those very words last night to a company of roaring-boys that would not pay their reckoning.

Ray. How many bastards hast thou?

Hum. None.

Ray. 'Tis a lie;
Be judg['d] by this your squire else.

Fol. Squire! worshipful Master Folly.

Ray. The courtier has his Humour, has he not, Folly?

Fol. Yes, marry, has he—folly: the courtier's humour is to be brave, and not pay for't; to be proud, and no man cares for't.

Ray. Brave ladies have their humours.

Fol. Who has to do with that but brave lords?

Ray. Your citizens have brave humours.

Fol. O, but their wives have tickling humours.

Hum. Yet done?

Fol. Humour, madam! if all are your bastards that are given to humour you, you have a company of as arrant rascals to your children as ever went to the gallows: a collier being drunk jostled a knight into the kennel, and cried, 'twas his humour; the knight broke his coxcomb, and that was his humour.

Ray. And yet you are not common!

Hum. No matter what I am:
Rail, curse, be frantic; get you to the tomb
Of your rare mistress; dig up your dead Spring,
And lie with her, kiss her: me have you lost.

Fol. And I scorn to be found.

Ray. Stay; must I lose all comfort? dearest, stay;
There's such a deal of magic in those eyes,
I'm charm'd to kiss these only.

Fol. Are you so? kiss on: I'll be kissed somewhere, I warrant.

Ray. I will not leave my Folly for a world.

Fol. Nor I you for ten.

Ray. Nor thee, my love, for worlds pil'd upon worlds.

Hum. If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,
I take my bells.[2]

Fol. And I my hobby-horse:—will you be merry, then, and jocund?[3]

Ray. As merry as the cuckoos of the spring.

Fol. Again!

Ray. How, lady, lies the way?

[2] *If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,*
I take my bells.] i. e. I fly away,—an allusion to falconry. Before the hawk was thrown off the fist, a light strap of leather, garnished with bells, was buckled round her leg, by which the course of her erratic flight was discovered.

[3] *will you be merry, then, and* jocund?] For this last word the 4to reads "*jawsand*" [*jawfand*]; perhaps *joysome* may be thought nearer the sound of the word in the old text.

Hum. I'll be your convoy,
And bring you to the court of the Sun's queen,
Summer, a glorious and majestic creature,
Her face outshining the poor Spring's as far
As a sunbeam does a lamp, the moon a star.
Ray. Such are the spheres I'd move in.—Attend us, Folly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Near the* SUMMER'S *court.*

Enter RAYBRIGHT *and* HUMOUR.

Ray. I muse my nimble Folly stays so long.
Hum. He's quick enough of foot, and counts, I swear,
That minute cast away not spent on you.
Ray. His company is music next to yours
Both of you are a consort, and your tunes
Lull me asleep; and when I most am sad,
My sorrows vanish from me in soft dreams:
But how far must we travel? Is't our motion
[That] puts us in this heat, or is the air
In love with us, it clings with such embraces,
It keeps us in this warmth?
Hum. This shows her court
Is not far off, you covet so to see;
Her subjects seldom kindle needless fires,
The Sun lends them his flames.
Ray. Has she rare buildings?
Hum. Magnificent and curious: every noon
The horses of the day bait there; whilst he,
Who in a golden chariot makes them gallop
In twelve hours o'er the world, alights awhile
To give a love-kiss to the Summer-queen.
Ray. And shall we have fine sights there?

Hum. O!
Ray. And hear
More ravishing music?
Hum. All the quiristers
That learn'd to sing i' the temple of the Spring
By her[4] attain such cunning, that when the winds
Roar and are mad, and clouds in antic gambols
Dance o'er our heads, their voices have such charms
They'll all stand still to listen.
Ray. Excellent.

Enter FOLLY.

Fol. I sweat like a pampered jade of Asia,[5] and drop like a cobnut out of Africa—

Enter a Forester.

Fores. Back! whither go you?
[*Fol.*] Oyes! this way.
Fores. None must pass:
Here's kept no open court; our queen this day
Rides forth a-hunting, and the air being hot,
She will not have rude throngs so stifle her.
Back! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The court of* SUMMER.

Enter SUMMER *and* DELIGHT.

Sum. And did break her heart, then?
Del. Yes, with disdain.

[4] *By her*] The 4to has "But her." Gifford printed "But here," observing that "the passage is imperfect at best; but perhaps the manuscript had '*By* her,' i. e. by the aid of Summer." D.

[5] *I sweat like a* pampered jade of Asia, &c.] This bombast is from Marlowe, and has run the gauntlet through every dramatic writer from Shakespeare to Ford. The *cobnut* of Africa is less familiar to us; literally it means a large nut; but I know of no fruit with that specific name.

Sum. The heart of my dear mother-nurse, the Spring!
I'll break his heart for't: had she not a face
Too tempting for a Jove?
Del. The Graces sat
On her fair eyelids ever; but his youth,
Lusting for change, so doted on a lady,
Fantastic and yet fair, a piece of wonder,—
They call her Humour, and her parasite Folly,—
He cast the sweet Spring off, and turn'd us from him:
Yet his celestial kinsman,—for young Raybright
Is the SUN'S DARLING,—knowing his journeying hither
To see thy glorious court, sends me before
T' attend upon[6] you, and spend all my hours
In care for him. [*Recorders.*[7]

The SUN *appears above.*

Sum. Obey your charge!—O, thou builder [*Kneels.*
Of me thy handmaid! landlord of my life!
Life of my love! throne where my glories sit!
I ride in triumph on a silver cloud,
Now I but see thee.
Sun. Rise! [*She rises.*] Is Raybright come yet?
Del. Not yet.
Sun. Be you indulgent over him;—

Enter PLENTY.

And lavish thou thy treasure.
Plen. Our princely cousin
Raybright, your Darling, and the world's delight,
Is come.
Sun. Who with him?[8]

[6] *upon*] The 4to has "on." D.
[7] *Recorders.*] See note, vol. i. p. 315. D.
[8] *him?*] The 4to has "them." D.

Plen. A goddess in a woman,
Attended by a prating saucy fellow
Call'd Folly.
Sun. They'll confound him—
But he shall run [his course]: go and receive him.
[*Exit Plenty.*
Sum. Your sparkling eyes, and his arrival, draws
Heaps of admirers; earth itself will sweat
To bear our weights. Vouchsafe, bright power, to borrow
Winds not too rough from Æolus, to fan
Our glowing faces.
Sun. I will.—Ho, Æolus!
Unlock the jail, and lend a wind or two
To fan my girl the Summer.
Æol. [*within*] I will.
Sun. No roarers.
Æol. [*within*] No.
Sun. Quickly.
Æol. [*within*] Fly, you slaves!
Summer sweats; cool her.
[*Hautboys. The Sun takes his seat above.*

Enter RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, PLENTY, FOLLY, Country-fellows, *and* Wenches.

SONG.

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer-queen;
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green;
Sing, dance, and play,
'Tis holiday;
The Sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.

Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl;
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be borne.

Bow to the Sun, to our queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports:
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
As those in princes' courts.
These and we
With country glee
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow:
Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams,
Mongst kids shall trip it round;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly;
Hounds make a lusty cry;
Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly.
Horses amain,
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase:
'Tis a sport to content a king.
So ho ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And sousing kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls; hark, how they ring!—
[*The Sun by degrees is clouded.*

Sum. Leave off; the Sun is angry, and has drawn
A cloud before his face.
Del. He's vex'd to see

That proud star shine [so] near you,[9] at whose rising
The Spring fell sick and died; think what I told you;
His coyness will kill you else.

Sum. It cannot.—Fair prince,
Though your illustrious name has touch'd mine ear,
Till now I never saw you, nor never saw
A man whom I more love, more hate.

Ray. Ha, lady!

Sum. For him I love you from whose glittering rays
You boast your great name; for that name I hate you,
Because you kill'd my mother and my nurse.

Plen. Kill'd he my grandmother?—Plenty will never
Hold you by the hand again.

Sum. You have free leave
To thrust your arm into our treasury
As deep as I myself: Plenty shall wait
Still at your elbow; all my sports are yours,
Attendants yours, my state and glory's yours:
But these shall be as sunbeams from a glass
Reflected on you, not to give you heat;
To dote on a smooth face my spirit's too great.

[*Flourish. Exit, followed by Plen. and Del.*

Ray. Divinest!

Hum. Let her go.

Fol. And I'll go after; for I must and will have a fling at one of her plum-trees.

Ray. I ne'er was scorn'd till now.

Hum. This that Altezza,[10]

[9] Del. *He's vex'd to see*
That proud star shine [so] near you,] The 4to gives this speech to Humour; but she is evidently the *proud star* to whom it refers. It must stand as it is now regulated.

[10] *This that* Altezza, &c.] [The 4to has "*This* is *that Alteza.*" D.] The Lady Humour appears to have adopted a prodigious scale of magnitude for her admiration. She had before termed Raybright

That Rhodian wonder gaz'd at by the Sun!—
I fear'd thine eyes should have beheld a face
The moon has not a clearer; this! a dowdy.

Fol. An ouzle; this a queen-apple or a crab she gave you?

Hum. She bids you share her treasure; but who keeps it?

Fol. She points to trees great with child with fruit, but when delivered? grapes hang in ropes, but no drawing, not a drop of wine; whole ears of corn lay their ears together for bread, but the devil a bit I can touch.

Hum. Be rul'd by me once more; leave her.

Ray. In scorn,
As [s]he does me.

Fol. Scorn! If I be not deceived, I ha' seen Summer go up and down with hot codlings;[11] and that little baggage, her daughter Plenty, crying six bunches of radish for a penny.

Hum. Thou shalt have nobler welcome; for I'll bring thee
To a brave and bounteous housekeeper, free Autumn.

Fol. O, there's a lad!—let's go, then.

Re-enter PLENTY.

Plen. Where is this prince? my mother, for the Indies,
Must not have you [de]part.

Ray. Must not!

Re-enter SUMMER.

Sum. No, must not.

"a bedfellow for a fairy;" and she now quarrels with Summer because she does not resemble a Colossus.

[11] *with hot* codlings;] i. e. *green pease.* See *The Witch of Edmonton.*

I did but chide thee, like a whistling wind
Playing with leafy dancers: when I told thee
I hated thee, I lied; I dote upon thee.
Unlock my garden of th' Hesperides
By dragons kept,—the apples being pure gold,—
Take all that fruit; 'tis thine.

Plen. Love but my mother,
I'll give thee corn enough to feed the world.

Ray. I need not golden apples nor your corn;
What land soe'er the world's surveyor, the Sun,
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine:
All kingdoms I have right to; I am free
Of every country; in the four elements
I have as deep a share as an emperor;
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serve me,
All birds to sing to me; and can you catch me
With a tempting golden apple?

Plen. She's too good for thee.
When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise
Before his time, only to kiss those eyes,
Which having touch'd, he stole from them such store
Of lights, he shone more bright[12] than e'er before;
At which he vow'd, whenever she did die,
He'd snatch them up, and in his sister's sphere
Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.

Ray. Let him now snatch them up; away!

Hum. Away,
And leave this gipsy!

Sum. O, I am lost![13]

Ray. Lost?

[12] *stole from them such store*
Of lights, he *shone more bright*, &c.] The 4to reads "Of *light*, *she* shone," &c.: a slight mistake, occasioned by transferring the *s* from the preceding word to that which immediately follows it.

[13] This drama is wretchedly printed; and the wonted carelessness of Decker in the arrangement of his metre renders every attempt at

Sum. Scorn'd!—

Ray. Of no triumph more, then, love can boast.
[*Exit with Hum. and Fol.*

Plen. This strump[et] will confound him; she has me.

Sum. Deluded! [*Recorders.*

The SUN *re-appears, with* CUPID *and* FORTUNE.

Sun. Is Raybright gone?

Sum. Yes, and his spiteful eyes
Have shot darts through me.

Sun. I thy wounds will cure,
And lengthen-out thy days;[14] his followers gone,
Cupid and Fortune, take you charge of him.
Here thou, my brightest queen, must end thy reign;
Some nine months hence I'll shine on thee again.
[*Exeunt.*

---

emendation difficult as well as hazardous. The speeches above stand thus in the 4to;

"*Sum.* [*Sun.*] Oh! I am lost.
Ray. *Love* scorn'd, of no triumph more then love can boast.
[*Exit.*
Plen. This strump[et] will confound him.
Sum. She has me deluded."

[14] *I thy wounds will cure,*
And lengthen-out thy days;] The Sun takes a strange way to *lengthen out* the days of Summer, by putting an instant end to them. It must be confessed that the god acts very capriciously in this scene, and that Summer, considering her short stay, is most ungently treated on all sides.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The court of* AUTUMN.

Enter POMONA, RAYBRIGHT, CUPID, *and* FORTUNE.

Ray. Your entertainments,[1] Autumn's bounteous queen,
Have feasted me with rarities as delicate
As the full growth of an abundant year
Can ripen to my palate.
Pom. They are but courtings
Of gratitude to our dread lord the Sun,
From whom thou draw'st thy name: the feast of fruits
Our gardens yield are much too coarse for thee;
Could we contract the choice of nature's plenty
Into one form, and that form to contain
All delicacies[2] which the wanton sense
Would relish, or desire to invent, to please it,
The present were unworthy far to purchase
A sacred league of friendship.
Ray. I have rioted
In surfeits of the ear, with various music
Of warbling birds; I have smelt perfumes of roses,
And every flower with which the fresh-trimm'd earth
Is mantled in: the Spring could mock my senses
With these fine barren lullabies; the Summer
Invited my then-ranging eyes to look on
Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles
Of waterish petty dainties; but my taste
Is only here pleas'd: th' other objects claim

[1] *entertainments,*] The 4to has "entertainment." D.
[2] *delicacies*] The 4to has "delicates." D.

The style of formal; these are real bounties.

Pom. We can transcend thy wishes; whom the creatures
Of every age and quality post madding
From land to land and sea to sea to meet,
Shall wait upon thy nod, Fortune and Cupid.
Love! yield thy quiver and thine arrows up
To this great prince of time; before him, Fortune!
Pour out thy mint of treasures; crown him sovereign
Of what his thoughts can glory to command:
He shall give payment of a royal prize,
To Fortune judgment, and to Cupid eyes.

For. Be a merchant, I will freight thee
With all store that time is bought for.

Cup. Be a lover, I will wait thee
With success in life most sought for.

For. Be enamour'd on bright honour,
And thy greatness shall shine glorious.

Cup. Chastity, if thou smile on her,
Shall grow servile, thou victorious.

For. Be a warrior, conquest ever
Shall triumphantly renown thee.

Cup. Be a courtier, beauty never
Shall but with her duty crown thee.

For. Fortune's wheel is thine, depose me;
I'm thy slave, thy power hath[3] bound me.

Cup. Cupid's shafts are thine, dispose me;
Love loves love; thy graces wound me.

Both. Live, reign! pity is fame's jewel;
We obey; O, be not cruel!

Ray. You ravish me with infinites, and lay
A bounty of more sovereignty and amazement
Than th' Atlas of mortality can support.

[3] *hath*] Gifford printed "has." D.

Enter behind HUMOUR *and* FOLLY.

Hum. What's here?

Fol. Nay, pray observe.

Ray. Be my heart's empress, build your kingdom there.

Hum. With what an earnestness he compliments![4]

Fol. Upon my life, he means to turn costermonger,[5] and is projecting how to forestall the market; I shall cry pippins rarely.

Ray. Till now my longings were ne'er satisfied,
And the desires my sensual appetite
Were only fed with, barren expectations
To what I now am fill'd with.

Fol. Yes, we are filled and must be emptied; these wind-fruits have distended my guts into a lenten pudding, there's no fat in them; my belly swells, but my sides fall away: a month of such diet would make me a living anatomy.[6]

Pom. These are too little; more are due to him
That is the pattern of his father's glory:
Dwell but amongst us, industry shall strive
To make another artificial nature,
And change all other seasons into ours.

Hum. Shall my heart break? I can contain no longer. [*Comes forward with Fol.*

Ray. How fares my lov'd Humour?

Hum. A little stirr'd;—no matter, I'll be merry;
Call for some music—do not;—I'll be melancholy.

Fol. A sullen humour; and common in a dicer that has lost all his money.

[4] *compliments!*] The 4to has "complies." D.

[5] *costermonger,*] A costermonger was a petty dealer in fruit of any kind; a basket or barrow-man, as we should call him. In [Jonson's] *Bartholomew Fair* we have "Enter costermonger with basket of *pears*."

[6] *anatomy.*] See note, vol. ii. p. 34. D.

Pom. Lady, I hope 'tis no neglect of courtesy
In us that so disturbs you: if it rise
From any discontent, reveal the cause;
It shall be soon removèd.
Hum. O, my heart!—
Help to unlace my gown.
Fol. And unlace your petticoat.
Hum. [*to Ray.*] Saucy, how now!—'tis well you have some sweetheart,
Some new fresh sweetheart.—I'm a goodly fool
To be thus play'd on, stal'd and foil'd.
Pom. Why, madam?
We can be courteous without stain of honour:
'Tis not the raging of a lustful blood
That we desire to tame with satisfaction,
Nor have his masculine graces in our breast
Kindled a wanton fire: our bounty gives him
A welcome free, but chaste and honourable.
Hum. Nay, 'tis all one; I have a tender heart:
Come, come, let's drink.
Fol. A humour in fashion with gallants, and brought out of the Low Countries.
Hum. Fie! there's no music in thee;—let us sing.
Fol. Here's humour in the right trim! a few more such toys would make the little world of man run mad as the puritan that sold his conscience for a maypole—
[*A flourish. Shouts within.*
Ray. The meaning of this mirth?
Pom. My lord is coming.
Ray. Let us attend to humble our best thanks
For these high favours.

Enter AUTUMN *and* BACCHANALIAN.

Pom. My dearest lord, according to th' injunction
Of your command, I have, with all observance,

Given entertainment to this noble stranger.

Aut. The Sun-born Raybright, minion of my love!

Let us be twins in heart; thy grandsire's beams
Shine graciously upon our fruits and vines.
I am his vassal, servant, tributary;
And for his sake the kingdoms I possess
I will divide with thee; thou shalt command
The Lydian Tmolus and Campanian mounts
To nod their grape-crown'd heads into thy bowls,
Expressing their rich juice; a hundred grains
Both from the Beltic and Sicilian fields
Shall be congested for thy sacrifice
In Ceres' fane; Tiber shall pay thee apples,
And Sicyon olives; all the choicest fruits
Thy father's heat doth ripen.

Ray. Make me but treasurer
Of your respected favours, and that honour
Shall equal my ambition.

Aut. My Pomona,
Speed to prepare a banquet of [all] novelties.
This is a day of rest; and we the whiles
Will sport before our friends, and shorten time
With length of wonted revels.

Pom. I obey.—
Will't please you, madam, a retirement
From these extremes in men, more tolerable,
Will better fit our modesties.

Hum. I'll drink,
And be a bacchanalian—no, I will not.
Enter, I'll follow;—stay, I'll go before.

Pom. Even what Humour pleaseth.

[*Exeunt Hum. and Pom.*

Aut. Raybright, a health to Phœbus!

[*A flourish. Drinks.*

These are the pæans which we sing to him,
And yet we wear no bays;[7] our cups are only
Crown'd with Lyæus' blood: to him a health!

A flourish. Drinks.

Ray. I must pledge that too.

Aut. Now, one other health
To our grand patron, call'd Good-fellowship,
Whose livery all our people hereabout
Are clad[8] in. [*Flourish. Drinks.*

Ray. I am for that too.

Aut. 'Tis well;
Let it go round; and, as our custom is
Of recreations of this nature, join
Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes;
Sing Iös unto Bacchus.

Fol. Hey-hoes! a god of winds: there's at least four-and-twenty of them imprisoned in my belly: if I sigh not forth some of them, the rest will break out at the back-door; and how sweet the music of their roaring will be, let an Irishman judge.

Ray. He is a songster too.

Fol. A very foolish one; my music's natural, and came by inheritance: my father was a French nightingale, and my mother an English wagtail; I was born a cuckoo in the spring, and lost my voice in summer with laying my eggs in a sparrow's nest; but I'll venture for one:—fill my dish—every one take his own, and when I hold up my finger, off with it.

Aut. Begin.

[7] *And yet we wear no bays;*] The 4to reads "And *ye* wear no bays." I think this belongs to Raybright, who, on hearing Autumn express his devotion to the Sun, observes that he does not wear the *insignia* of that deity; *and yet ye wear*, &c.; to which the other replies with a boast of his attachment to Bacchus, "our cups are only," &c. I have, however, made no change in the former arrangement of the text.

[8] *clad*] The 4to has "call'd." D.

FOLLY *sings.*

Cast away care; he that loves sorrow
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow:
Money is trash; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, O, ho!
Play it off stiffly, we may not part so.
Chor. *Merrily, &c.*
[Here, and at the conclusion of every stanza, they drink.

Wine is a charm, it heats the blood too;
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too;
Quickens the wit, and makes the back able;
Scorns to submit to the watch or constable.
Chor. *Merrily, &c.*

Pots fly about, give us more liquor,
Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker;
Empty the cask; score up, we care not;
Fill all the pots again; drink on, and spare not.
Chor. *Merrily, &c.*

Now have I more air than ten musicians; besides, there is a whirlwind in my brains; I could both caper and turn round.

Aut. O, a dance, by all means!
Now cease your healths, and in an active motion
Bestir ye nimbly to beguile the hours.

Fol. I am for you in that too; 'twill jog down the lees of these rouses into a freer passage; but take heed of sure footing, 'tis a slippery season: many men fall by rising, and many women are raised by falling.

A DANCE.

Aut. How likes our friend this pastime?

Ray. Above utterance.
O, how have I, in ignorance and dulness,
Run through the progress of so many minutes,
Accusing him who was my life's first author
Of slackness and neglect, whilst I have dreamt
The folly of my days in vain expense
Of useless taste and pleasure! Pray, my lord,
Let one health pass about, whilst I bethink me
What course I am to take for being denizen
In your unlimited courtesies.
Aut. Devise a round;[9]
You have your liberty.
Ray. A health to Autumn's self!
And here let Time hold still his restless glass,
That not another golden sand may fall
To measure how it passeth. [*They drink.*
Aut. Continue here with me, and by thy presence
Create me favourite to thy fair progenitor,
And be mine heir.
Ray. I want words to express
My thankfulness.
Aut. Whate'er the wanton Spring,
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to Autumn; Summer sweats,
Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping
The crop of bread, ripening the fruits for food,
[While] Autumn's garners house them, Autumn's jollities
Feed on them; I alone in every land
Traffic my useful merchandise; gold and jewels,
Lordly possessions, are for my commodities
Mortgag'd and lost: I sit chief moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd Summer and th' extremes

[9] *Devise a* round;] i. e. a health to pass round; name a toast, in short; which Raybright immediately does.

Of Winter's tedious frost; nay, in myself
I do contain another teeming Spring.
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to Autumn; if thou, then, canst hope
T' inherit immortality in frailty,
Live here till time be spent, yet be not old.

Ray. Under the Sun, you are the year's great emperor.

Aut. On now to new variety of feasts;
Princely contents are fit for princely guests.

Ray. My lord, I'll follow. [*Flourish. Exit Aut.*] Sure, I am not well.

Fol. Surely I am half drunk, or monstrously mistaken: you mean to stay here belike?

Ray. Whither should I go else?

Fol. Nay, if you will kill yourself in your own defence, I'll not be of your jury.

Re-enter HUMOUR.

Hum. You have had precious pleasures, choice of drunkenness;
Will you be gone?

Ray. I feel a war within me,
And every doubt that resolution kills
Springs up a greater. In the year's revolution
There cannot be a season more delicious,
When Plenty, Summer's daughter, empties daily
Her cornucopia fill'd with choicest viands;—

Fol. Plenty's horn is always full in the city.

Ray. When temperate heat offends not with extremes,
When day and night have their distinguishment
With a more equal measure;—

Hum. Ha! in contemplation?

Fol. Troubling himself with this windy-guts, this

belly-aching Autumn, this Apple John Kent and warden of Fruiterers' hall.

Ray. When the bright Sun with kindly-distant beams
Gilds ripen'd fruit;—

Hum. And what fine meditation
Transports you thus? You study some encomium
Upon the beauty of the garden's queen;
You'd make the paleness to supply the vacancy
Of Cynthia's dark defect.

Fol. Madam, let but a green-sickness chambermaid be throughly steeled, if she get not a better colour in one month, I'll be forfeited to Autumn for ever, and fruit-eat my flesh into a consumption.

Hum. Come, Raybright; whatsoe'er suggestions
Have won on thy apt weakness, leave these empty
And hollow-sounding pleasures, that include
Only a windy substance of delight,
Which every motion alters into air:
I'll stay no longer here.

Ray. I must.

Hum. You shall not;
These are adulterate mixtures of vain follies:
I'll bring thee
Into the court of Winter: there thy food
Shall not be sickly fruits, but healthful broths,
Strong meat and dainty.

Fol. Pork, beef, mutton, very sweet mutton, veal, venison, capon, fine fat capon, partridge, snite,[10] plover, larks, teal, admirable teal, my lord.

Hum. Mistery there, like to another nature,
Confects the substance of the choicest fruits
In a rich candy, with such imitation

[10] *snite,*] Was the more common word [for *snipe.* D.].

Of form and colour, 'twill deceive the eye
Until the taste be ravish'd.

Fol. Comfits and caraways, marchpanes and marmalades, sugar-plums and pippin-pies, gingerbread and walnuts.

Hum. Nor is his bounty limited; he'll not spare
T' exhaust the treasure of a thousand Indies.

Fol. Two-hundred-pound suppers, and neither fiddlers nor broken glasses reckoned; besides, a hundred pound a throw ten times together, if you can hold out so long.

Ray. You tell me wonders!
Be my conductress: I'll fly this place in secret:
Three quarters of my time are almost spent,
The last remains to crown my full content.
Now if I fail, let man's experience read me;
Twas Humour, join'd with Folly, did mislead me.

Hum. Leave this naked season,
Wherein the very trees shake-off their locks,
It is so poor and barren.

Fol. And when the hair falls off, I have heard a poet say 'tis no good sign of a sound body.

Ray. Come, let's go taste old Winter's fresh delights,
And swell with pleasures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumn, [Winter,] and the Spring,
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring,—
An emblem of four provinces we sway,—
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day;
Shall both be subject to our glorious state,
While we enjoy the blessings of our fate:[11]

[11] Here the fourth act probably ended in the first sketch of this drama, as what follows seems merely preparatory to the introduction of Raybright in a character which could not have originally been in the writer's contemplation. James I. died not many months after the first appearance of *The Sun's Darling;* and I can think of no

And since we've notice that some barbarous spirits
Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words
They'll not desist, we'll force our way with swords.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The court of* WINTER.

Enter several Clowns.

First Clown. Hear you the news, neighbour?

Second Clown. Yes, to my grief, neighbour; they say our prince Raybright is coming hither with whole troops and trains of courtiers: we're like to have a fine time on't, neighbours.

Third Clown. Our wives and daughters are, for they are sure to get by the bargain; though our barn be emptied, they will be sure to be with barn[1] for't. O, these courtiers, neighbours, are pestilent knaves; but ere I'll suffer it, I'll pluck a crow[2] with some of 'em.

First Clown. 'Faith, neighbour, let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men, rather than live like beasts.

Second Clown. Ay, like horn-beasts, neighbour:

more probable cause for the insertion of this *purpureus pannus* than a desire in the managers to gratify the common feeling, by paying some extraordinary compliment to the youthful monarch, his successor. On the score of poetry, the speeches of Winter are entitled to praise; but they grievously offend on the side of propriety, and bear no relation whatever to the previous language and conduct of Raybright. But the readers of our ancient drama must be prepared for inconsistencies of this kind, and be as indulgent to them as possible, in consideration of the many excellencies by which they are almost invariably redeemed.

[1] *barn*] i. e. child. Altered by Gifford to "bairn." D.

[2] *pluck a crow*] A vulgar expression for *picking a quarrel* with a person.

they may talk, and call us rebels, but a fig for that, 'tis not a fart matter: let's be true amongst ourselves, and with our swords in hand resist his entrance.—

Enter WINTER.

Win. What sullen murmurings[3] does your gall bring forth?
Will you prove't true, "No good comes from the north"?
Bold, saucy mortals, dare you, then, aspire
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire?
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence
All temperate heat's fled of obedience?
How durst you else with force think to withstand.
Your prince's entry into this his land?
A prince who is so excellently good,
His virtue is his honour more than blood;
In whose clear nature, as two suns, do rise
The attributes of merciful and wise;
Whose laws are so impartial, they must
Be counted heavenly, 'cause they're truly just:
Who does with princely moderation give
His subjects an example how to live;
Teaching their erring natures[4] to direct
Their wills to what it ought most to affect;
That, as the sun, does unto all dispense
Heat, light, nay, life, from his full influence:
Yet you, wild fools, possess'd with giant rage,
Dare, in your lawless fury, think to wage
War against heaven, and from his shining throne

[3] *What* sullen *murmurings*, &c.] The old copy has "*such.*" What the genuine word was, it is not easy to say: the former edition reads "*sullen,*" to which I have no other objection than that the dissatisfaction of the clowns is *loud* and *violent.* With a different pointing, the old text might stand; but it is scarcely worth a new arrangement.

[4] *natures*] Qy. "nature"? See the following "it." D.

Pull Jove himself, for you to tread upon;
Were your heads circled with his own green oak,
Yet are they subject to his thunder-stroke,
And he can sink such wretches as rebel
From heaven's sublime height to[5] the depth of hell.

First Clown. The devil he can as soon! we fear no colours; let him do his worst; there's many a tall fellow besides us will die rather[6] than see his living taken from them, nay, even eat up: all things are grown so dear, there's no enduring more mouths than our own, neighbour.

Second Clown. Thou'rt a wise fellow, neighbour; prate is but prate. They say this prince, too, would bring new laws upon us, new rites into the temples of our gods; and that's abominable; we'll all be hanged first.

Win. A most fair pretence
To found rebellion upon conscience!
Dull, stubborn fools! whose perverse judgments still
Are govern'd by the malice of your will,
Not by indifferent reason, which to you
Comes, as in droughts the elemental dew
Does on the parch'd earth; 't wets,[7] but does not give
Moisture enough to make the plants to live.
Things void of soul! can you conceive that he,
Whose every thought's an act of piety,
Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good
That ever was compris'd in flesh and blood,
Cannot direct you in the fittest way
To serve those powers to which himself does pay
True zealous worship, nay, 's so near allied
To them, himself must needs be deified?

[5] *to*] The 4to has "into." D.
[6] *die rather*] Gifford printed "rather die." D.
[7] *'t wets,*] Gifford printed "wets." D.

Enter FOLLY.

Fol. Save you, gentlemen! 'Tis very cold; you live in frost; you've Winter still about you.

Second Clown. What are you, sir?

Fol. A courtier, sir; but, you may guess, a very foolish one, to leave the bright beams of my lord the prince to travel hither. I have an ague on me; do you not see me shake? Well, if our courtiers, when they come hither, have not warm young wenches, good wines and fires, to heat their blood,[8] 'twill freeze into an apoplexy. Farewell, frost! I'll go seek a fire to thaw me; I'm all ice, I fear, already. [*Exit.*

First Clown. Farewell, and be hanged! ere such as these shall eat what we have sweat for, we'll spend our bloods. Come, neighbours, let's go call our company together, and go meet this prince he talks so of.

Third Clown. Some shall have but a sour welcome of it, if my crabtree cudgel hold here.

Win. 'Tis, I see,
Not in my power to alter destiny;
You're mad in your rebellious minds: but hear
What I presage with understanding clear
As your black thoughts are misty; take from me
This, as a true and certain augury:
This prince shall come, and, by his glorious side,
Laurel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,
Arm'd with the justice that attends his cause;
You shall with penitence embrace his laws:
He to the frozen northern clime shall bring
A warmth so temperate as shall force the Spring
Usurp my privilege, and by his ray
Night shall be chang'd into perpetual day;
Plenty and happiness shall still increase,

[8] *blood,*] The 4to has "bloods." D.

As does his light; and turtle-footed peace[9]
Dance like a fairy through his realms, while all
That envy him shall like swift comets fall,
By their own fire consum'd; and glorious he,
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of destiny,
Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,
Then fly to heaven, and give a new star birth.

A flourish. Enter RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, BOUNTY, *and* DELIGHT.

But see, our star appears; and from his eye
Fly thousand beams of sparkling majesty.—
Bright son of Phœbus, welcome! I begin
To feel the ice fall from my crisled skin;[10]
For at your beams the wagoner might thow[11]
His chariot, axled with Riphæan snow;
Nay, the slow-moving North-star having felt
Your temperate heat, his icicles would melt.

Ray. What bold rebellious caitiffs dare disturb
The happy progress of our glorious peace,
Contemn the justice of our equal laws,
Profane those sacred rights which still must be
Attendant on monarchal dignity?
I came to frolic with you, and to cheer
Your drooping souls by vigour of my beams;
And have I this strange welcome?—Reverend Winter,

[9] *and turtle-footed peace*
Dance like a fairy, &c.] This, as well as several other expressions in this elegant "augury," is taken from the beautiful address to Elizabeth, in Jonson's Epilogue to *Every Man out of his Humour;*

"The throat of War be stopp'd within her land,
And *turtle-footed Peace* dance fairy-rings
About her court," &c.

[10] *To feel the ice fall from my* crisled *skin;*] This word is familiar to me, though I can give no example of it. In Devonshire, where Ford must have often heard it, it means that roughening, shrivelling effect of severe cold upon the skin known in other counties by the name of *goose-flesh.*

[11] *thow*] i.e. "thaw."—Gifford printed "thaw." D.

I'm come to be your guest; your bounteous, free
Condition does assure [me] I shall have
A welcome entertainment.

Win. Illustrious sir! I am [not] ignorant
How much expression my true zeal will want
To entertain you fitly; yet my love
And hearty duty shall be far above
My outward welcome. To that glorious light
Of heaven, the Sun, which chases hence the night,
I am so much a vassal, that I'll strive,
By honouring you, to keep my faith alive
To him, brave prince, th[r]ough you, who do inherit
Your father's cheerful heat and quickening spirit.
Therefore, as I am Winter, worn and spent
So far with age, I am Time's monument,
Antiquity's example; in my zeal
I from my youth a span of time will steal
To open the free treasures of my court,
And swell your soul with my delights and sport.

Ray. Never till now
Did admiration beget in me truly
The rare-match'd twins at once, pity and pleasure.
[Pity, that one[12]]
So royal, so abundant in earth's blessings,
Should not partake the comfort of those beams
With which the Sun, beyond extent, doth cheer
The other seasons; yet my pleasures with you,
From their false charms, do get the start as far
As heaven's great lamp from every minor star.

Boun. Sir, you can speak well; if your tongue deliver
The message of your heart without some cunning
Of restraint, we may hope to enjoy

[12] Something is evidently lost in this place. I have merely inserted a word or two, to give meaning to what follows.

The lasting riches of your presence hence[13]
Without distrust or change.
Ray. Winter's sweet bride,
All-conquering Bounty, queen of hearts, life's glory,
Nature's perfection; whom all love, all serve;
To whom Fortune even in extreme 's a slave;
When I fall from my duty to thy goodness,
Let[14] me be rank'd as nothing!
Boun. Come, you flatter me.
Ray. I flatter you! why, madam, you are Bounty;
Sole daughter to the royal throne of peace.
Hum. [*aside*] He minds not me now.
Ray. Bounty's self!
For you he is no soldier dares not fight;
No scholar he that dares not plead your merits,
Or study your best sweetness: should the Sun,
Eclips'd for many years, forbear to shine
Upon the bosom of our naked pastures,
Yet, where you are, the glories of your smiles
Would warm the barren grounds, arm heartless misery,
And cherish desolation. 'Deed, I honour you,
And, as all others ought to do, I serve you.
Hum. Are these the rare sights, these the promis'd compliments?
Win. Attendance on our revels! let Delight
Conjoin the day with sable-footed[15] night;
Both shall forsake their orbs, and in one sphere
Meet in soft mirth and harmless pleasures here:
While plump Lyæus shall, with garland crown'd
Of triumph-ivy, in full cups abound
Of Cretan wine, and shall Dame Ceres call
To wait on you at Winter's festival;

[13] *hence*] i. e. henceforward, henceforth. — Gifford improperly printed "hence[forth]." D.
[14] *Let*] The 4to has "Then *let.*" D. [15] *-footed*] Qy. "-suited"? D.

While gaudy Summer, Autumn, and the Spring
Shall to my lord their choicest viands bring.
We'll rob the sea, and from the subtle air
Fetch her inhabitants to supply our fare,
That, were Apicius here, he in one night
Should sate with dainties his strong appetite.
Begin our revels, then, and let all pleasure
Flow like the ocean in a boundless measure.

[*A flourish.*

Enter CONCEIT *and* DETRACTION.

Con. Wit and pleasure, soft attention,
Grace the sports of our invention.

Detr. Conceit, peace! for Detraction
Hath already drawn a faction
Shall deride thee.

Con. Antic, leave me!
For in labouring to bereave me
Of a scholar's praise, thy dotage
Shall be hiss'd at.

Detr. Here's a hot age,
When such petty penmen covet
Fame by folly! On; I'll prove it
Scurvy by thy part, and try thee
By thine own wit.

Con. I defy thee;
Here are nobler judges; wit
Cannot suffer where they sit.

Detr. Prithee, foolish Conceit, leave off thy set speeches, and come to the conceit itself in plain language.[15] What goodly thing is't, in the name of laughter?

Con. Detraction, do thy worst. Conceit appears,
In honour of the Sun, their fellow-friend,

[15] *language.*] The 4to has "languages." D.

Before thy censure: know, then, that the spheres
Have for a while resign'd their orbs, and lend
Their seats to the Four Elements, who join'd
With the Four known Complexions, have aton'd[16]
A noble league, and severally put on
Material bodies; here amongst 'em none
Observes a difference: Earth and Air alike
Are sprightly-active; Fire and Water seek
No glory of pre-eminence; Phlegm and Blood,
Choler and Melancholy, who have stood
In contrarieties, now meet for pleasure,
To entertain time in a courtly measure.

Detr. Impossible and improper; first, to personate insensible creatures, and next, to compound quite opposite humours! fie, fie, fie! it's abominable.

Con. Fond ignorance, how dar'st thou vainly scan
Impossibility? what reigns in man
Without disorder, wisely mix'd by nature,
To fashion and preserve so high a creature?

Detr. Sweet sir, when shall our mortal eyes behold this new piece of wonder? We must gaze on the stars for it, doubtless.

The scene opens, and discovers the Masquers (*the Four Elements, Air, Fire, Water, and Earth; and the Four Complexions, Phlegm, Blood, Choler, and Melancholy*) *on a raised platform.*

Con. See, thus the clouds fly off and run in chase
When the Sun's bounty lends peculiar grace.

Detr. Fine, i' faith; pretty, and in good earnest: but, sirrah scholar, will they come down too?

Con. Behold 'em well; the foremost represents
Air, the most sportive of the Elements.

[16] *aton'd*] i. e. agreed on. D.

Detr. A nimble rascal, I warrant him some alderman's son; wondrous giddy and light-headed; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and tobacco.

Con. The next near him is Fire.

Detr. A choleric gentleman, I should know him; a younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or never carries any money about him: he was begot when the sign was in Taurus, for he roars like a bull, but is indeed a bell-wether.

Con. The third in rank is Water.

Detr. A phlegmatic cold piece of stuff: his father, methinks, should be one of the dunce-table,[17] and one that never drunk strong beer in's life but at festival-times; and then he caught the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a term after.

Con. The fourth is Earth.

Detr. A shrewd plotting-pated[18] fellow, and a great lover of news. I guess at the rest: Blood is placed near Air, Choler near Fire; Phlegm and Water are sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholy.

Con. Fair nymph of harmony, be it thy task
To sing them down, and rank them in a masque.

A Song:

During which the Masquers descend upon the stage, and take their places for the dance.

See, the Elements conspire:
Nimble Air does court the Earth,
Water does commix with Fire,
To give our prince's pleasure birth;
Each delight, each joy, each sweet
In one composition meet,
All the seasons of the year;

[17] *dunce-table,*] An inferior table provided in some inns of court, it is said, for the poorer or duller students: see *Mass.* vol. iii. p. 216.
[18] *plotting-pated*] The 4to has "plodding-*pated.*" D.

Winter does invoke the Spring,
Summer does in pride appear,
Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,
And with emulation pay
Their tribute to this holiday;
In which the Darling of the Sun is come,
To make this place a new Elysium.
[*A dance. Exeunt Masquers.*

Win. How do these pleasures please?
Hum. Pleasures!
Boun. Live here,
And be my lord's friend; and thy sports shall vary
A thousand ways; invention shall beget
Conceits as curious as the thoughts of change
Can aim at.
Hum. Trifles! Progress o'er the year
Again, my Raybright: therein like the Sun;
As he in heaven runs his circular course,
So thou on earth run thine; for to be fed
With stale delights breeds dulness and contempt:
Think on the Spring.
Ray. She was a lovely virgin.
Win. My royal lord,
Without offence, be pleas'd but to afford
Me give you my true figure; do not scorn
My age, nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use: 'tis my sharper breath
Does purge gross exhalations from the earth;
My frosts and snows do purify the air
From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair:
And though by nature cold and chill I be,
Yet I am warm in bounteous charity;
And can, my lord, by grave and sage advice,
Bring you to th' happy shades of Paradise.

Ray. That wonder! O, can you bring me thither?
Win. I can direct and point you out a path.
Hum. But where's the guide?
Quicken thy spirits, Raybright; I'll not leave thee;
We'll run the selfsame race again, that happiness:
These lazy, sleeping, tedious Winter's nights
Become not noble action.
Ray. To the Spring
I am resolv'd. [*Recorders.*[19]

The SUN *appears above.*

O, what strange light appears?
The Sun is up, sure.
Sun. Wanton Darling, look,
And worship with amazement.
Omnes. Gracious lord!
Sun. Thy sands are number'd, and thy glass of frailty
Here runs out to the last.—Here in this mirror
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes;
The season of the Spring dawns like the Morning,
Bedewing Childhood with unrelish'd beauties
Of gaudy sights; the Summer, as the Noon,
Shines in delight of Youth, and ripens strength
To Autumn's Manhood; here the Evening grows,
And knits-up all felicity in folly:
Winter at last draws-on the Night of Age;
Yet still a humour of some novel fancy
Untasted or untried puts-off the minute
Of resolution, which should bid farewell
To a vain world of weariness and sorrows.
The powers from whom man does derive the[20] pedigree

[19] *Recorders.*] See note, vol. i. p. 315. D.
[20] *the*] The 4to has "his." D.

Of his creation, with a royal bounty
Give him Health, Youth, Delight, for free attendants
To rectify his carriage: to be thankful
Again to them, man should cashier his riots,
His bosom['s] whorish sweetheart, idle Humour,
His Reason's dangerous seducer, Folly.
Then shall,
Like four straight pillars, the Four Elements
Support the goodly structure of mortality;
Then shall the Four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, streaming in his body,
Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew;
No sickness of contagion, no grim death
Or deprivation of Health's real blessings,
Shall then affright the creature built by Heaven,
Reserv'd to immortality. Henceforth
In peace go to our altars, and no more
Question the power of supernal greatness,
But give us leave to govern as we please
Nature and her dominion, who from us
And from our gracious influence hath both being
And preservation: no replies, but reverence.
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him,—
Heaven's power above him, his own peace within him.
[*Exeunt.*

I know not on what authority Langbaine speaks, but he expressly attributes the greater part of this moral masque to Ford. As far as concerns the last two acts, I agree with him; and a long and clear examination of this poet's manner enables me to speak with some degree of confidence. But I trace Decker perpetually in the other three acts, and through the whole of the comic part. I think well of this poet, and should pause before I admitted the inferiority of his genius—as far, at least, as imagination is concerned—to that of Ford: but his rough vigour and his irregular metre generally enable us to mark the line between him and his more harmonious coadjutor.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

By ROWLEY, DEKKER, FORD, &c.

This tragi-comedy, which appears to have been brought on the stage in 1623, was not published till 1658, when it appeared in 4to, with the following title; "The Witch of Edmonton; A known True Story. Composed into a Tragi-Comedy by divers well-esteemed Poets, William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c. Acted by the Princes Servants, often at the Cock-Pit in Drury-Lane, once at Court, with singular Applause. Never printed till now. London, Printed by J. Cottrel, for Edward Blackmore, at the Angel in Paul's Church-yard." There is a rude wooden cut on the title-page, with a portrait of the witch, Mother Sawyer,—her familiar, a black dog, —and Cuddy Banks, the clown of the piece, in the water. That no doubts might arise of the likenesses, the portraits are respectively authenticated by their proper names.

PROLOGUE.

THE town of Edmonton hath lent the stage
A Devil[1] and a Witch, both in an age.
To make comparisons it were uncivil
Between so even a pair, a Witch and Devil;
But as the year doth with his plenty bring
As well a latter as a former spring,
So hath this Witch enjoy'd the first, and reason
Presumes she may partake the other season:
In acts deserving name, the proverb says,
"Once good, and ever;" why not so in plays?
Why not in this? since, gentlemen, we flatter
No expectation; here is mirth and matter.

MASTER BIRD.

[1] An allusion to the old play of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, written about twenty years before the date of the present drama. Jonson calls it "the dear delight" of the theatre; and it was unquestionably a very popular piece. It was reprinted in Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, vol. v.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.
Old THORNEY, a gentleman.
CARTER, a rich yeoman.
Old BANKS, a countryman.
RATCLIFFE,
W. MAGO,
W. HAMLUC,[1]
ROWLAND, and several other Countrymen.
WARBECK, SOMERTON, } suitors to Carter's daughters.
FRANK, Thorney's son.
CUDDY BANKS, the clown.
Morris-dancers.
SAWGUT, an old fiddler.
Justice, Constable, Officers, Serving-men and Maids.
Dog, a familiar.
A Spirit.

Mother SAWYER, the Witch.
ANN, Ratcliffe's wife.
SUSAN, KATHERINE, } Carter's daughters.
WINNIFREDE, Sir Arthur's maid.

SCENE—*The town and neighbourhood of Edmonton; in the end of the last act, London.*

[1] W. Mago and W. Hamluc (or Hamlec) were probably the names of two inferior actors.

The whole argument is this distich:

Forc'd marriage, murder; murder blood requires;
Reproach, revenge; revenge hell's help desires.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The neighbourhood of Edmonton. A room in the house of* Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

Enter FRANK THORNEY *and* WINNIFREDE.[1]

Frank. Come, wench; why, here's a business soon dispatch'd:
Thy heart I know is now at ease; thou need'st not
Fear what the tattling gossips in their cups
Can speak against thy fame; thy child shall know
Whom to call dad now.

Win. You have [here] discharg'd
The true part of an honest man; I cannot
Request a fuller satisfaction
Than you have freely granted: yet methinks
'Tis an hard case, being lawful man and wife,
We should not live together.

Frank. Had I fail'd
In promise of my truth to thee, we must
Have then been ever sunder'd; now the longest
Of our forbearing either's company
Is only but to gain a little time
For our continuing thrift; that so hereafter

[1] *and Winnifrede.*] The 4to has "Winnifrede with-child." D.

The heir that shall be born may not have cause
To curse his hour of birth, which made him feel
The misery of beggary and want,—
Two devils that are occasions to enforce
A shameful end. My plots aim but to keep
My father's love.

Win. And that will be as difficult
To be preserv'd, when he shall understand
How you are married, as it will be now,
Should you confess it to him.

Frank. Fathers are
Won by degrees, not bluntly, as our masters
Or wrongèd friends are; and besides I'll use
Such dutiful and ready means, that ere
He can have notice of what's past, th' inheritance
To which I am born heir shall be assur'd;
That done, why, let him know it: if he like it not,
Yet he shall have no power in him left
To cross the thriving of it.

Win. You who had
The conquest of my maiden-love may easily
Conquer the fears of my distrust. And whither
Must I be hurried?

Frank. Prithee do not use
A word so much unsuitable to the constant
Affections of thy husband: thou shalt live
Near Waltham Abbey with thy uncle Selman;
I have acquainted him with all at large:
He'll use thee kindly; thou shalt want no pleasures,
Nor any other fit supplies whatever
Thou canst in heart desire.

Win. All these are nothing
Without your company.

Frank. Which thou shalt have
Once every month at least.

Win. Once every month!
Is this to have an husband?
Frank. Perhaps oftener;
That's as occasion serves.
Win. Ay, ay; in case
No other beauty tempt your eye, whom you
Like better, I may chance to be remember'd,
And see you now and then. Faith, I did hope
You'd not have us'd me so: 'tis but my fortune.
And yet, if not for my sake, have some pity
Upon the child I go with; that's your own:
And 'less you'll be a cruel-hearted father,
You cannot but remember that.
Heaven knows how—
Frank. To quit which fear at once,
As by the ceremony late perform'd
I plighted thee a faith as free from challenge
As any double thought; once more, in hearing
Of heaven and thee, I vow that never henceforth
Disgrace, reproof, lawless affections, threats,
Or what can be suggested 'gainst our marriage,
Shall cause me falsify that bridal oath
That binds me thine. And, Winnifrede, whenever
The wanton heat[2] of youth, by subtle baits
Of beauty, or what woman's art can practise,
Draw[s] me from only loving thee, let heaven
Inflict upon my life some fearful ruin!
I hope thou dost believe me.
Win. Swear no more;
I am confirm'd, and will resolve to do
What you think most behoveful for us.
Frank. Thus, then;
Make thyself ready; at the furthest house

[2] *heat*] Gifford printed "heats," retaining the subsequent "Draw" of the 4to. D.

Upon the green without the town, your uncle
Expects you. For a little time, farewell!
Win. Sweet,
We shall meet again as soon as thou canst possibly?
Frank. We shall. One kiss—away! [*Exit Win.*

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

Sir Ar. Frank Thorney!
Frank. Here, sir.
Sir Ar. Alone? then must I tell thee in plain terms
Thou hast wrong'd thy master's house basely and lewdly.
Frank. Your house, sir?
Sir Ar. Yes, sir: if the nimble devil
That wanton'd in your blood rebell'd against
All rules of honest duty, you might, sir,
Have found out some more fitting place than here
To have built a stews in. All the country whispers
How shamefully thou hast undone a maid,
Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage,
Till thy prevailing perjuries entic'd her
To forfeit shame. Will you be honest yet,
Make her amends and marry her?
Frank. So, sir,
I might bring both myself and her to beggary;
And that would be a shame worse than the other.
Sir Ar. You should have thought on this before, and then
Your reason would have oversway'd the passion
Of your unruly lust. But that you may
Be left without excuse, to salve the infamy
Of my disgracèd house, and 'cause you are
A gentleman, and both of you my servants,
I'll make the maid a portion.
Frank. So you promis'd me
Before, in case I married her. I know

Sir Arthur Clarington deserves the credit
Report hath lent him, and presume you are
A debtor to your promise: but upon
What certainty shall I resolve? Excuse me
For being somewhat rude.
Sir Ar. It is but reason.
Well, Frank, what think'st thou of two hundred pounds
And a continual friend?
Frank. Though my poor fortunes
Might happily prefer me to a choice
Of a far greater portion, yet, to right
A wrongèd maid and to preserve your favour,
I am content to accept your proffer.
Sir Ar. Art thou?
Frank. Sir, we shall every day have need to employ
The use of what you please to give.
Sir Ar. Thou shalt have 't.
Frank. Then I claim
Your promise.—We are man and wife.
Sir Ar. Already?
Frank. And more than so, [sir,] I have promis'd her
Free entertainment in her uncle's house
Near Waltham Abbey, where she may securely
Sojourn, till time and my endeavours work
My father's love and liking.
Sir Ar. Honest Frank!
Frank. I hope, sir, you will think I cannot keep her
Without a daily charge.
Sir Ar. As for the money,
'Tis all thine own; and though I cannot make thee
A present payment, yet thou shalt be sure
I will not fail thee.

Frank. But our occasions—
Sir Ar. Nay, nay,
Talk not of your occasions; trust my bounty;
It shall not sleep.—Hast married her, i'faith, Frank?
'Tis well, 'tis passing well!—then, Winnifrede,
Once more thou art an honest woman. Frank,
Thou hast a jewel: love her; she'll deserve it.
And when to Waltham?
Frank. She is making ready;
Her uncle stays for her.
Sir Ar. Most provident speed.
Frank, I will be [thy] friend, and such a friend!—
Thou'lt bring her thither?
Frank. Sir, I cannot; newly
My father sent me word I should come to him.
Sir Ar. Marry, and do; I know thou hast a wit
To handle him.
Frank. I have a suit t'ye.
Sir Ar. What is't?
Anything, Frank; command it.
Frank. That you'll please
By letters to assure my father that
I am not married.
Sir Ar. How!
Frank. Some one or other
Hath certainly inform'd him that I purpos'd
To marry Winnifrede; on which he threaten'd
To disinherit me:—to prevent it,
Lowly I crave your letters, which he seeing
Will credit; and I hope, ere I return,
On such conditions as I'll frame, his lands
Shall be assur'd.
Sir Ar. But what is there to quit[3]

[3] *But what is* there *to quit*, &c.] The old copy reads "*that*," which the context shows to be a misprint.

My knowledge of the marriage?
Frank. Why, you were not
A witness to it.
Sir Ar. I conceive; and then—
His land confirm'd, thou wilt acquaint him throughly
With all that's past.
Frank. I mean no less.
Sir Ar. Provided
I never was made privy to't.
Frank. Alas, sir,
Am I a talker?
Sir Ar. Draw thyself the letter,
I'll put my hand to't. I commend thy policy;
Thou'rt witty, witty, Frank; nay, nay, 'tis fit:
Dispatch it.
Frank. I shall write effectually. [*Exit.*
Sir Ar. Go thy way, cuckoo!—have I caught the young man?
One trouble, then, is freed. He that will feast
At other's cost must be a bold-fac'd guest.

Re-enter WINNIFREDE *in a riding-suit.*

Win, I have heard the news; all now is safe;
The worst is past: thy lip, wench [*Kisses her*]: I must bid
Farewell, for fashion's sake; but I will visit thee
Suddenly, girl. This was cleanly carried;
Ha! was't not, Win?
Win. Then were my happiness,[4]

[4] Win. *Then were my happiness*, &c.] I can do nothing with this speech, which in several parts of it appears little better than mere jargon. The "laundress" [Qy. "lewdness"? in act v. sc. 2 *Win.* speaks of her "lust." D.] and the "immoderate waste of *virtue*" of Sir Arthur are either fragments of lost lines, or ridiculous corruptions of the original; perhaps both.

That I in heart repent I did not bring him
The dower of a virginity. Sir, forgive me;
I have been much to blame: had not my laundress
Given way to your immoderate waste of virtue,
You had not with such eagerness pursu'd
The error of your goodness.

Sir Ar. Dear, dear Win,
I hug this art of thine; it shows how cleanly
Thou canst beguile, in case occasion serve
To practise; it becomes thee: now we share
Free scope enough, without control or fear,
To interchange our pleasures; we will surfeit
In our embraces, wench. Come, tell me, when
Wilt thou appoint a meeting?

Win. What to do?

Sir Ar. Good, good, to con the lesson of our loves,
Our secret game.

Win. O, blush to speak it further!
As you're a noble gentleman, forget
A sin so monstrous; 'tis not gently done
To open a cur'd wound: I know you speak
For trial; 'troth, you need not.

Sir Ar. I for trial?
Not I, by this good sunshine!

Win. Can you name
That syllable of good, and yet not tremble
To think to what a foul and black intent
You use it for an oath? Let me resolve you:[5]
If you appear in any visitation
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs
Done to abusèd Thorney, my kind husband;
If you infect mine ear with any breath

[5] *Let me* resolve *you*:] i.e. *assure* you: the word occurs in a similar sense, p. 189.

That is not thoroughly perfum'd with sighs
For former deeds of lust; may I be curs'd
Even in my prayers, when I vouchsafe
To see or hear you! I will change my life
From a loose whore to a repentant wife.

Sir Ar. Wilt thou turn monster now? art not asham'd
After so many months to be honest at last?
Away, away! fie on't!

Win. My resolution
Is built upon a rock. This very day
Young Thorney vow'd, with oaths not to be doubted,
That never any change of love should cancel
The bonds in which we are to either bound
Of lasting truth: and shall I, then, for my part
Unfile the sacred oath set on record
In heaven's book?[6] Sir Arthur, do not study
To add to your lascivious lust the sin
Of sacrilege; for if you but endeavour
By any unchaste word to tempt my constancy,
You strive as much as in you lies to ruin
A temple hallow'd to the purity
Of holy marriage. I have said enough;
You may believe me.

Sir Ar. Get you to your nunnery;
There freeze in your old[7] cloister: this is fine!

Win. Good angels guide me! Sir, you'll give me leave
To weep and pray for your conversion?

Sir Ar. Yes:

[6] Unfile *the sacred oath set on* record
In heaven's book?] This expression smacks a little too much of the writer's profession; yet this must be termed a beautiful scene, and a very happy opening of the plot and some of the chief characters.

[7] *old*] I think should be "*cold.*"

Away to Waltham! Pox on[8] your honesty!
Had you no other trick to fool me? well,
You may want money yet.
Win. None that I'll send for
To you, for hire of a damnation.
When I am gone, think on my just complaint:
I was your devil; O, be you my saint! [*Exit.*
Sir Ar. Go, go[9] thy ways; as changeable a baggage
As ever cozen'd knight: I'm glad I'm rid of her.
Honest! marry, hang her! Thorney is my debtor;
I thought to have paid him too; but fools have fortune. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Edmonton. A room in* CARTER'S *house.*

Enter old THORNEY *and* CARTER.

O. Thor. You offer, Master Carter, like a gentleman; I cannot find fault with it, 'tis so fair.

Car. No gentleman I, Master Thorney; spare the Mastership, call me by my name, John Carter. Master is a title my father, nor his before him, were acquainted with; honest Hertfordshire yeomen; such an one am I; my word and my deed shall be proved one at all times. I mean to give you no security for the marriage-money.

O. Thor. How! no security? although it need not so long as you live, yet who is he has surety of his life one hour? Men, the proverb says, are mortal; else, for my part, I distrust you not, were the sum double.

Car. Double, treble, more or less, I tell you,

[8] *on*] Gifford printed "upon." D.
[9] *Go, go*] Gifford omitted the repetition of the word. D.

Master Thorney, I'll give no security. Bonds and bills are but terriers to catch fools, and keep lazy knaves busy; my security shall be present payment. And we here about Edmonton hold present payment as sure as an alderman's bond in London, Master Thorney.

O. Thor. I cry you mercy, sir; I understood you not.

Car. I like young Frank well, so does my Susan too; the girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my purse. There be other suitors within, that make much noise to little purpose. If Frank love Sue, Sue shall have none but Frank: 'tis a mannerly girl, Master Thorney, though but an homely man's daughter; there have worse faces looked out of black bags, man.

O. Thor. You speak your mind freely and honestly. I marvel my son comes not; I am sure he will be here some time to-day.

Car. To-day or to-morrow, when he comes he shall be welcome to bread, beer, and beef, yeoman's fare; we have no kickshaws: full dishes, whole bellyfuls. Should I diet three days at one of the slender city-suppers, you might send me to Barber-Surgeons' hall the fourth day, to hang up for an anatomy.[10]— Here come they that—

Enter WARBECK *with* SUSAN, SOMERTON *with* KATHERINE.

How now, girls! every day play-day with you? Valentine's day too, all by couples? Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our graves, Master Thorney; here's all the care they take. And how do you find the wenches, gentlemen? have they any

[10] *an anatomy.*] See note, vol. ii. p. 34. D.

mind to a loose gown and a strait shoe? Win 'em and wear 'em; they shall choose for themselves by my consent.

War. You speak like a kind father.—Sue, thou hear'st
The liberty that's granted thee; what say'st thou?
Wilt thou be mine?

Sus. Your what, sir? I dare swear
Never your wife.

War. Canst thou be so unkind,
Considering how dearly I affect thee,
Nay, dote on thy perfections?

Sus. You are studied,
Too scholar-like, in words I understand not.
I am too coarse for such a gallant's love
As you are.

War. By the honour of gentility,—

Sus. Good sir, no swearing; yea and nay with us
Prevail above all oaths you can invent.

War. By this white hand of thine,—

Sus. Take a false oath!
Fie, fie! flatter the wise; fools not regard it,
And one of these am I.

War. Dost thou despise me?

Car. Let 'em talk on, Master Thorney; I know Sue's mind. The fly may buzz about the candle, he shall but singe his wings when all's done; Frank, Frank is he has her heart.

Som. But shall I live in hope, Kate?

Kath. Better so
Than be a desperate man.

Som. Perhaps thou think'st it is thy portion
I level at: wert thou as poor in fortunes
As thou art rich in goodness, I would rather
Be suitor for the dower of thy virtues

Than twice thy father's whole estate; and, prithee,
Be thou resolv'd so.

Kath. Master Somerton,
It is an easy labour to deceive
A maid that will believe men's subtle promises;
Yet I conceive of you as worthily
As I presume you to deserve.

Som. Which is,
As worthily in loving thee sincerely
As thou art worthy to be so belov'd.

Kath. I shall find time to try you.

Som. Do, Kate, do;
And when I fail, may all my joys forsake me!

Car. Warbeck and Sue are at it still. I laugh to myself, Master Thorney, to see how earnestly he beats the bush, while the bird is flown into another's bosom. A very unthrift, Master Thorney; one of the country roaring-lads: we have such as well as the city, and as arrant rake-hells as they are, though not so nimble at their prizes of wit. Sue knows the rascal to an hair's-breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

O. Thor. What is the other gentleman?

Car. One Somerton; the honester man of the two by five pound in every stone-weight. A civil fellow; he has a fine convenient estate of land in West-ham, by Essex:[11] Master Ranges, that dwells by Enfield, sent him hither. He likes Kate well; I may tell you I think she likes him as well: if they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that Warbeck is such another—I use him kindly for Master Somerton's sake; for he came hither first as a companion of his: honest men, Master Thorney, may fall into knaves' company now and then.

[11] *by Essex:*] i. e. bordering on Essex.

War. Three hundred a-year jointure, Sue.
Sus. Where lies it?
By sea or by[12] land? I think by sea.
War. Do I look like a captain?
Sus. Not a whit, sir.
Should all that use the seas be reckon'd captains,
There's not a ship should have a scullion in her
To keep her clean.
War. Do you scorn me, Mistress Susan?
Am I a subject to be jeer'd at?
Sus. Neither
Am I a property for you to use
As stale to your fond wanton loose discourse:[13]
Pray, sir, be civil.
War. Wilt be angry, wasp?
Car. God-a-mercy, Sue! she'll firk him, on my life, if he fumble with her.

Enter FRANK.

Master Francis Thorney, you are welcome indeed; your father expected your coming. How does the right worshipful knight, Sir Arthur Clarington, your master?
Frank. In health this morning.—Sir, my duty.
O. Thor. Now
You come as I could wish.
War. [*aside*] Frank Thorney? ha!
Sus. You must excuse me.
Frank. Virtuous Mistress Susan,
Kind Mistress Katherine. [*Kisses them.*]—Gentlemen, to both

[12] *by*] Omitted by Gifford. D.
[13] *As* stale *to your fond wanton loose discourse:*] i. e. as a *pretence*, a *stalking-horse*, under cover of which you may vent your licentious language, &c. "Be *civil*," in the next line, means—assume the manners of decent, cultivated society.

Good time o' th' day.

Som. The like to you.

War. 'Tis he.

A word, friend. [*Aside to Som.*] On my life, this is the man

Stands fair in crossing Susan's love to me.

Som. [*aside to War.*] I think no less; be wise, and take no notice on't;

He that can win her best deserves her.

War. [*aside to Som.*] Marry

A servingman? mew!

Som. [*aside to War.*] Prithee, friend, no more.

Car. Gentlemen all, there's within a slight dinner ready, if you please to taste of it; Master Thorney, Master Francis, Master Somerton.—Why, girls! what, huswives! will you spend all your forenoon in tittle-tattles? away! it's well, i'faith.—Will you go in, gentlemen?

O. Thor. We'll follow presently; my son and I

Have a few words of business.

Car. At your pleasure.

[*Exeunt all but O. Thor. and Frank.*

O. Thor. I think you guess the reason, Frank, for which

I sent for you.

Frank. Yes, sir.

O. Thor. I need not tell you

With what a labyrinth of dangers daily

The best part of my whole estate's encumber'd;

Nor have I any clue to wind it out

But what occasion proffers me; wherein

If you should falter, I shall have the shame,

And you the loss. On these two points rely

Our happiness or ruin. If you marry

With wealthy Carter's daughter, there's a portion

Will free my land; all which I will instate
Upon the marriage to you: otherwise
I must be of necessity enforc'd
To make a present sale of all; and yet,
For aught I know, live in as poor distress,
Or worse, than now I do. You hear the sum:
I told you thus before; have you consider'd on't?

Frank. I have, sir; and however I could wish
To enjoy the benefit of single freedom,—
For that I find no disposition in me
To undergo the burthen of that care
That marriage brings with it,—yet, to secure
And settle the continuance of your credit,
I humbly yield to be directed by you
In all commands.

O. Thor. You have already us'd
Such thriving protestations to the maid
That she is wholly yours; and—speak the truth—
You love her, do you not?

Frank. 'Twere pity, sir,
I should deceive her.

O. Thor. Better you'd been unborn.
But is your love so steady that you mean,
Nay, more, desire, to make her your wife?

Frank. Else, sir,
It were a wrong not to be righted.

O. Thor. True,
It were: and you will marry her?

Frank. Heaven prosper it,
I do intend it.

O. Thor. O, thou art a villain!
A devil like a man! Wherein have I
Offended all the powers so much, to be
Father to such a graceless, godless son?

Frank. To me, sir, this! O, my cleft heart!

O. Thor. To thee,
Son of my curse. Speak truth and blush, thou monster!
Hast thou not married Winnifrede, a maid
Was fellow-servant with thee?

Frank [*aside*]. Some swift spirit
Has blown this news abroad; I must outface it.

O. Thor. D' you study for excuse? why, all the country
Is full on't.

Frank. With your license, 'tis not charitable,
I'm sure it is not fatherly, so much
To be o'ersway'd with credulous conceit
Of mere impossibilities; but fathers
Are privileg'd to think and talk at pleasure.

O. Thor. Why, canst thou yet deny thou hast no wife?

Frank. What do you take me for? an atheist?
One that nor hopes the blessedness of life
Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due
To such as make the marriage-bed an inn,
Which[14] * * * travellers, day and night,
After a toilsome lodging, leave at pleasure?
Am I become so insensible of losing
The glory of creation's work, my soul?
O, I have liv'd too long!

O. Thor. Thou hast, dissembler.
Dar'st thou persever yet, and pull down wrath
As hot as flames of hell to strike thee quick
Into the grave of horror? I believe thee not;
Get from my sight!

Frank. Sir, though mine innocence
Needs not a stronger witness than the clearness
Of an unperish'd conscience, yet for that

[14] *Which*, &c.] In this mutilated line the 4to has not the break inserted here by Gifford. D.

I was inform'd how mainly you had been
Possess'd of this untruth,—to quit all scruple,
Please you peruse this letter; 'tis to you.

O. Thor. From whom?

Frank. Sir Arthur Clarington, my master.

O. Thor. Well, sir. [*Reads.*

Frank [*aside*]. On every side I am distracted;
Am waded deeper into mischief
Than virtue can avoid; but on I must:
Fate leads me; I will follow.[15]—There you read
What may confirm you.

O. Thor. Yes, and wonder at it.
Forgive me, Frank; credulity abus'd me.
My tears express my joy; and I am sorry
I injur'd innocence.

Frank. Alas! I knew
Your rage and grief proceeded from your love
To me; so I conceiv'd it.

O. Thor. My good son,
I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter;
Bear thou with mine.

Frank. The peace is soon concluded.

Re-enter CARTER *and* SUSAN.

Car. Why, Master Thorney, d'ye mean to talk out your dinner? the company attends your coming. What

[15] *on I must:*
Fate leads me; I will follow.] Ford has furnished Frank with the same apology which he had previously put in the mouth of Giovanni: see vol. i. p. 122. Nothing need be added to what is said on that passage, to which the reader will have the goodness to turn. Giovanni, indeed, is a villain of a gigantic stamp, but he has an accomplice in his crime, and is at once seducing and seduced; whereas the person before us is a cold, calculating wretch, an agent of evil upon principle; for (to say nothing of his fearful perjuries in the first scene) he must have planned the seduction of Winnifrede with the full knowledge of his engagement to marry Susan. With the usual inconsistency of those who seek to smother their conscience by plunging deeper into guilt, he observes, just below, that the fate which *here* "leads him on" *pursues him!*

must it be, Master Frank? or son Frank? I am plain Dunstable.[16]

O. Thor. Son, brother, if your daughter like to have it so.

Frank. I dare be confident she is not alter'd
From what I left her at our parting last:—
Are you, fair maid?

Sus. You took too sure possession
Of an engagèd heart.

Frank. Which now I challenge.

Car. Marry, and much good may it do thee, son. Take her to thee; get me a brace of boys at a burthen, Frank; the nursing shall not stand thee in a penny-worth of milk; reach her home and spare not: when's the day?

O. Thor. To-morrow, if you please. To use ceremony
Of charge and custom were to little purpose;
Their loves are married fast enough already.

Car. A good motion. We'll e'en have an household dinner, and let the fiddlers go scrape: let the bride and bridegroom dance at night together; no matter for the guests:—to-morrow, Sue, to-morrow.—Shall's to dinner now?

O. Thor. We are on all sides pleas'd, I hope.

Sus. Pray heaven I may deserve the blessing sent me:
Now my heart is settled.

Frank. So is mine.

Car. Your marriage-money shall be received be-

[16] *I am* plain Dunstable.] i.e. blunt and honest. The proverb is of very ancient date, and is not even yet quite worn out; only, as Sir Hugh says, *the phrase is a little variations;* for, with the usual propensity of our countrymen to assist the memory by alliteration, a man like Carter is now *Downright Dunstable.*

fore your wedding-shoes can be pulled on. Blessing on you both!

Frank [*aside*]. No man can hide his shame from heaven that views him;
In vain he flees whose destiny pursues him.[17]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The fields near Edmonton.*

Enter ELIZABETH SAWYER *gathering sticks.*

Saw. And why on me? why should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,
And like a bow buckled and bent together
By some more strong in mischiefs than myself,
Must I for that be made a common sink
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me witch,
And being ignorant of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be one; urging
That my bad tongue—by their bad usage made so—
Forspeaks their cattle,[1] doth bewitch their corn,

[17] Thus far the hand of Ford is visible in every line. Of the act which follows much may be set down without hesitation to the credit of Decker.

[1] Forspeaks *their cattle,*] A very common term for *bewitch.* Thus Burton; "They are surely *forspoken*, or bewitched." *Anat. of Mel.* And Jonson; "Pray God, some on us be not a *witch*, gossip, to *forspeak* the matter thus." *Staple of News.* And see *Cynthia's Revels*, vol. ii. p. 275. It is but justice to the speaker to observe, that she details the process of witch-making with dreadful accuracy; there is but too much reason to believe that many a Mother Sawyer has been formed in this manner.

Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse.
This they enforce upon me, and in part
Make me to credit it; and here comes one
Of my chief adversaries.

Enter old BANKS.

O. Banks. Out, out upon thee, witch!

Saw. Dost call me witch?

O. Banks. I do, witch, I do; and worse I would, knew I a name more hateful. What makest thou upon my ground?

Saw. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.

O. Banks. Down with them when I bid thee quickly; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.

Saw. You won't, churl, cut-throat, miser!—there they be [*Throws them down*]: would they stuck cross thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff!

O. Banks. Sayest thou me so, hag? Out of my ground! [*Beats her.*

Saw. Dost strike me, slave, curmudgeon! Now thy bones' aches, thy joints' cramps, and convulsions stretch and crack they sinews![2]

O. Banks. Cursing, thou hag! take that, and that. [*Beats her, and exit.*

Saw. Strike, do!—and wither'd may that hand and arm
Whose blows have lam'd me drop from the rotten trunk!
Abuse me! beat me! call me hag and witch!
What is the name, where and by what art learn'd,
What spells, what charms, or invocations,
May the thing call'd Familiar be purchas'd?

[2] This is more than usually harsh and rugged. An imprecation is evidently intended, and to render it at all intelligible the lines must be filled-up somewhat in this way: Now [*may*] aches [*strike*] thy bones! cramps [*rack*] thy joints! and convulsions, &c.

Enter CUDDY BANKS *and several other* Clowns.

Cud. A new head for the tabor, and silver tipping for the pipe; remember that: and forget not five leash of new bells.

First Cl. Double bells;—Crooked-lane[3]—ye shall have 'em straight in Crooked-lane:—double bells all, if it be possible.

Cud. Double bells? double coxcombs! trebles, buy me trebles, all trebles; for our purpose is to be in the altitudes.

Second Cl. All trebles? not a mean?

Cud. Not one. The morris is so cast, we'll have neither mean nor base in our company, fellow Rowland.

Third Cl. What! nor a counter?

Cud. By no means, no hunting counter; leave that to Enfield-chase men:[4] all trebles, all in the altitudes. Now for the disposing of parts in the morris, little or no labour will serve.

Second Cl. If you that be minded to follow your leader know me—an ancient honour belonging to our house—for a fore-horse [i' th'] team and fore-gallant in a morris, my father's stable is not unfurnished.

Third Cl. So much for the fore-horse; but how for a good hobby-horse?

Cud. For a hobby-horse? let me see an almanac. Midsummer-moon, let me see ye. "When the moon's in the full, then's wit[5] in the wane." No more. Use your best skill; your morris will suffer an eclipse.

[3] "*Crooked-lane*," my old friend Mr. Waldron observes, "leads from Eastcheap to Fish-street-hill, opposite the Monument; and has now (1812) several shops where such kinds of knacks are still sold." In the present rage for demolition, and reconstruction on new plans, such local notices may be worth preserving.

[4] *to Enfield-chase men:*] The 4to has "*to* Envile *Chase-Men*." Gifford printed "*to* the *Enfield Chase men*." D.

[5] *then 's* wit, &c.] Gifford printed "then wit's *in the wane*." D.

First Cl. An eclipse?

Cud. A strange one.

Second Cl. Strange?

Cud. Yes, and most sudden. Remember the fore-gallant, and forget the hobby-horse! The whole body of your morris will be darkened.—There be of us—but 'tis no matter:—forget the hobby-horse!

First Cl. Cuddy Banks!—have you forgot since he paced it from Enfield-chase[6] to Edmonton?—Cuddy, honest Cuddy, cast thy stuff.[7]

Cud. Suffer may ye all! it shall be known, I can take mine[8] ease as well as another man. Seek your hobby-horse where you can get him.

First Cl. Cuddy, honest Cuddy, we confess, and are sorry for our neglect.

Second Cl. The old horse shall have a new bridle.

Third Cl. The caparisons new painted.

Fourth Cl. The tail repaired.

First Cl. The snaffle and the bosses new saffroned o'er.

First Cl. Kind,—

Second Cl. Honest,—

Third Cl. Loving, ingenious,—

Fourth Cl. Affable Cuddy.

Cud. To show I am not flint, but affable, as you say, very well stuft, a kind of warm dough or puff-paste, I relent, I connive, most affable Jack. Let the hobby-horse provide a strong back, he shall not want

[6] *Enfield-chase*] The 4to has "Envile-*Chase.*" D.

[7] *cast thy* stuff.] So the 4to. The context might lead us to suppose that the author's word was *snuff*, did not Cuddy subsequently advert to it. Cuddy's *anger* arises from the unlucky question asked by the third clown; "How shall we do for a good *hobby-horse?*"—as he apparently expected, from his former celebrity in that respectable character, to have been appointed by acclamation.

[8] *mine*] Gifford printed "my." D.

a belly when I am in him[9]—but [*Seeing Sawyer*]—'uds me, Mother Sawyer!

First Cl. The old Witch of Edmonton!—if our mirth be not crossed—

Second Cl. Bless us, Cuddy, and let her curse her t'other eye out.—What dost now?

Cud. "Ungirt, unblest," says the proverb; but my girdle shall serve [for] a riding knot;[10] and a fig for all the witches in Christendom!—What wouldst thou?

First Cl. The devil cannot abide to be crossed.

Second Cl. And scorns to come at any man's whistle.

Third Cl. Away—

Fourth Cl. With the witch!

All. Away with the Witch of Edmonton!

[*Exeunt in strange postures.*

Saw. Still vex'd! still tortur'd! that curmudgeon Banks
Is ground of all my scandal; I am shunn'd
And hated like a sickness; made a scorn
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldams
Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,
Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,
That have appear'd, and suck'd, some say, their blood;
But by what means they came acquainted with them
I am now ignorant. Would some power, good or bad,
Instruct me which way I might be reveng'd
Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,
And give this fury leave to dwell within
This ruin'd cottage ready to fall with age;
Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,
And study curses, imprecations,
Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,

[9] *him*] The 4to has "'em." D.
[10] *knot;*] The 4to has "knit." D.

Or any thing that's ill; so I might work
Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,
That barks and bites, and sucks the very blood
Of me and of my credit. 'Tis all one
To be a witch as to be counted one:
Vengeance, shame, ruin light upon that canker!

Enter a Black Dog.[11]

Dog. Ho! have I found thee cursing? now thou art
Mine own.

Saw. Thine! what art thou?

Dog. He thou hast so often
Impórtun'd to appear to thée, the devil.

Saw. Bless me! the devil?

Dog. Come, do not fear; I love thee much too well
To hurt or fright thee; if I seem terrible,
It is to such as hate me. I have found
Thy love unfeign'd; have seen and pitied
Thy open wrongs; and come, out of my love,
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

[11] *Enter a Black Dog.*] "A great matter," Dr. Hutchinson says, "had been made at the time of the said commission (1597) of a *black dog* that had frequently appeared to Somers, and persuaded him to say he had dissembled; and at that time betwixt his fits when they asked him why he had said he counterfeited, he said, *A dog, a dog!* And as odd things will fall in with such stories, it happened that there was a *black dog* in the chamber, that belonged to one Clark, a spurrier. Some of the commissioners spying him thought they saw the devil! one thought his eyes glared like fire! and much speech was afterward made of it." p. 260, ed. 1720. This was under Elizabeth, whose reign, if we may trust the competent authorities, was far more infested with witches than that of James I., when the *black dog* again made his appearance among the Lancashire witches. The audiences of those days, therefore, were well prepared for his reception, and probably viewed him with a sufficient degree of fearful credulity to create an interest in his feats. But there is "nothing new under the sun." The whole machinery of witchcraft was as well known to Lucan as to us; and the *black dogs* of Mother Sawyer and Mother Demdike had their origin in the *infernæ canes* of the Greek and Latin poets, and descended in regular succession through all the demonology of the dark ages to the times of the Revolution, when they quietly disappeared with the sorcerers their employers.

Saw. May I believe thee?
Dog. To confirm't, command me
Do any mischief unto man or beast,
And I'll effect it, on condition
That, uncompell'd, thou make a deed of gift
Of soul and body to me.
Saw. Out, alas!
My soul and body?
Dog. And that instantly,
And seal it with thy blood: if thou deniest,
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.
Saw. I know not where to seek relief: but shall I,
After such covenants seal'd, see full revenge
On all that wrong me?
Dog. Ha, ha! silly woman!
The devil is no liar to such as he loves:
Didst ever know or hear the devil a liar
To such as he affects?
Saw. Then[12] I am thine; at least so much of me
As I can call mine own—
Dog. Equivocations?
Art mine or no? speak, or I'll tear—
Saw. All thine.
Dog. Seal't with thy blood.
[*She pricks her arm, which he sucks. Thunder and lightning.*
See! now I dare call thee mine!
For proof, command me; instantly I'll run
To any mischief; goodness can I none.
Saw. And I desire as little. There's an old churl,
One Banks—
Dog. That wrong'd thee: he[13] lam'd thee, call'd thee witch.

[12] *Then*] The 4to has "When." D.
[13] *he*] Perhaps an interpolation. D.

Saw. The same; first upon him I'd be reveng'd.
Dog. Thou shalt; do but name how.
Saw. Go, touch his life.
Dog. I cannot.
Saw. Hast thou not vow'd? Go, kill the slave!
Dog. I wonnot.
Saw. I'll cancel, then, my gift.
Dog. Ha, ha!
Saw. Dost laugh!
Why wilt not kill him?
Dog. Fool, because I cannot.
Though we have power, know it is circumscrib'd
And tied in limits: though he be curst to thee,[14]
Yet of himself he's loving to the world,
And charitable to the poor: now men that,
As he, love goodness, though in smallest measure,
Live without compass of our reach: his cattle
And corn I'll kill and mildew: but his life—
Until I take him, as I late found thee,
Cursing and swearing—I've no power to touch.
Saw. Work on his corn and cattle, then.
Dog. I shall.
The Witch of Edmonton shall see his fall;
If she at least put credit in my power,
And in mine only; make orisons to me,
And none but me.
Saw. Say how and in what manner.
Dog. I'll tell thee: when thou wishest ill,
Corn, man, or beast would[st] spoil or kill,
Turn thy back against the sun,
And mumble this short orison;
If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.

[14] *though he be* curst *to thee,*] So the word should be written; i.e. cross, splenetic, abusive.

Saw. *If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,*
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.

Dog. Perfect: farewell. Our first-made promises
We'll put in execution against Banks. [*Exit.*

Saw. *Contaminetur nomen tuum.* I'm an expert scholar;[15]
Speak Latin, or I know not well what language,
As well as the best of 'em—but who comes here?

Re-enter CUDDY BANKS.

The son of my worst foe.
To death pursue 'em,
Et sanctibicetur nomen tuum.

Cud. What's that she mumbles? the devil's paternoster? would it were else!—Mother Sawyer, good-morrow.

Saw. Ill-morrow to thee, and all the world that flout
A poor old woman!
To death pursue 'em,
And sanctibicetur nomen tuum.

Cud. Nay, good Gammer Sawyer, whate'er it pleases my father to call you, I know you are—

Saw. A witch.

Cud. A witch? would you were else, i'faith!

Saw. Your father knows I am by this.

Cud. I would he did!

Saw. And so in time may you.

Cud. I would I might else! But, witch or no witch, you are a motherly woman; and though my father be a kind of God-bless-us, as they say, I have an earnest suit to you; and if you'll be so kind to ka

[15] Contaminetur, &c. *I'm an expert scholar;*] Pretty well for a beginner. This jargon is put into the mouths of the speakers for the laudable purpose of avoiding all profanation of the sacred text.

me one good turn, I'll be so courteous as[16] to kob you another.[17]

Saw. What's that? to spurn, beat me, and call me witch,
As your kind father doth?

Cud. My father! I am ashamed to own him. If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money to buy thee a plaster [*Gives her money*]; and a small courtesy I would require at thy hands.

Saw. You seem a good young man, and—[*Aside*] I must dissemble,
The better to accomplish my revenge.—
But—for this silver, what wouldst have me do?
Bewitch thee?

Cud. No, by no means; I am bewitched already: I would have thee so good as to unwitch me, or witch another with me for company.

Saw. I understand thee not; be plain, my son.

Cud. As a pike-staff, mother. You know Kate Carter?

Saw. The wealthy yeoman's daughter? what of her?

Cud. That same party has bewitched me.

Saw. Bewitched thee?

Cud. Bewitched me, *hisce auribus.* I saw a little devil fly out of her eye like a but-bolt,[18] which sticks at this hour up to the feathers in my heart. Now, my

[16] *as*] Omitted by Gifford. D.

[17] *if you'll be so kind to* ka *me one good turn, I'll be so courteous as to* kob *you another.*] "Ka me, ka thee," was the old proverb, before it fell into the hands of Cuddy, who is so desperately witty that he can let no plain expression alone: see Massinger, where several examples of this expression will be found; vol. iv. p. 34.

[18] *like a* but-bolt,] This should not be confounded with *bur-* or *bird-bolt.* It was the strong unbarbed arrow used by the citizens in "shooting at the but;" the other was light, pointless, and, as our old writers describe it, "gross-knobbed, for stunning." [The 4to has "Burbolt." D.]

request is, to send one of thy what-d'ye-call-'ems either to pluck that out, or stick another as fast in hers: do, and here's my hand, I am thine for three lives.

Saw. [*aside*] We shall have sport.—Thou art in love with her?

Cud. Up to the very hilts, mother.

Saw. And thou wouldst have me make her love thee too?

Cud. [*aside*] I think she'll prove a witch in earnest. —Yes, I could find in my heart to strike her three quarters deep in love with me too.

Saw. But dost thou think[19] that I can do't, and I alone?

Cud. Truly, mother witch, I do verily believe so; and, when I see it done, I shall be half persuaded so too.

Saw. It is enough: what art can do be sure of.
Turn to the west, and whatsoe'er thou hear'st
Or seest, stand silent, and be not afraid.

[*She stamps on the ground; the* Dog *appears, and fawns, and leaps upon her.*

Cud. Afraid, mother witch!—"turn my face to the west!" I said I should always have a back-friend of her; and now it's out. An her little devil should be hungry, come sneaking behind me, like a cowardly catchpole, and clap his talents[20] on my haunches—'Tis woundy cold, sure—I dudder and shake like an aspen-leaf every joint of me.

Saw. *To scandal and disgrace pursue 'em,*
Et sanctibicetur nomen tuum. [*Exit Dog.*
How now, my son, how is't?

[19] *But dost thou think*, &c.] Qy. "But dost think I can do't, and I alone?" D.

[20] *talents*] An old form of "talons:" see my *Glossary to Shakespeare*, sub "talent."

Cud. Scarce in a clean life, mother witch.—But did your goblin and you spout Latin together?

Saw. A kind of charm I work by; didst thou hear me?

Cud. I heard I know not the devil what mumble in a scurvy base tone, like a drum that had taken cold in the head the last muster. Very comfortable words; what were they? and who taught them you?

Saw. A great learned man.

Cud. Learned man! learned devil it was as soon! But what? what comfortable news about the party?

Saw. Who? Kate Carter? I'll tell thee. Thou knowest the stile at the west end of thy father's pease-field; be there to-morrow night after sunset; and the first live thing thou seest be sure to follow, and that shall bring thee to thy love.

Cud. In the pease-field? has she a mind to codlings already?[21] The first living thing I meet, you say, shall bring me to her?

Saw. To a sight of her, I mean. She will seem wantonly coy, and flee thee; but follow her close and

[21] Cud. *In the pease-field? has she a mind to* codlings *already?*] I observed (p. 143) that by "*codlings*" in the *passage there quoted* Ford meant young *pease;* and the quotation from the text sufficiently proves it. Lydgate in his poem called *London Lackpenny* mentions them as cried about the streets of London in his time ready dressed, with strawberries and *cherries* on the stalk;

"*Hot pescods* on began to crye,
Strawberries ripe, and cherries in the ryse."

Burton mentions green pease under the name of codlings in his *Anatomie.* Brome, in his *Mad Couple well matched,* speaks of sending *early cherries* and *codlings* to the citizens' wives as bribes to procure credit for their commodities. Apples in June, when, in the language of our old writers, they had scarcely *codded,* whether hot or cold, would have proved no great temptation to ladies of such exquisite taste as the fair *What-d'ye-lacks* of Cheapside: early pease might, indeed, hope to tempt them; and such were their *codlings.* It may be added, that so common was the word in this sense, that the women who gathered pease for the London markets were called *codders;* a name which they still retain. That there was an apple of this name was never meant to be questioned.

boldly: do but embrace her in thy arms once, and she is thine own.

Cud. "At the stile at the west end of my father's pease-land, the first live thing I see, follow and embrace her, and she shall be thine." Nay, an I come to embracing once, she shall be mine; I'll go near to make a taglet[22] else. [*Exit.*

Saw. A ball well bandied! now the set's half won;
The father's wrong I'll wreak upon the son. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. CARTER'S *house.*

Enter CARTER, WARBECK, *and* SOMERTON.

Car. How now, gentlemen! cloudy? I know, Master Warbeck, you are in a fog about my daughter's marriage.

War. And can you blame me, sir?

Car. Nor you me justly. Wedding and hanging are tied up both in a proverb; and destiny is the juggler that unties the knot: my hope is, you are reserved to a richer fortune than my poor daughter.

War. However, your promise—

Car. Is a kind of debt, I confess it.

War. Which honest men should pay.

Car. Yet some gentlemen break in that point now and then, by your leave, sir.

Som. I confess thou hast had a little wrong in the wench; but patience is the only salve to cure it. Since Thorney has won the wench, he has most reason to wear her.

[22] *a taglet*] The 4to has "at Eaglet." D.

War. Love in this kind admits no reason to wear her.

Car. Then Love's a fool, and what wise man will take exception?

Som. Come, frolic, Ned: were every man master of his own fortune, Fate might pick straws, and Destiny go a-wool-gathering.

War. You hold yours in a string, though: 'tis well; but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like usage ere long.

Som. In my love to her sister Katherine? Indeed, they are a pair of arrows drawn out of one quiver, and should fly at an even length; if she do run after her sister,—

War. Look for the same mercy at my hands as I have received at thine.

Som. She'll keep a surer compass;[23] I have too strong a confidence to mistrust her.

War. And that confidence is a wind that has blown many a married man ashore at Cuckold's Haven, I can tell you; I wish yours more prosperous though.

Car. Whate'er you wish, I'll master my promise to him.

War. Yes, as you did to me.

Car. No more of that, if you love me: but for the more assurance, the next offered occasion shall consummate the marriage; and that once sealed—

Som. Leave the manage of the rest to my care. But see, the bridegroom and bride come; the new pair of Sheffield knives, fitted both to one sheath.

War. The sheath might have been better fitted, if somebody had their due; but—

[23] *She'll keep a surer* compass;] The metaphor is still from archery. Arrows shot compass-wise, that is, with a certain elevation, were generally considered as going more steadily to the mark.

Som. No harsh language,[24] if thou lovest me. Frank Thorney has done—

War. No more than I, or thou, or any man, things so standing, would have attempted.

Enter FRANK THORNEY *and* SUSAN.

Som. Good-morrow, Master Bridegroom.

War. Come, give thee joy: mayst thou live long and happy
In thy fair choice!

Frank. I thank ye, gentlemen; kind Master Warbeck,
I find you loving.

War. Thorney, that creature,—much good do thee with her!—
Virtue and beauty hold fair mixture in her;
She's rich, no doubt, in both: yet were she fairer,
Thou art right worthy of her. Love her, Thorney;
'Tis nobleness in thee, in her but duty.
The match is fair and equal; the success
I leave to censure. Farewell, Mistress Bride!
Till now elected thy old scorn deride.[25] [*Exit.*

Som. Good Master Thorney—

Car. Nay, you shall not part till you see the barrels run a-tilt, gentlemen. [*Exit with Somerton.*

[24] Som. *No harsh language*, &c.] I have given this short speech to Somerton. Warbeck's reply sufficiently shows that it could not be spoken by Carter.

[25] *Till* now *elected thy old scorn deride.*] I believe that this line (which has probably suffered at the press) is addressed to Frank, and conveys some obscure hint of a knowledge of his former connection with Winnifrede. It is evident from what follows that it awakens the conscience of Frank; and Susan apparently alludes to the significant gesture with which it was accompanied in a subsequent passage (p. 215), where she tells her husband that she has discovered his secret;

"Your pre-appointed meeting
Of single combat with young Warbeck. . . .
Even so: dissemble not; 'tis too apparent:
THEN *in his look I read it.*"

Sus. Why change you your face, sweetheart?
Frank. Who, I? for nothing.
Sus. Dear, say not so; a spirit of your constancy
Cannot endure this change for nothing.
I have observ'd strange variations in you.
Frank. In me?
Sus. In you, sir.
Awake, you seem to dream, and in your sleep
You utter sudden and distracted accents,
Like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving husband,
If I
May dare to challenge any interest in you,
Give me the reason fully; you may trust
My breast as safely as your own.
Frank. With what?
You half amaze me; prithee—
Sus. Come, you shall not,
Indeed you shall not, shut me from partaking
The least dislike that grieves you; I'm all yours.
Frank. And I all thine.
Sus. You are not, if you keep
The least grief from me: but I find the cause;
It grew from me.
Frank. From you?
Sus. From some distaste
In me or my behaviour: you're not kind
In the concealment. 'Las, sir, I am young,
Silly and plain; more, strange to those contents
A wife should offer: say but in what I fail,
I'll study satisfaction.
Frank. Come; in nothing.
Sus. I know I do; knew I as well in what,
You should not long be sullen. Prithee, love,
If I have been immodest or too bold,
Speak't in a frown; if peevishly too nice,

Show't in a smile: thy liking is the glass
By which I'll habit my behaviour.
Frank. Wherefore dost weep now?
Sus. You, sweet, have the power
To make me passionate as an April-day;[26]
Now smile, then weep; now pale, then crimson red:
You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,
To make it ebb or flow into my face,
As your looks change.
Frank. Change thy conceit, I prithee;
Thou art all perfection: Diana herself
Swells in thy thoughts and moderates thy beauty.
Within thy left eye amorous Cupid sits,
Feathering love-shafts, whose golden heads he dipp'd
* * * in thy chaste breast;[27] in the other lies
Blushing Adonis scarf'd in modesties;
And still as wanton Cupid blows love-fires,
Adonis quenches out unchaste desires:
And from these two I briefly do imply
A perfect emblem of thy modesty.
Then, prithee, dear, maintain no more dispute,
For where thou speak'st, it's fit all tongues be mute.
Sus. Come, come, these golden strings of flattery
Shall not tie-up my speech, sir; I must know
The ground of your disturbance.
Frank. Then look here;
For here, here is the fen in which this hydra
Of discontent grows rank.

[26] passionate *as an April-day;*] i. e. changeful, capricious, of many moods.

[27] * * * *in thy chaste breast;*] The 4to has a break in the line here; probably the compositor could not make-out the word in the manuscript. The florid and overstrained nature of Frank's language, which is evidently assumed, to disguise his real feelings, is well contrasted with the pure and affectionate simplicity of Susan. If this part of the act be given to Decker (as I believe it must be), it reflects great credit on his taste and judgment; for rarely shall we find a scene more tenderly and skilfully wrought.

Sus. Heaven shield it! where?
Frank. In mine own bosom, here the cause has root;
The poison'd leeches twist about my heart,
And will, I hope, confound me.
Sus. You speak riddles.
Frank. Take't plainly, then: 'twas told me by a woman
Known and approv'd in palmistry,
I should have two wives.
Sus. Two wives? sir, I take it
Exceeding likely; but let not conceit hurt you:
You're afraid to bury me?
Frank. No, no, my Winnifrede.
Sus. How say you? Winnifrede! you forget me.
Frank. No, I forget myself, Susan.
Sus. In what?
Frank. Talking of wives, I pretend Winnifrede,
A maid that at my mother's waited on me
Before thyself.
Sus. I hope, sir, she may live
To take my place: but why should all this move you?
Frank. The poor girl!—[*Aside*] she has't before thee,
And that's the fiend torments me.
Sus. Yet why should this
Raise mutiny within you? such presages
Prove often false: or say it should be true?
Frank. That I should have another wife?
Sus. Yes, many;
If they be good, the better.
Frank. Never any
Equal to thee in goodness.
Sus. Sir, I could wish I were much better for you;

Yet if I knew your fate
Ordain'd you for another, I could wish—
So well I love you and your hopeful pleasure—
Me in my grave, and my poor virtues added
To my successor.

Frank. Prithee, prithee, talk not
Of deaths or graves; thou art so rare a goodness
As Death would rather put itself to death
Than murder thee: but we, as all things else,
Are mutable and changing.

Sus. Yet you still move
In your first sphere of discontent. Sweet, chase
Those clouds of sorrow, and shine clearly on me.

Frank. At my return I will.

Sus. Return! ah me!
Will you, then, leave me?

Frank. For a time I must:
But how? as birds their young, or loving bees
Their hives, to fetch home richer dainties.

Sus. Leave me!
Now has my fear met its effect. You shall not;
Cost it my life, you shall not.

Frank. Why? your reason?

Sus. Like to the lapwing[28] have you all this while
With your false love deluded me, pretending
Counterfeit senses for your discontent;
And now at last it is by chance stole from you.

Frank. What? what by chance?

[28] *Like to the lapwing,* &c.] i. e., as the old proverb has it, "tongue far from heart." See *Jonson*, vol. iii. p. 141, where several examples of this expression occur. One, however, may yet be added, since it has received the *imprimatur* of Shakespeare;

"The lapwing hath a piteous, mournful cry,
And sings a sorrowful and heavy song:
But yet she's full of craft and subtilty,
And weepeth most being farthest from her young."
Phœnix and Turtle [apud Chester's *Love's Martyr*, &c. D.].

Sus. Your pre-appointed meeting
Of single combat with young Warbeck.
Frank. Ha!
Sus. Even so: dissemble not; 'tis too apparent:
Then in his look I read it:—deny it not,
I see't apparent; cost it my undoing,
And unto that my life, I will not leave you.
Frank. Not until when?
Sus. Till he and you be friends.
Was this your cunning?—and then flam me off
With an old witch, two wives, and Winnifrede!
You're not so kind, indeed, as I imagin'd.
Frank [*aside*]. And you more fond by far than I expected.—
It is a virtue that attends thy kind—
But of our business within:—and by this kiss,
I'll anger thee no more; 'troth, chuck, I will not.
Sus. You shall have no just cause.
Frank. Dear Sue, I shall not.[29]
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A field.*

Enter CUDDY BANKS *with the* Morris-dancers.

First Cl. Nay, Cuddy, prithee do not leave us now; if we part all this night, we shall not meet before day.

Second[1] *Cl.* I prithee, Banks, let's keep together now.

[29] *Dear Sue, I shall not.*] It seems an acquiescence in her own affectionate language.

[1] *Second*] The 4to has "1." D.

Cud. If you were wise, a word would serve; but as you are, I must be forced to tell you again, I have a little private business, an hour's work; it may prove but an half hour's, as luck may serve; and then I take horse, and along with you. Have we e'er a witch in the morris?

First Cl. No, no; no woman's part but Maid Marian and the Hobby-horse.

Cud. I'll have a witch; I love a witch.

First Cl. 'Faith, witches themselves are so common now-a-days,[2] that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They say we have three or four in Edmonton besides Mother Sawyer.

Second Cl. I would she would dance her part with us.

Third Cl. So would not I; for if she comes, the devil and all comes along with her.

Cud. Well, I'll have a witch; I have loved a witch ever since I played at cherry-pit. Leave me, and get my horse dressed; give him oats; but water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it first?

Second Cl. To Sir Arthur Clarington's first; then whither thou wilt.

Cud. Well, I am content; but we must up to Carter's, the rich yeoman; I must be seen on hobby-horse there.

First Cl. O, I smell him now!—I'll lay my ears Banks is in love, and that's the reason he would walk melancholy by himself.

Cud. Ha! who was that said I was in love?

First Cl. Not I.

Second Cl. Nor I.

Cud. Go to, no more of that: when I understand what you speak, I know what you say; believe that.

[2] See the remarks by Gifford at the end of the play. D.

First Cl. Well, 'twas I, I'll not deny it; I meant no hurt in't: I have seen you walk up to Carter's of Chessum: Banks, were not you there last Shrovetide?

Cud. Yes, I was ten days together there the last Shrovetide.

Second Cl. How could that be, when there are but seven days in the week?

Cud. Prithee peace! I reckon *stila nova* as a traveller; thou understandest as a fresh-water farmer, that never sawest a week beyond sea. Ask any soldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight[3] days in the week there hard by. How dost thou think they rise in High Germany, Italy, and those remoter places?

Third Cl. Ay, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.

Cud. No, simply as thou understandest. Prithee look but in the lover's almanac: when he has been but three days absent, "O," says he, "I have not seen my love these seven years:" there's a long cut! When he comes to her again and embraces her, "O," says he, "now methinks I am in heaven;" and that's a pretty step! he that can get up to heaven in ten days need not repent his journey; you may ride a hundred days in a caroche, and be further off than when you set forth. But, I pray you, good morris-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

First Cl. Well, since he will be alone, we'll back again and trouble him no more.

All the Clowns. But remember, Banks.

Cud. The hobby-horse shall be remembered. But hark you; get Poldavis, the barber's boy, for the

[3] *Ask any* soldier, &c.] Thus Butler;

"The soldier does it every day,
Eight to the week, for sixpence pay."

witch,[4] because he can show his art better than another. [*Exeunt all but Cuddy.*

Well, now to my walk. I am near the place where I should meet—I know not what: say I meet a thief? I must follow him, if to the gallows; say I meet a horse, or hare, or hound? still I must follow: some slow-paced beast, I hope; yet love is full of lightness in the heaviest lovers. Ha! my guide is come.

Enter Dog.

A water-dog! I am thy first man, sculler; I go with thee; ply no other but myself. Away with the boat! land me but at Katherine's Dock, my sweet Katherine's Dock, and I'll be a fare to thee. That way? nay, which way thou wilt; thou knowest the way better than I:—fine gentle cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him. We go a-ducking, spaniel; thou shalt fetch me the ducks, pretty kind rascal.

Enter a Spirit *vizarded. He throws-off his mask, &c. and appears in the shape of* KATHERINE.

Spir. Thus throw I off mine own essential horror,
And take the shape of a sweet lovely maid
Whom this fool dotes on: we can meet his folly,
But from his virtues must be runaways.
We'll sport with him; but when we reckoning call,
We know where to receive; th' witch pays for all.
[*Dog barks.*

Cud. Ay? is that the watchword? She's come [*Sees the Spirit*]. Well, if ever we be married, it shall be at

[4] *get Poldavis, the barber's boy, for the witch,*] It does not appear what *arts* the boy was to show, unless he were called on for those tricks of legerdemain which were usually allotted to the hobby-horse himself. The matter is of little moment, for no boy appears, and Cuddy makes no inquiries after him.

Barking church,[5] in memory of thee: now come behind, kind cur.

And have I met thee, sweet Kate?
I will teach thee to walk so late.

O, see, we meet in metre. [*The Spirit retires as he advances.*] What! dost thou trip from me? O, that I were upon my hobby-horse, I would mount after thee so nimble! "Stay, nymph, stay, nymph," singed Apollo.

Tarry and kiss me, sweet nymph, stay;
Tarry and kiss me, sweet:
We will to Chessum-street,
And then to the house stands in the highway.

Nay, by your leave, I must embrace you.

[*Exit, following the Spirit.*

[*Within*] O, help, help! I am drowned, I am drowned!

Re-enter CUDDY *wet.*

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cud. This was an ill night to go a-wooing in; I find it now in Pond's almanac: thinking to land at Katherine's Dock, I was almost at Gravesend. I'll never go to a wench in the dog-days again; yet 'tis cool enough.—Had you never a paw in this dog-trick? a mange[6] take that black hide of yours! I'll throw you in at Limehouse in some tanner's pit or other.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cud. How now! who's that laughs at me? Hist to him! [*Dog barks.*]—Peace, peace! thou didst but thy kind neither; 'twas my own fault.

[5] Barking church stood at the bottom of Seething-lane. It was destroyed in the great fire.

[6] *mange*] The 4to has "mangie." D.

Dog. Take heed how thou trustest the devil another time.

Cud. How now! who's that speaks? I hope you have not your reading tongue about you?

Dog. Yes, I can speak.

Cud. The devil you can! you have read Æsop's fables, then: I have played one of your parts there;[7] the dog that catched at the shadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechise you a little; what might one call your name, dog?

Dog. My dame calls me Tom.

Cud. 'Tis well, and she may call me Ass; so there's an whole one betwixt us, Tom-Ass: she said I should follow you, indeed. Well, Tom, give me thy fist, we are friends; you shall be mine ingle: I love you; but I pray you let's have no more of these ducking devices.

Dog. Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved; cherish me, and I'll do any thing for thee.

Cud. Well, you shall have jowls and livers; I have butchers to my friends that shall bestow 'em: and I will keep crusts and bones for you, if you'll be a kind dog, Tom.

Dog. Any thing; I'll help thee to thy love.

Cud. Wilt thou? that promise shall cost me a brown loaf, though I steal it out of my father's cupboard: you'll eat stolen goods, Tom, will you not?

Dog. O, best of all; the sweetest bits those.

Cud. You shall not starve, Ningle Tom, believe that: if you love fish, I'll help you to maids and soles;[8] I'm acquainted with a fishmonger.

[7] *there;*] The 4to has "then." D.

[8] *I'll help you to maids and soles,* &c.] This is Decker *up and down,* as Margaret says; and every now and then reminds me of

Dog. Maids and soles? O, sweet bits! banqueting stuff those.

Cud. One thing I would request you, ningle, as you have played the knavish cur with me a little, that you would mingle amongst our morris-dancers in the morning. You can dance?

Dog. Yes, yes, any thing; I'll be there, but unseen to any but thyself. Get thee gone before; fear not my presence. I have work to-night; I serve more masters, more dames than one.

Cud. He can serve Mammon and the devil too.

Dog. It shall concern thee and thy love's purchase.
There is a gallant rival loves the maid,
And likely is to have her. Mark what a mischief,
Before the morris ends, shall light on him!

Cud. O, sweet ningle, thy neuf[9] once again; friends must part for a time: farewell, with this remembrance; shalt have bread too when we meet again. If ever there were an honest devil, 'twill be the Devil of Edmonton,[10] I see. Farewell, Tom; I prithee dog me as soon as thou canst. [*Exit.*

Hircius and Spungius in *The Virgin Martyr* [by Massinger and Dekker]. It would seem as if he had taken the whole of the witchery upon himself. *Ningle,* which occurs in the same line [speech], and which Cuddy perpetually applies to Tom in the subsequent scenes, is frequently used by our old writers, as in this place, for a favourite, a familiar friend, &c.: see *Jonson,* vol. iii. p. 344.

[9] *neuf*] Or *neif,* i.e. fist. D.

[10] *If ever there were an honest devil, 'twill be the Devil of Edmonton,*] The allusion is to Master Peter Fabel, who, as the prologue to the old comedy says, "was called, for his sleights and his magic, *The merry Devil of Edmonton.*" By a playful succession of harmless tricks,

"Such as but sit upon the skirts of art,"

he contrives to effect a marriage between a couple of the truest, tenderest turtles, whom the absurd enmity of their parents had separated and destined to other partners. It is therefore with justice that Peter concludes his part with hoping that

"[his] toil [will] to future ages prove
The Devil of Edmonton did good in love."

Dog. I'll not miss thee, and be merry with thee.
Those that are joys denied must take delight
In sins and mischiefs; 'tis the devil's right. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The neighbourhood of Edmonton.*

Enter FRANK THORNEY, *and* WINNIFREDE *in boy's clothes.*

Frank. Prithee no more! those tears give nourishment
To weeds and briers in me, which shortly will
O'ergrow and top my head; my shame will sit
And cover all that can be seen of me.

Win. I have not shown this cheek in company;
Pardon me now: thus singled with yourself,
It calls a thousand sorrows round about,
Some going before, and some on either side,
But infinite behind; all chain'd together:
Your second adulterous marriage leads;
That is the sad eclipse, th' effects must follow,
As plagues of shame, spite, scorn, and obloquy.

Frank. Why, hast thou not left one hour's patience
To add to all the rest? one hour bears us
Beyond the reach of all these enemies:
Are we not now set forward in the flight,
Provided with the dowry of my sin[11]
To keep us in some other nation?
While we together are, we are at home
In any place.

Win. 'Tis foul ill-gotten coin,
Far worse than usury or extortion.

Frank. Let

[11] *the dowry of my sin*] Frank alludes to the marriage-portion which he had just received with Susan.

My father, then, make the restitution,
Who forc'd me take the bribe: it is his gift
And patrimony to me; so I receive it.
He would not bless, nor look a father on me,
Until I satisfied his angry will:
When I was sold, I sold myself again—
Some knaves have done't in lands, and I in body—
For money, and I have the hire. But, sweet, no more,
'Tis hazard of discovery, our discourse;
And then prevention takes off all our hopes:
For only but to take her leave of me
My wife is coming.

Win. Who coming? your wife!

Frank. No, no; thou art here:[12] the woman—I knew
Not how to call her now; but after this day
She shall be quite forgot and have no name
In my remembrance. See, see! she's come.

Enter SUSAN.

Go lead
The horses to th' hill's top; there I'll meet thee.

Sus. Nay, with your favour let him stay a little;
I would part with him too, because he is
Your sole companion; and I'll begin with him,
Reserving you the last.

Frank. Ay, with all my heart.

Sus. You may hear, if't please you, sir.

Frank. No, 'tis not fit:
Some rudiments, I conceive, they must be,
To overlook my slippery footings: and so—

Sus. No, indeed, sir.

Frank. Tush, I know it must be so,
And it is necessary: on! but be brief. [*Walks forward.*

[12] *here:*] Qy. "her"? D.

Win. What charge soe'er you lay upon me, mistress,
I shall support it faithfully—being honest—
To my best strength.
Sus. Believe't shall be no other.
I know you were commended to my husband
By a noble knight.
Win. O, gods! O, mine eyes!
Sus. How now! what ail'st thou, lad?
Win. Something hit mine eye,—it makes it water still,—
Even as you said "commended to my husband."—
Some dor I think it was.[12]—I was, forsooth,
Commended to him by Sir Arthur Clarington.
Sus. Whose servant once my Thorney was himself.
That title, methinks, should make you almost fellows;
Or at the least much more than a [mere][13] servant;
And I am sure he will respect you so.
Your love to him, then, needs no spur for me,
And what for my sake you will ever do,
'Tis fit it should be bought with something more
Than fair entreats; look! here's a jewel for thee,
A pretty wanton label for thine ear;
And I would have it hang there, still to whisper
These words to thee, *Thou hast my jewel with thee.*
It is but earnest of a larger bounty,
When thou return'st with praises of thy service,
Which I am confident thou wilt deserve.
Why, thou art many now besides thyself:

[12] *Some* dor *I think it was.*] The cockchafer, or beetle;
"What should I care what every *dor* doth buzz
In credulous ears?" *Cynthia's Revels:*
see *Jonson*, vol. ii. p. 280. [The 4to has "door." D.]

[13] *more than a* [*mere*] I suspect that here "*more*" is a dissyllable, and that therefore Gifford's insertion of "*mere*" is unnecessary. D.

Thou mayst be servant, friend, and wife to him;
A good wife is them[14] all. A friend can play
The wife and servant's part, and shift enough;
No less the servant can the friend and wife:
'Tis all but sweet society, good counsel,
Interchang'd loves, yes, and counsel-keeping.

Frank. Not done yet?

Sus. Even now, sir.

Win. Mistress, believe my vow; your severe eye,
Were't present to command, your bounteous hand,
Were it then by to buy or bribe my service,
Shall not make me more dear or near unto him
Than I shall voluntary. I'll be all your charge,
Servant, friend, wife to him.

Sus. Wilt thou?
Now blessings go with thee for't! courtesies
Shall meet thee coming home.

Win. Pray you say plainly,
Mistress, are you jealous of him? if you be,
I'll look to him that way too.

Sus. Say'st thou so?
I would thou hadst a woman's bosom now;
We have weak thoughts within us. Alas,
There's nothing so strong in us as suspicion;
But I dare not, nay, I will not think
So hardly of my Thorney.

Win. Believe it, mistress,
I'll be no pander to him; and if I find
Any loose lubric scapes in him, I'll watch him,
And at my return protest I'll show you all:
He shall hardly offend without my knowledge.

Sus. Thine own diligence is that I press,
And not the curious eye over his faults.

[14] *them*] The 4to has "then." D.

Farewell: if I should never see thee more,
Take it for ever.
Frank. Prithee take that along with thee:
[*Gives his sword to Winnifrede.*
and haste thee
To the hill's top; I'll be there instantly.
Sus. No haste, I prithee; slowly as thou canst—
[*Exit Win.*
Pray let him obey me now; 'tis happily
His last service to me: my power is e'en
A-going out of sight.
Frank. Why would you delay?
We have no other business now but to part.
Sus. And will not that, sweetheart, ask a long time?
Methinks it is the hardest piece of work
That e'er I took in hand.
Frank. Fie, fie! why, look,
I'll make it plain and easy to you—farewell!
[*Kisses her.*
Sus. Ah, 'las, I'm not half perfect in it yet;
I must have it read o'er an hundred times:
Pray you take some pains; I confess my dulness.
Frank [*aside*]. What a thorn this rose grows on! Parting were sweet;
But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it!—
Come, again and again, farewell!—[*Kisses her.*] Yet wilt return?
All questions of my journey, my stay, employment,
And revisitation, fully I have answer'd all;
There's nothing now behind but—nothing.
Sus. And
That nothing is more hard than anything,
Than all the every things. This request—
Frank. What is't?

Sus. That I may bring you through one pasture more
Up to yon knot of trees; amongst those shadows
I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.
Frank. Why, 'tis granted; come, walk, then.
Sus. Nay, not too fast:
They say slow things have best perfection;
The gentle shower wets to fertility,
The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty;
The baser beasts take strength even from the womb,
But the lord lion's whelp is feeble long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A field with a clump of trees.*

Enter Dog.

Dog. Now for an early mischief and a sudden!
The mind's about it now; one touch from me
Soon sets the body forward.

Enter FRANK *and* SUSAN.

Frank. Your request
Is out; yet will you leave me?
Sus. What? so churlishly?
You'll make me stay for ever,
Rather than part with such a sound from you.
Frank. Why, you almost anger me. Pray you be gone.
You have no company, and 'tis very early;
Some hurt may betide you homewards.
Sus. Tush! I fear none;
To leave you is the greatest hurt I can suffer:
Besides, I expect your father and mine own
To meet me back, or overtake me with you;

They began to stir when I came after you;
I know they'll not be long.

Frank. So! I shall have more trouble,—
[*The Dog rubs against him.*
thank you for that:[15]
[*Aside*] Then I'll ease all at once. It is done now;
What I ne'er thought on.—You shall not go back.

Sus. Why, shall I go along with thee? sweet music!

Frank. No, to a better place.

Sus. Any place I;
I'm there at home where thou pleasest to have me.

Frank. At home? I'll leave you in your last lodging;
I must kill you.

Sus. O, fine! you'd fright me from you.

Frank. You see I had no purpose; I'm unarm'd;
'Tis this minute's decree, and it must be:
Look, this will serve your turn. [*Draws a knife.*

Sus. I'll not turn from it,
If you be earnest,[16] sir; yet you may tell me
Wherefore you'll kill me.

Frank. Because you are a whore.

Sus. There's one deep wound already; a whore!
'Twas ever further from me than the thought
Of this black hour; a whore?

Frank. Yes, I'll prove it,
And you shall confess it. You are my whore,
No wife of mine; the word admits no second.
I was before wedded to another; have her still.
I do not lay the sin unto your charge,
'Tis all mine own: your marriage was my theft;
For I espous'd your dowry, and I have it:

[15] *thank you for that:*] i.e. for the incidental mention of their parents being *stirring;* and thus showing him that he has no time to lose in the execution of his murderous purpose.

[16] *earnest,*] The 4to has "earst." D.

I did not purpose to have added murder.
The devil did not prompt me[17] till this minute:
You might have safe return'd; now you cannot.
You have dogg'd your own death. [*Stabs her.*
Sus. And I deserve it;
I'm glad my fate was so intelligent:
'Twas some good spirit's motion. Die? O, 'twas time!
How many years might I have slept in sin,
[The] sin of my most hatred too, adultery!
Frank. Nay, sure 'twas likely that the most was past;
For I meant never to return to you
After this parting.
Sus. Why, then, I thank you more;
You have done lovingly, leaving yourself,
That you would thus bestow me on another.
Thou art my husband, Death, and I embrace thee
With all the love I have. Forget the stain
Of my unwitting sin; and then I come
A crystal virgin to thee: my soul's purity
Shall with bold wings ascend the doors of Mercy;
For Innocence is ever her companion.
Frank. Not yet mortal? I would not linger you,
Or leave you a tongue to blab. [*Stabs her again.*
Sus. Now heaven reward you ne'er the worse for me!
I did not think that death had been so sweet,
Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,
Had I stay'd forty years for preparation;
For I'm in charity with all the world.
Let me for once be thine example, Heaven;

[17] *The devil* did not *prompt me*, &c.] The 4to, which has a colon after "*prompt me*" and no point after "*minute*," was followed by Gifford, though he allowed that "it can scarcely be correct; for, in fact, the devil *did* prompt him;" and proposed the right punctuation in his note. D.

Do to this man as I him free forgive,
And may he better die and better live! [*Dies.*
Frank. 'Tis done; and I am in! once past our height,
We scorn the deep'st abyss. This follows now,
To heal her wounds by dressing of the weapon.[18]
Arms, thighs, hands, any place; we must not fail
[*Wounds himself.*
Light scratches, giving such deep ones: the best I can
To bind myself to this tree. Now's the storm,
Which if blown o'er, many fair days may follow.
[*Binds himself to a tree; the Dog ties him behind, and exit.*
So, so, I'm fast; I did not think I could
Have done so well behind me. How prosperous and
Effectual mischief sometimes is!—[*Aloud*] Help, help!
Murder, murder, murder!

Enter CARTER *and old* THORNEY.

Car. Ha! whom tolls the bell for?
Frank. O, O!
O. Thor. Ah me!
The cause appears too soon; my child, my son!
Car. Susan, girl, child! not speak to thy father? ha!
Frank. O, lend me some assistance to o'ertake[?]
This hapless woman.
O. Thor. Let's o'ertake the murderers.
Speak whilst thou canst, anon may be too late;
I fear thou hast death's mark upon thee too.
Frank. I know them both; yet such an oath is pass'd

[18] *This follows now,*
To heal her wounds by dressing of the weapon.] The allusion to this silly superstition is vilely out of place, and shows Frank to be (what indeed the whole of his previous conduct confirms) a brutal, unfeeling villain.

As pulls damnation up if it be broke;
I dare not name 'em: think what forc'd men do.

O. Thor. Keep oath with murderers! that were a conscience
To hold the devil in.

Frank. Nay, sir, I can describe 'em,
Shall show them as familiar as their names:
The taller of the two at this time wears
His satin doublet white but crimson-lin'd,
Hose of black satin, cloak of scarlet—

O. Thor. Warbeck,
Warbeck, Warbeck![19]—do you list to this, sir?

Car. Yes, yes, I listen you; here's nothing to be heard.

Frank. Th' other's cloak branch'd velvet,[20] black, velvet-lin'd his suit.

O. Thor. I have him[21] already; Somerton, Somerton!
Binal revenge all this. Come, sir, the first work
Is to pursue the murderers, when we have
Remov'd these mangled bodies hence.

Car. Sir, take that carcass there, and give me this.
I will not own her now; she's none of mine.
Bob me off with a dumb-show! no, I'll have life.
This is my son too, and while there's life in him,
'Tis half mine; take you half that silence for't.—
When I speak I look to be spoken to:
Forgetful slut!

O. Thor. Alas, what grief may do now!
Look, sir, I'll take this load of sorrow with me.

Car. Ay, do, and I'll have this. [*Exit O. Thor. with Susan in his arms.*] How do you, sir?

[19] *Warbeck!*] Omitted by Gifford. D.

[20] *Th' other's cloak* branch'd *velvet,*] i. e. with tufts, or tassels, dependent from the shoulders; somewhat like the gowns worn at present by vergers, beadles, &c.

[21] *him*] The 4to has "'em;" and so Gifford. D.

Frank. O, very ill, sir.

Car. Yes,
I think so; but 'tis well you can speak yet:
There's no music but in sound; sound it must be.
I have not wept these twenty years before,
And that I guess was ere that girl was born;
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,
My heart's so full, I could weep night and day.

[*Exit with Frank.*

SCENE IV. *Before* Sir ARTHUR'S *house.*

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, WARBECK, *and* SOMERTON.

Sir Ar. Come, gentlemen, we must all help to grace
The nimble-footed youth of Edmonton,
That are so kind to call us up to-day
With an high morris.

War. I could wish it for the best, it were the worst now. Absurdity's, in my opinion, ever the best dancer in a morris.

Som. I could rather sleep than see 'em.

Sir Ar. Not well, sir?

Som. 'Faith, not ever thus leaden: yet I know no cause for't.

War. Now am I beyond mine own condition highly disposed to mirth.

Sir Ar. Well, you may have yet[22] a morris to help both;
To strike you in a dump, and make him merry.

Enter SAWGUT *the fiddler with the* Morris-dancers, *&c.*

Saw. Come, will you set yourselves in morris-ray? the fore-bell, second-bell, tenor, and great-bell; Maid

[22] *yet*] Omitted by Gifford. D.

Marian for the same bell. But where's the weather-cock now? the Hobby-horse?

First Cl. Is not Banks come yet? What a spite 'tis!

Sir Ar. When set you forward, gentlemen?

First Cl. We stay but for the Hobby-horse, sir; all our footmen are ready.

Som. 'Tis marvel your horse should be behind your foot.

Second Cl. Yes, sir, he goes further about; we can come in at the wicket, but the broad gate must be opened for him.

Enter CUDDY BANKS *with the* Hobby-horse,[23] *followed by* Dog.

Sir Ar. O, we stayed for you, sir.

Cud. Only my horse wanted a shoe, sir; but we shall make you amends ere we part.

Sir Ar. Ay? well said; make 'em drink ere they begin.

Enter Servants *with beer.*

Cud. A bowl, I prithee, and a little for my horse; he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I must drink to him, he'll not pledge else [*Drinks*]. Here, Hobby [*Holds the bowl to the Hobby-horse*]—I pray you: no? not drink! You see, gentlemen, we can but bring our horse to the water; he may choose whether he'll drink or no. [*Drinks again.*

Som. A good moral made plain by history.

First Cl. Strike up, Father Sawgut, strike up.

Saw. E'en when you will, children. [*Cuddy mounts*

[23] The end of this tale frequently forgets the beginning. Cuddy had more than once declared that he would have all *trebles*, no *means*, or *bases;* yet we have Father Sawgut arranging his counters, tenors, and bases as usual. The reader will find a full description of the Hobby-horse and his train of attendants in *Jonson*, vol. ii. p. 50.

the Hobby.]—Now in the name of—the best foot forward!—[*Endeavours to play, but the fiddle gives no sound.*]—How now! not a word in thy guts? I think, children, my instrument has caught cold on the sudden.

Cud. [*aside*] My ningle's knavery; black Tom's doing.

All the Clowns. Why, what mean you, Father Sawgut?

Cud. Why, what would you have him do? you hear his fiddle is speechless.

Saw. I'll lay mine ear to my instrument that my poor fiddle is bewitched. I played *The Flowers in May* e'en now, as sweet as a violet; now 'twill not go against the hair: you see I can make no more music than a beetle of a cow-turd.

Cud. Let me see, Father Sawgut [*Takes the fiddle*]; say once you had a brave hobby-horse that you were beholding to. I'll play and dance too.—Ningle, away with it.[24] [*Gives it to the Dog, who plays the morris.*

All the Clowns. Ay, marry, sir!

THE DANCE.

Enter a Constable *and* Officers.

Con. Away with jollity! 'tis too sad an hour.—
Sir Arthur Clarington, your own assistance,
In the king's name, I charge, for apprehension
Of these two murderers, Warbeck and Somerton.

Sir Ar. Ha! flat murderers?

Som. Ha, ha, ha! this has awakened my melancholy.

[24] Among the properties of our old stage was "a roobe for to goe invisabel." Whatever it was, it operated as a conventional hint to our easy ancestors not to see the person who wore it.—Whether the urchin who played Tom had any signal of this kind can hardly be told; but he frequently runs in and out, and bustles among the *dramatis personæ* without being discovered by them. In the present case, however, he was probably concealed from all but Cuddy by the long trappings of the hobby-horse.

War. And struck my mirth down flat.—Murderers?

Con. The accusation's flat against you, gentlemen.—Sir, you may be satisfied with this [*Shows his warrant*].—I hope you'll quietly obey my power;
'Twill make your cause the fairer.

Som. and War. O, with all our hearts, sir.

Cud. There's my rival taken up for hangman's meat; Tom told me he was about a piece of villany.—Mates and morris-men, you see here's no longer piping, no longer dancing; this news of murder has slain the morris. You that go the footway, fare ye well; I am for a gallop.—Come, ningle.

[*Canters off with the Hobby and Dog.*

Saw. [*strikes his fiddle, which sounds as before*] Ay? nay, an my fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the devil has been abroad amongst us to-day; I'll keep thee out of thy fit now, if I can.

[*Exit with the Morris-dancers.*

Sir Ar. These things are full of horror, full of pity.
But if this time be constant to the proof,
The guilt of both these gentlemen I dare take
On[25] mine own danger; yet, howsoever, sir,
Your power must be obey'd.

War. O, most willingly, sir.
'Tis a most sweet affliction; I could not meet
A joy in the best shape with better will:
Come, fear not, sir; nor judge nor evidence
Can bind him o'er who's freed by conscience.

Som. Mine stands so upright to the middle zone
It takes no shadow to't, it goes alone. [*Exeunt.*

[25] *On*] The 4to has "Upon." D.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Edmonton. The street.*

Enter old BANKS *and several* Countrymen.

O. Banks. My horse this morning runs most piteously of the glanders, whose nose yesternight was as clean as any man's here now coming from the barber's; and this, I'll take my death upon't, is long of this jadish witch Mother Sawyer.

First Coun. I took my wife and a servingman in our town of Edmonton thrashing in my barn together such corn as country wenches carry to market; and examining my polecat why she did so, she swore in her conscience she was bewitched: and what witch have we about us but Mother Sawyer?

Sec. Coun. Rid the town of her, else all our wives will do nothing else[1] but dance about other country maypoles.

Third Coun. Our cattle fall, our wives fall, our daughters fall, and maid-servants fall; and we ourselves shall not be able to stand, if this beast be suffered to graze amongst us.

Enter W. HAMLUC[2] *with thatch and a lighted link.*

Ham. Burn the witch, the witch, the witch, the witch!

All the Countrymen. What hast got there?

Ham. A handful of thatch plucked off a hovel of hers; and they say, when 'tis burning, if she be a witch, she'll come running in.

[1] *else*] Omitted by Gifford, rightly perhaps. D.
[2] *W. Hamluc*] See note, p. 175. D.

O. Banks. Fire it, fire it! I'll stand between thee and home for any danger. [*Ham. sets fire to the thatch.*

Enter Mother SAWYER *running.*

Saw. Diseases, plagues, the curse of an old woman
Follow and fall upon you!

All the Countrymen. Are you come, you old trot?

O. Banks. You hot whore, must we fetch you with fire in your tail?

First Coun. This thatch is as good as a jury to prove she is a witch.

All the Countrymen. Out, witch! beat her, kick her, set fire on her!

Saw. Shall I be murder'd by a bed of serpents?
Help, help!

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON *and a* Justice.

All the Countrymen. Hang her, beat her, kill her!

Just. How now! forbear this violence.

Saw. A crew of villains, a knot of bloody hangmen,
Set to torment me, I know not why.

Just. Alas, neighbour Banks, are you a ringleader in mischief? fie! to abuse an aged woman.

O. Banks. Woman? a she hell-cat, a witch! To prove her one, we no sooner set fire on the thatch of her house, but in she came running as if the devil had sent her in a barrel of gunpowder; which trick as surely proves her a witch as the pox in a snuffling nose is a sign a man is a whore-master.

Just. Come, come: firing her thatch? ridiculous!
Take heed, sirs, what you do; unless your proofs
Come better arm'd, instead of turning her
Into a witch, you'll prove yourselves stark fools.

All the Countrymen. Fools?

Just. Arrant fools.

O. Banks. Pray, Master Justice What-do-you-call-him,[2] hear me but in one thing: this grumbling devil owes me I know no good-will ever since I fell out with her.

Saw. And brak'dst[3] my back with beating me.

O. Banks. I'll break it worse.

Saw. Wilt thou?

Just. You must not threaten her; 'tis against law: Go on.

O. Banks. So, sir, ever since, having a dun cow tied up in my back-side, let me go thither, or but cast mine eye at her, and if I should be hanged I cannot choose, though it be ten times in an hour, but run to the cow, and taking up her tail, kiss—saving your worship's reverence—my cow behind, that the whole town of Edmonton has been ready to bepiss themselves with laughing me to scorn.

Just. And this is long of her?

O. Banks. Who the devil else? for is any man such an ass to be such a baby, if he were not bewitched?

Sir Ar. Nay, if she be a witch, and the harms she does end in such sports, she may scape burning.

Just. Go, go: pray, vex her not; she is a subject,
And you must not be judges of the law
To strike her as you please.

All the Countrymen. No, no, we'll find cudgel enough to strike her.

O. Banks. Ay; no lips to kiss but my cow's—!

Saw. Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and thine!

[*Exeunt O. Banks and Countrymen.*

Just. Here's none now, Mother Sawyer, but this gentleman,
Myself, and you: let us to some mild questions

[2] *him,*] The 4to has "'em;" and so Gifford. D.

[3] *brak'dst*] Gifford in his remarks on Weber's ed. (*Introd.*) says, "for 'breakedst my back' read 'brak'st my back.'" But qy.? D.

Have your[4] mild answers; tell us honestly
And with a free confession—we'll do our best
To wean you from it—are you a witch, or no?
Saw. I am none.
Just. Be not so furious.
Saw. I am none.
None but base curs so bark at me; I'm none:
Or would I were! if every poor old woman
Be trod on thus by slaves, revil'd, kick'd, beaten,
As I am daily, she to be reveng'd
Had need turn witch.
Sir Ar. And you to be reveng'd
Have sold your soul to th' devil.
Saw. Keep thine own from him.
Just. You are too saucy and too bitter.
Saw. Saucy?
By what commission can he send my soul
On the devil's errand more than I can his?
Is he a landlord of my soul, to thrust it,
When he list, out of door?
Just. Know whom you speak to.
Saw. A man; perhaps no man. Men in gay clothes,
Whose backs are laden with titles and [with] honours,
Are within far more crookèd than I am,
And, if I be a witch, more witch-like.
Sir Ar. You're a base hell-hound.—
And now, sir, let me tell you, far and near
She's bruited for a woman that maintains
A spirit that sucks her.
Saw. I defy thee.
Sir Ar. Go, go:
I can, if need be, bring an hundred voices,
E'en here in Edmonton, that shall loud proclaim

[4] *your*] The 4to has "you." D.

Thee for a secret and pernicious witch.

Saw. Ha, ha!

Just. Do you laugh? why laugh you?

Saw. At my name,
The brave name this knight gives me—witch.

Just. Is the name of witch so pleasing to thine ear?

Sir Ar. Pray, sir, give way, and let her tongue gallop on.

Saw. A witch! who is not?
Hold not that universal name in scorn, then.
What are your painted things in princes' courts,
Upon whose eyelids lust sits, blowing fires
To burn men's souls in sensual hot desires,
Upon whose naked paps a lecher's thought
Acts sin in fouler shapes than can be wrought?

Just. But those work not as you do.

Saw. No, but far worse.
These by enchantments can whole lordships change
To trunks of rich attire, turn ploughs and teams
To Flanders mares and coaches, and huge trains
Of servitors to a French butterfly.
Have you not city-witches who can turn
Their husbands' wares, whole standing shops of wares,
To sumptuous tables, gardens of stol'n sin;
In one year wasting what scarce twenty win?
Are not these witches?

Just. Yes, yes; but the law
Casts not an eye on these.

Saw. Why, then, on me,
Or any lean old beldam? Reverence once
Had wont to wait on age; now an old woman,
Ill-favour'd grown with years, if she be poor,
Must be call'd bawd or witch. Such so abus'd
Are the coarse witches; t' other are the fine,
Spun for the devil's own wearing.

Sir Ar. And so is thine.

Saw. She on whose tongue a whirlwind sits to blow
A man out of himself, from his soft pillow
To lean his head on rocks and fighting waves,
Is not that scold a witch? The man of law
Whose honey'd hopes the credulous client draw—
As bees by tinkling basins—to swarm to him
From his own hive to work the wax in his;
He is no witch, not he!

Sir Ar. But these men-witches
Are not in trading with hell's merchandise,
Like such as you are,[4] that for a word, a look,
Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,
Children, and cattle.

Saw. Tell them, sir, that do so:
Am I accus'd for such an one?

Sir Ar. Yes; 'twill be sworn.

Saw. Dare any swear I ever tempted maiden
With golden hooks flung at her chastity
To come and lose her honour; and being lost,
To pay not a denier for't? Some slaves have done it.[5]
Men-witches can, without the fangs of law
Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit pieces
Away for true gold.

Sir Ar. By one thing she speaks
I know now she's a witch, and dare no longer
Hold conference with the fury.

Just. Let's, then, away.—
Old woman, mend thy life; get home and pray.

[*Exeunt Sir Arthur and Justice.*

Saw. For his confusion.

[4] *are,*] Omitted by Gifford. D.

[5] This is wormwood, and Sir Arthur feels it. Our authors have furnished their old woman with language far above the capacity of those poor creatures who were commonly accused of witchcraft, and strangely inconsistent with the mischievous frivolity of her conduct.

Enter Dog.

My dear Tom-boy, welcome!
I'm torn in pieces by a pack of curs
Clapt all upon me, and for want of thee:
Comfort me; thou shalt have the teat anon.

Dog. Bow, wow! I'll have it now.

Saw. I am dried up
With cursing and with madness, and have yet
No blood to moisten these sweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up—kiss me, my Tommy,
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done? let's tickle.
Hast thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee?

Dog. Yes;
And nipp'd the sucking child.

Saw. Ho, ho, my dainty,
My little pearl! no lady loves her hound,
Monkey, or paraquit, as I do thee.

Dog. The maid has been churning[6] butter nine hours; but it shall not come.

Saw. Let 'em eat cheese and choke.

Dog. I had rare sport
Among the clowns i' th' morris.

Saw. I could dance
Out of my skin to hear thee. But, my curl-pate,
That jade, that foul-tongu'd whore, Nan Ratcliffe,
Who, for a little soap lick'd by my sow,
Struck and almost had lam'd it;—did not I charge thee
To pinch that quean to th' heart?

Dog. Bow, wow, wow! look here else.

[6] *churning*] The 4to has "churming." D.

Enter ANN RATCLIFFE *mad.*

Ann. See, see, see! the man i' th' moon has built a new windmill; and what running there's from all quarters of the city to learn the art of grinding!

Saw. Ho, ho, ho! I thank thee, my sweet mongrel.

Ann. Hoyda! a pox of the devil's false hopper! all the golden meal runs into the rich knaves' purses, and the poor have nothing but bran. Hey derry down! are not you Mother Sawyer?

Saw. No, I am a lawyer.

Ann. Art thou? I prithee let me scratch thy face; for thy pen has flayed-off a great many men's skins. You'll have brave doings in the vacation; for knaves and fools are at variance in every village. I'll sue Mother Sawyer, and her own sow shall give in evidence against her.

Saw. Touch her. [*To the Dog, who rubs against her.*

Ann. O, my ribs are made of a paned hose, and they break![7] There's a Lancashire hornpipe in my throat; hark, how it tickles it, with doodle, doodle, doodle, doodle! Welcome, sergeants! welcome, devil! hands, hands! hold hands, and dance around, around, around. [*Dancing.*

Re-enter old BANKS, *with* CUDDY, RATCLIFFE, *and* Countrymen.

Rat. She's here; alas, my poor wife is here!

O. Banks. Catch her fast, and have her into some close chamber, do; for she's, as many wives are, stark mad.

[7] *O, my* ribs *are made of a* paned *hose, and they break!*] *Paned hose* were composed of stripes (panels) of different-coloured stuff stitched together, and therefore liable to *break*, or be seam-rent. [In that portion of his *Introduction* omitted in the present edition (see my Preface) Gifford describes them as "a kind of trunk breeches, formed of stripes of various-coloured cloth, occasionally intermixed with slips of silk or velvet, stitched together." D.]

Cud. The witch! Mother Sawyer, the witch, the devil!

Rat. O, my dear wife! help, sirs!

[*Ann is carried off by Ratcliffe and Countrymen.*

O. Banks. You see your work, Mother Bumby.[8]

Saw. My work? should she and all you here run mad,
Is the work mine?

Cud. No, on my conscience, she would not hurt a devil of two years old.

Re-enter RATCLIFFE *and* Countrymen.

How now! what's become of her?

Rat. Nothing; she's become nothing but the miserable trunk of a wretched woman. We were in her hands as reeds in a mighty tempest: spite of our strengths, away she brake; and nothing in her mouth being heard but "the devil, the witch, the witch, the devil!" she beat-out her own brains, and so died.

Cud. It's any man's case, be he never so wise, to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

O. Banks. Masters, be ruled by me; let's all to a justice.—Hag, thou hast done this, and thou shalt answer it.

Saw. Banks, I defy thee.

O. Banks. Get a warrant first to examine her, then ship her to Newgate; here's enough, if all her other villanies were pardoned, to burn her for a witch.—You have a spirit, they say, comes to you in the likeness of a dog; we shall see your cur at one time or other: if

[8] *You see your work, Mother* Bumby.] Farmer Banks is very familiar with the names of our old plays. *Mother Bombie* is the title of one of Lyly's comedies, of which she is the heroine; as is *Gammer Gurton* (as he calls the witch below) of the farcical drama which takes its name from her and her *needle*. [*Gammer Gurton's Needle*, by Dr. John Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. D.]

we do, unless it be the devil himself, he shall go howling to the gaol in one chain, and thou in another.

Saw. Be hang'd thou in a third, and do thy worst!

Cud. How, father! you send the poor dumb thing howling to the gaol? he that makes him howl makes me roar.

O. Banks. Why, foolish boy, dost thou know him?

Cud. No matter if I do or not: he's bailable, I am sure, by law;—but if the dog's word will not be taken, mine shall.

O. Banks. Thou bail for a dog!

Cud. Yes, or a[9] bitch either, being my friend. I'll lie by the heels myself before puppison shall; his dog-days are not come yet, I hope.

O. Banks. What manner of dog is it? didst ever see him?

Cud. See him? yes, and given him a bone to gnaw twenty times. The dog is no court-foisting hound, that fills his belly full by base wagging his tail; neither is it a citizen's water-spaniel, enticing his master to go a-ducking twice or thrice a week, whilst his wife makes ducks and drakes at home: this is no Paris-garden bandog[10] neither, that keeps a bow-wow-wowing to have butchers bring their curs thither; and when all comes to all, they run away like sheep: neither is this The Black Dog of Newgate.[11]

[9] *a*] Omitted by Gifford. D.

[10] *Paris-garden* bandog] A fierce kind of mastiff kept to bait bears. *Paris-garden*, where these brutal sports were regularly exhibited, was situated on the Bankside in Southwark, close to the Globe Theatre, so that there was a delectable communion of amusements. Jonson adverts to this with great bitterness. The *garden* is said to have had its name from one *De Paris*, who built a house there in the reign of Richard II.

[11] *The* Black Dog *of* Newgate.] This ancient Cerberus is unknown to me. Perhaps he formed the sign of some noted tavern contiguous to that *immanis aula:* what advanced him to this bad eminence must be left to the discussion of future critics. [There is a tract, in prose and verse, attributed to Luke Hatton, entitled *The Black Dog of Newgate;* and we learn from Henslowe's *Diary* that

O. Banks. No, good-man son-fool, but the dog of hell-gate.

Cud. I say, good-man father-fool, it's a lie.

All. He's bewitched.

Cud. A gross lie, as big as myself. The devil in St. Dunstan's will as soon drink with this poor cur as with any Temple-bar laundress that washes and wrings lawyers.

Dog. Bow, wow, wow, wow!

All. O, the dog's here, the dog's here!

O. Banks. It was the voice of a dog.

Cud. The voice of a dog? if that voice were a dog's, what voice had my mother? so am I a dog: bow, wow, wow! It was I that barked so, father, to make coxcombs of these clowns.

O. Banks. However, we'll be coxcombed no longer: away, therefore, to the justice for a warrant; and then, Gammer Gurton, have at your needle of witchcraft!

Saw. And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish fools! [*Exeunt O. Banks, Rat. and Countrymen.*

Cud. Ningle, you had like to have spoiled all with your bow-ings. I was glad to put 'em off with one of my dog-tricks on a sudden; I am bewitched, little Cost-me-nought, to love thee,—a pox,—that morris[12] makes me spit in thy mouth.—I dare not stay; farewell, ningle; you whoreson dog's nose!—Farewell, witch! [*Exit.*

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there was a play by Hathway, Day, Smith, and another poet, with the same title. See note on Gifford's *Introduction* to our author's works. D.] The *water-spaniel*, mentioned here and elsewhere by Cuddy, was an animal in great request. Islington at that time abounded in ponds, some of them of considerable size; and to hunt *ducks* in these appears from our old dramatists to have been the favourite recreation of the holiday citizens. Islington formed at once the boundary of their travels and their pleasures. To advance farther, and *hunt the stag*, like their desperate descendants, in the unknown wilds of Epping Forest, would have appeared to these placid sportsmen like following Shah Allum to a tiger-hunt.

[12] *that morris*] Cuddy alludes to a particular one.

Dog. Bow, wow, wow, wow!

Saw. Mind him not, he is not worth thy worrying;
Run at a fairer game: that foul-mouth'd knight,
Scurvy Sir Arthur, fly at him, my Tommy,
And pluck out's throat.

Dog. No, there's a dog already biting,—his conscience.[13]

Saw. That's a sure bloodhound. Come, let's home and play;
Our black work ended, we'll make holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A bedroom*[14] *in* CARTER'S *house.* FRANK *in a slumber.*

Enter KATHERINE.

Kath. Brother, brother! so sound asleep? that's well.

Frank [*waking*]. No, not I, sister; he that's wounded here
As I am—all my other hurts are bitings
Of a poor flea;—but he that here once bleeds
Is maim'd incurably.

Kath. My good sweet brother,—
For now my sister must grow up in you,—
Though her loss strikes you through, and that I feel
The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel
To kill me too, by seeing you cast away
In your own helpless sorrow. Good love, sit up;
And if you can give physic to yourself,
I shall be well.

[13] *biting,—his conscience.*] Contracted in the 4to to "biting's conscience;" which if I had adopted, there would have been some risk of its not being understood by the reader. D.

[14] *A bedroom,* &c.] The 4to has "Enter Katherine: a Bed thrust forth, and Frank in a slumber." D.

Frank. I'll do my best.
Kath. I thank you;
What do you look about for?
Frank. Nothing, nothing;
But I was thinking, sister,—
Kath. Dear heart, what?
Frank. Who but a fool would thus be bound to a bed,
Having this room to walk in?
Kath. Why do you talk so?
Would you were fast asleep!
Frank. No, no; I'm not idle.[15]
But here's my meaning; being robb'd as I am,
Why should my soul, which married was to hers,
Live in divorce, and not fly after her?
Why should not I walk hand in hand with Death,
To find my love out?
Kath. That were well indeed,
Your time being come; when Death is sent to call you,
No doubt you shall meet her.
Frank. Why should not I
Go without calling?
Kath. Yes, brother, so you might,
Were there no place to go to when you're gone
But only this.
Frank. 'Troth, sister, thou say'st true;
For when a man has been an hundred years
Hard travelling o'er the tottering bridge of age,
He's not the thousand part upon his way:
All life is but a wandering to find home;
When we are gone, we're there. Happy were man,
Could here his voyage end; he should not, then,

[15] *No, no; I'm not* idle.] i. e. wandering. He judges from Katherine's speech that she suspects him, as indeed she does, of being light-headed.

Answer how well or ill he steer'd his soul
By heaven's or by hell's compass; how he put in—
Losing bless'd goodness' shore—at such a sin;
Nor how life's dear provision he has spent,
Nor how far he in's navigation went
Beyond commission: this were a fine reign,
To do ill and not hear of it again;
Yet then were man more wretched than a beast;
For, sister, our dead pay is sure the best.

Kath. 'Tis so, the best or worst; and I wish heaven
To pay—and so I know it will—that traitor,
That devil Somerton—who stood in mine eye
Once as an angel—home to his deservings:
What villain but himself, once loving me,
With Warbeck's soul would pawn his own to hell
To be reveng'd on my poor sister!

Frank. Slaves!
A pair of merciless slaves! speak no more of them.

Kath. I think this talking hurts you.

Frank. Does me no good, I'm sure;
I pay for't everywhere.

Kath. I have done, then.
Eat, if you cannot sleep; you have these two days
Not tasted any food.—Jane, is it ready?

Frank. What's ready? what's ready?

Kath. I have made ready a roasted chicken for you:

Enter Maid *with the chicken.*

Sweet, wilt thou eat?

Frank. A pretty stomach on a sudden; yes.—
There's one in the house can play upon a lute;
Good girl, let's hear him too.

Kath. You shall, dear brother. [*Exit Maid.*
Would I were a musician, you should hear

How I would feast your ear! [*Lute plays within*]—stay, mend your pillow,
And raise you higher.
Frank. I am up too high,
Am I not, sister, now?
Kath. No, no; 'tis well.
Fall-to, fall-to.—A knife! here's never a knife.
Brother, I'll look out yours. [*Takes up his vest.*

Enter Dog, *shrugging as it were for joy, and dances.*

Frank. Sister, O, sister,
I'm ill upon a sudden, and can eat nothing.
Kath. In very deed you shall: the want of food
Makes you so faint. Ha! [*Sees the bloody knife*]—here's none in your pocket;
I'll go fetch a knife. [*Exit hastily.*
Frank. Will you?—'tis well, all's well.

FRANK *searches first one pocket, then the other, finds the knife, and then lies down.*—Dog *runs off.*—*The spirit of* SUSAN *comes to the bed's side: he stares*[16] *at it, and then turns to the other side, but the spirit is there too. Meanwhile enter* WINNIFREDE *as a page, and stands sorrowfully at the foot of the bed.*—FRANK *terrified sits up, and the spirit vanishes.*

Frank. What art thou?
Win. A lost creature.
Frank. So am I too.—Win?
Ah, my she-page!
Win. For your sake I put on
A shape that's false; yet do I wear a heart
True to you as your own.
Frank. Would mine and thine

[16] *stares*] Altered by Gifford to "starts,"—rightly perhaps.

Were fellows in one house!—Kneel by me here.
On this side now! how dar'st thou come to mock me
On both sides of my bed?
Win. When?
Frank. But just now:
Outface me, stare upon me with strange postures,
Turn my soul wild by a face in which were drawn
A thousand ghosts leapt newly from their graves
To pluck me into a winding-sheet!
Win. Believe it,
I came no nearer to you than yon place
At your bed's feet; and of the house had leave,
Calling myself your horse-boy, in to come,
And visit my sick master.
Frank. Then 'twas my fancy;
Some windmill in my brains for want of sleep.
Win. Would I might never sleep, so you could rest!
But you have pluck'd a thunder on your head,
Whose noise cannot cease suddenly: why should you
Dance at the wedding of a second wife,
When scarce the music which you heard at mine
Had ta'en a farewell of you? O, this was ill!
And they who thus can give both hands away
In th' end shall want their best limbs.
Frank. Winnifrede,—
The chamber-door['s] fast?
Win. Yes.
Frank. Sit thee, then, down;
And when thou'st heard me speak, melt into tears:
Yet I, to save those eyes of thine from weeping,
Being to write a story of us two,
Instead of ink dipp'd my sad pen in blood.
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad
Only for pillage, as a freebooter,

What gold soe'er I got to make it thine.
To please a father I have Heaven displeas'd;
Striving to cast two wedding-rings in one,
Through my bad workmanship I now have none;
I have lost her and thee.
Win. I know she's dead;
But you have me still.
Frank. Nay, her this hand
Murder'd; and so I lose thee too.
Win. O me!
Frank. Be quiet; for thou art my evidence,[17]
Jury, and judge: sit quiet, and I'll tell all.

While they are conversing in a low tone, enter CARTER *and* KATHERINE, *meeting, at one door;* Dog *at the other, pawing softly at* FRANK.

Kath. I have run madding up and down to find you,
Being laden with the heaviest news that ever
Poor daughter carried.
Car. Why? is the boy dead?
Kath. Dead, sir!
O, father, we are cozen'd: you are told
The murderer sings in prison, and he laughs here.
This villain kill'd my sister: see else, see,
[*Takes up his vest, and shows the knife to her father, who secures it.*
A bloody knife in's pocket!
Car. Bless me, patience!
Frank [*seeing them*]. The knife, the knife, the knife!
Kath. What knife? [*Exit Dog.*
Frank. To cut my chicken up, my chicken;
Be you my carver, father.

[17] *for thou art my evidence,*] So Gifford. The 4to has "*for thou . my evidence art.*" D.

Car. That I will.

Kath. How the devil steels our brows after doing ill!

Frank. My stomach and my sight are taken from me;
All is not well within me.

Car. I believe thee, boy; I that have seen so many moons clap their horns on other men's foreheads to strike them sick, yet mine to scape and be well; I that never cast away a fee upon urinals, but am as sound as an honest man's conscience when he's dying; I should cry out as thou dost, "All is not well within me," felt I but the bag of thy imposthumes. Ah, poor villain! ah, my wounded rascal! all my grief is, I have now small hope of thee.

Frank. Do the surgeons[18] say my wounds are dangerous, then?

Car. Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.[19]

Frank. Would he were here to open them!

Car. I'll go to fetch him; I'll make an holiday to see thee as I wish. [*Exit.*

Frank. A wondrous kind old man!

Win. [*aside to Frank*] Your sin's the blacker
So to abuse his goodness.—[*Aloud*] Master, how do you?

Frank. Pretty well now, boy; I have such odd qualms
Come cross my stomach.—I'll fall-to; boy, cut me—

Win. You have cut me, I'm sure:—a leg or wing, sir?

[18] *Do the surgeons*] Qy. "Does *the* surgeon"? D.

[19] *Yes, yes, and there's* no way with thee but one.] A proverbial expression for an inevitable event,—death. Thus Mrs. Quickly of poor Sir John; "After I saw him fumble with the sheets, [and play with flowers,] and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was *but one way*," &c. [Shakespeare's *Henry V.* act ii. sc. 3. D.]

Frank. No, no, no; a wing—
Would I had wings but to soar up yon tower!
But here's a clog that hinders me.

Re-enter CARTER, *followed by* Servants *with the body of* SUSAN *in a coffin.*

What's that?

Car. That! what? O, now I see her; 'tis a young wench, my daughter, sirrah, sick to the death; and hearing thee to be an excellent rascal for letting blood, she looks-out at a casement, and cries, "Help, help! stay that man! him I must have or none."

Frank. For pity's sake, remove her: see, she stares
With one broad open eye still in my face!

Car. Thou putte[d]st both hers out, like a villain as thou art; yet, see! she is willing to lend thee one again to find out the murderer, and that's thyself.

Frank. Old man, thou liest!

Car. So shalt thou—in the gaol.—
Run for officers.

Kath. O, thou merciless slave!
She was—though yet above ground—in her grave
To me; but thou hast torn her[20] up again—
Mine eyes, too much drown'd, now must feel more rain.

Car. Fetch officers.

[*Exit Kath., and Servants with the body of Susan.*

Frank. For whom?

Car. For thee, sirrah, sirrah! Some knives have foolish posies upon them, but thine has a villanous one; look! [*Showing the bloody knife*] O, it is enamelled with the heart-blood of thy hated wife, my beloved daughter! What sayest thou to this evidence? is't not sharp? does't not strike home? Thou canst

[20] *her*] The 4to has "it." D.

not answer honestly and without a trembling heart to this one point, this terrible bloody point.

Win. I beseech you, sir,
Strike him no more; you see he's dead already.

Car. O, sir, you held his horses; you are as arrant a rogue as he: up go you too.

Frank. As you're a man, throw not upon that woman
Your loads of tyranny, for she is innocent.

Car. How! how! a woman! Is't grown to a fashion for women in all countries to wear the breeches?

Win. I'm not as my disguise speaks me, sir, his page,
But his first, only wife, his lawful wife.

Car. How! how! more fire i' th' bed-straw![21]

Win. The wrongs which singly fell [up]on your daughter
On me are multiplied; she lost a life,
But I an husband, and myself must lose
If you call him to a bar for what he has done.

Car. He has done it, then?

Win. Yes, 'tis confess'd to me.

Frank. Dost thou betray me?

Win. O, pardon me, dear heart! I'm mad to lose thee,
And know not what I speak; but if thou didst,
I must arraign this father for two sins,
Adultery and murder.

Re-enter KATHERINE.

Kath. Sir, they are come.

Car. Arraign me for what thou wilt, all Middlesex knows me better for an honest man than the middle of a market-place knows thee for an honest woman.—

[21] *more fire i' th' bed-straw!*] A proverbial expression for *more concealed mischief.*

Rise, sirrah, and don your tacklings; rig yourself for the gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back: your trull shall to the gaol go[22] with you: there be as fine Newgate birds as she that can draw him in: pox on's wounds!

Frank. I have serv'd thee, and my wages now are paid;
Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be stay'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Witch's cottage.*

Enter Mother SAWYER.

Saw. Still wrong'd by every slave, and not a dog
Bark in his dame's defence? I am call'd witch,
Yet am myself bewitch'd from doing harm.
Have I given up myself to thy black lust
Thus to be scorn'd? Not see me in three days!
I'm lost without my Tomalin; prithee come,
Revenge to me is sweeter far than life;[1]
Thou art my raven, on whose coal-black wings
Revenge comes flying to me. O, my best love!
I am on fire, even in the midst of ice,
Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel

[22] *go*] Omitted by Gifford. D.

[1] *Revenge to me is sweeter far than life;*]

"At vindicta bonum vita jucundius."

I have already observed on the incongruous language put into the mouth of our village witch. Either of the poets could have written down to her vulgar estimation, but they appear to entertain some indistinct notion of raising her character. This soliloquy, which is a very fine one, might have been pronounced by a Sagana or a Canidia.

Thy curl'd head leaning on them: come, then, my darling;
If in the air thou hover'st, fall upon me
In some dark cloud; and as I oft have seen
Dragons and serpents in the elements,
Appear thou now so to me. Art thou i' th' sea?
Muster-up all the monsters from the deep,
And be the ugliest of them; so that my bulch[2]
Show but his swarth cheek to me, let earth cleave
And break from hell, I care not! Could I run
Like a swift powder-mine beneath the world,
Up would I blow it all, to find out thee,
Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come!
I must, then, fall to my old prayer:
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.
Not yet come! [the] worrying of wolves, biting of mad dogs, the manges, and the—

Enter Dog, *white.*

Dog. How now! whom art thou cursing?

Saw. Thee!
Ha! no, it is my black cur I am cursing
For not attending on me.

Dog. I am that cur.

Saw. Thou liest: hence! come not nigh me.

Dog. Baw, waw!

Saw. Why dost thou thus appear to me in white,
As if thou wert the ghost of my dear love?

Dog. I am dogged, [and] list not to tell thee; yet, —to torment thee,—my whiteness puts thee in mind of thy winding-sheet.

Saw. Am I near death?

[2] *so that my* bulch] Literally, a calf; sometimes used, as here, as an expression of kindness; but generally indicative of familiarity and contempt.

Dog. Yes, if the dog of hell be near thee; when the devil comes to thee as a lamb, have at thy throat!

Saw. Off, cur!

Dog. He has the back of a sheep, but the belly of an otter; devours by sea and land. "Why am I in white?" didst thou not pray to me?

Saw. Yes, thou dissembling hell-hound!
Why now in white more than at other times?

Dog. Be blasted with the news! whiteness is day's footboy, a forerunner to light, which shows thy old rivelled face: villanies are stripped naked; the witch must be beaten out of her cockpit.

Saw. Must she? she shall not; thou'rt a lying spirit:
Why to mine eyes art thou a flag of truce?
I am at peace with none; 'tis the black colour,
Or none, which I fight under: I do not like
Thy puritan paleness; glowing furnaces
Are far more hot than they which flame outright.
If thou my old dog art, go and bite such.
As I shall set thee on.

Dog. I will not.

Saw. I'll sell myself to twenty thousand fiends
To have thee torn in pieces, then.

Dog. Thou canst not; thou art so ripe to fall into hell, that no more of my kennel will so much as bark at him that hangs thee.

Saw. I shall run mad.

Dog. Do so, thy time is come to curse, and rave, and die; the glass of thy sins is full, and it must run out at gallows.

Saw. It cannot, ugly cur; I'll confess nothing;
And not confessing, who dare come and swear
I have bewitch'd them? I'll not confess one mouthful.

Dog. Choose, and be hanged or burned.

Saw. Spite of the devil and thee,
I'll muzzle-up my tongue from telling tales.

Dog. Spite of thee and the devil, thou'lt be condemned.

Saw. Yes! when?

Dog. And ere the executioner catch thee full in's claws, thou'lt confess all.

Saw. Out, dog!

Dog. Out, witch! thy trial is at hand:
Our prey being had, the devil does laughing stand.
[*Goes aside.*

Enter old BANKS, RATCLIFFE, *and* Countrymen.

O. Banks. She's here; attach her.—Witch, you must go with us. [*They seize her.*

Saw. Whither? to hell?

O. Banks. No, no, no, old crone; your mittimus shall be made thither, but your own jailors shall receive you.—Away with her!

Saw. My Tommy! my sweet Tom-boy! O, thou dog!
Dost thou now fly to thy kennel and forsake me?
Plagues and consumptions— [*She is carried off.*

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Let not the world witches or devils condemn;
They follow us, and then we follow them.

Enter CUDDY BANKS.

Cud. I would fain meet with mine ingle once more: he has had a claw amongst 'em: my rival that loved my wench is like to be hanged like an innocent. A kind cur where he takes, but where he takes not, a dogged rascal; I know the villain loves me. [*Dog barks.*] No! art thou there? [*Seeing the Dog*] that's Tom's voice, but 'tis not he; this is a dog of another hair, this. Bark, and not speak to me? not Tom, then;

there's as much difference betwixt Tom and this as betwixt white and black.

Dog. Hast thou forgot me?

Cud. That's Tom again.—Prithee, ningle, speak; is thy name Tom?

Dog. Whilst I served my old Dame Sawyer 'twas; I'm gone from her now.

Cud. Gone? away with the witch, then, too! she'll never thrive if thou leavest her; she knows no more how to kill a cow, or a horse, or a sow, without thee, than she does to kill a goose.

Dog. No, she has done killing now, but must be killed for what she has done; she's shortly to be hanged.

Cud. Is she? in my conscience, if she be, 'tis thou hast brought her to the gallows, Tom.

Dog. Right; I served her to that purpose; 'twas part of my wages.

Cud. This was no honest servant's part, by your leave, Tom. This remember, I pray you, between you and I; I entertained you ever as a dog, not as a devil.

Dog. True;

And so I us'd thee doggedly, not devilishly;
I have deluded thee for sport to laugh at:
The wench thou seek'st after thou never spak'st with,
But a spirit in her form, habit, and likeness.
Ha, ha!

Cud. I do not, then, wonder at the change of your garments, if you can enter into shapes of women too.

Dog. Any shape, to blind such silly eyes as thine; but chiefly those coarse creatures, dog or cat, hare, ferret, frog, toad.

Cud. Louse or flea?

Dog. Any poor vermin.

Cud. It seems you devils have poor thin souls, that you can bestow yourselves in such small bodies. But,

pray you, Tom, one question at parting;[3]—I think I shall never see you more;—where do you borrow those bodies that are none of your own?—the garment-shape you may hire at broker's.

Dog. Why wouldst thou know that, fool? it avails thee not.

Cud. Only for my mind's sake, Tom, and to tell some of my friends.

Dog. I'll thus much tell thee: thou never art so distant
From an evil spirit but that thy oaths,
Curses, and blasphemies pull him to thine elbow;
Thou never tell'st a lie, but that a devil
Is within hearing it; thy evil purposes
Are ever haunted; but when they come to act,—
As thy tongue slandering, bearing false witness,
Thy hand stabbing, stealing, cozening, cheating,—
He's then within thee: thou play'st, he bets upon thy part;
Although thou lose, yet he will gain by thee.

Cud. Ay? then he comes in the shape of a rook?

Dog. The old cadaver of some self-strangled wretch
We sometimes borrow, and appear human;
The carcass of some disease-slain strumpet
We varnish fresh, and wear as her first beauty.
Didst never hear? if not, it has been done;[4]
An hot luxurious lecher in his twines,

[3] *But, pray you, Tom, one question,* &c.] There is no reader, I believe, who does not wish that this had been spared. The humour of Tom and his friend had been previously drained to the very dregs; and it must have required all the enduring credulity of the audience to tolerate this idle buffoonery after the supernatural agency of the drama had found a close.

[4] *Didst never hear? if not, it has been done,* &c.] Enough of this is to be found in Delrio, Remigius, and other superstitious and credulous writers; but the immediate allusion in this place is, I conceive, to the *Sophonisba* of Marston, where a loathsome scene of this kind takes place between Syphax and Erectho.

When he has thought to clip[5] his dalliance,
There has provided been for his embrace
A fine hot flaming devil in her place.

Cud. Yes, I am partly a witness to this; but I never could embrace her; I thank thee for that, Tom. Well, again I thank thee, Tom, for all this counsel; without a fee too! there's few lawyers of thy mind now. Certainly, Tom, I begin to pity thee.[6]

Dog. Pity me! for what?

Cud. Were it not possible for thee to become an honest dog yet?—'Tis a base life that you lead, Tom, to serve witches, to kill innocent children, to kill harmless cattle, to stroy[7] corn and fruit, etc.:[8] 'twere better yet to be a butcher and kill for yourself.

Dog. Why, these are all my delights, my pleasures, fool.

Cud. Or, Tom, if you could give your mind to ducking,—I know you can swim, fetch, and carry,—some shopkeeper in London would take great delight in you, and be a tender master over you: or if you have a[9] mind to the game either at bull or bear, I think I could prefer you to Mall Cutpurse.[10]

[5] *clip*] See note, vol. i. p. 172. D.

[6] *Certainly*, Tom, *I begin to pity thee.*] Burns had assuredly never read Ford; yet his peculiar vein of humour has thrown him upon a kindred thought;

> "But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben;*
> O, wad ye tak a thought an' men',
> Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake:
> I'm wae *to think* upo' yon den,
> Even for your sake."

Dignity and decorum, however, are all on the side of *Nickie-ben.*

[7] *stroy*] i.e. destroy. Gifford printed "destroy." D.

[8] *etc.*:] Gifford printed "and so forth." D.

[9] *a*] Gifford printed "any." D.

[10] *Mall Cutpurse.*] [Gifford printed "Moll." D.] A notorious character of those days, whose real name was Mary Frith. She appears to have excelled in various professions, of which far the most honest and praiseworthy was that of picking pockets. By singular

Dog. Ha, ha! I should kill all the game,—bulls, bears, dogs and all; not a cub to be left.

Cud. You could do, Tom; but you must play fair; you should be staved-off else. Or if your stomach did better like to serve in some nobleman's, knight's, or gentleman's kitchen, if you could brook the wheel and turn the spit—your labour could not be much—when they have roast meat, that's but once or twice in the week at most; here you might lick you[r] own toes very well: or if you could translate yourself into a lady's arming puppy, there you might lick sweet lips, and do many pretty offices; but to creep under an old witch's coats, and suck like a great puppy!—fie upon't! I have heard beastly things of you, Tom.

Dog. Ha, ha!
The worse[11] thou heard'st of me the better 'tis;
Shall I serve thee, fool, at the selfsame rate?

Cud. No, I'll see thee hanged, thou shalt be damned first! I know thy qualities too well, I'll give no suck to such whelps; therefore henceforth I defy thee. Out, and avaunt!

Dog. Nor will I serve for such a silly soul:
I am for greatness now, corrupted greatness;
There I'll shug in, and get a noble countenance;
Serve some Briarean footcloth-strider,[12]

---

good fortune she escaped the gallows, and died, "in a ripe and rotten old age," some time before the Restoration. Moll is the heroine of *The Roaring Girl*, a lively comedy by Middleton [and Dekker], who has [have] treated her with kindness.

[11] *worse*] Gifford printed "worst." D.

[12] *There I'll shug in, and get a noble* countenance;

Serve some Briarean footcloth-*strider*,] Our authors use *countenance*, as indeed do all the writers of their time, for *patronage, protection, responsibility*, &c. *Footcloths* were the ornamental housings or trappings flung over the pads of state-horses. On these the great lawyers then rode to Westminster-hall, and, as our authors intimate, the great courtiers to St. James's. They became common enough in aftertimes. The allusion in the next line [in the seventh line of the speech] is to Revelation xii. 4.

That has an hundred hands to catch at bribes,
But not a finger's nail of charity.
Such, like the dragon's tail, shall pull down hundreds
To drop and sink with him: I'll stretch myself,
And draw this bulk small as a silver wire,
Enter at the least pore tobacco-fume
Can make a breach for:—hence, silly fool!
I scorn to prey on such an atom soul.

Cud. Come out, come out, you cur! I will beat thee out of the bounds of Edmonton, and to-morrow we go in procession, and after thou shalt never come in again: if thou goest to London, I'll make thee go about by Tyburn, stealing in by Thieving-lane. If thou canst rub thy shoulder against a lawyer's gown, as thou passest by Westminster-hall, do; if not, to the stairs amongst the bandogs, take water, and the devil go with thee! [*Exit, followed by Dog barking.*

SCENE II. *London. The neighbourhood of Tyburn.*

Enter Justice, Sir ARTHUR, SOMERTON, WARBECK, CARTER, *and* KATHERINE.

Just. Sir Arthur, though the bench hath mildly censured your errors, yet you have indeed been the instrument that wrought all their misfortunes; I would wish you paid-down your fine speedily and willingly.

Sir Ar. I'll[13] need no urging to it.

Car. If you should, 'twere a shame to you; for, if I should speak my conscience, you are worthier to be hanged of the two, all things considered; and now make what you can of it: but I am glad these gentlemen are freed.

[13] *I'll*] Gifford printed "I shall." D.

War. We knew our innocence.
Som. And therefore fear'd it not.
Kath. But I am glad that I have you safe.
[*A noise within.*
Just. How now! what noise is that?
Car. Young Frank is going the wrong way. Alas, poor youth! now I begin to pity him.

Enter old THORNEY *and* WINNIFREDE *weeping.*

O. Thor. Here let our sorrows wait him; to press nearer
The place of his sad death, some apprehensions
May tempt our grief too much, at height already.—
Daughter, be comforted.
Win. Comfort and I
Are too far separated to be join'd
But in eternity; I share too much
Of him that's going thither.
Car.[14] Poor woman, 'twas not thy fault; I grieve to see thee weep for him that hath my pity too.
Win. My fault was lust, my punishment was shame.
Yet I am happy that my soul is free
Both from consent, foreknowledge, and intent
Of any murder but of mine own honour,
Restor'd again by a fair satisfaction,
And since not to be wounded.
O. Thor. Daughter, grieve not
For what necessity forceth;
Rather resolve to conquer it with patience.—
Alas, she faints!
Win. My griefs are strong upon me;
My weakness scarce can bear them.
[*A cry within.*] Away with her! hang her, witch!

[14] *Car.*] Gifford printed "War." D.

Enter to execution Mother SAWYER; Officers *with halberts, followed by a crowd of* Country-people.

Car. The witch, that instrument of mischief! Did not she witch the devil into my son-in-law, when he killed my poor daughter? — Do you hear, Mother Sawyer?

Saw. What would you have?
Cannot a poor old woman have your leave
To die without vexation?

Car. Did not you bewitch Frank to kill his wife? he could never have done't without the devil.

Saw. Who doubts it? but is every devil mine?
Would I had one now whom I might command
To tear you all in pieces! Tom would have done't
Before he left me.

Car. Thou didst bewitch Ann Ratcliffe to kill herself.

Saw. Churl, thou liest; I never did her hurt:
Would you were all as near your ends as I am,
That gave evidence against me for it!

First Coun. I'll be sworn, Master Carter, she bewitched Gammer Washbowl's sow to cast her pigs a day before she would have farrowed: yet they were sent up to London and sold for as good Westminster dog-pigs at Bartholomew-fair as ever great-bellied alewife longed for.

Saw. These dogs will mad me: I was well resolv'd
To die in my repentance. Though 'tis true
I would live longer if I might, yet since
I cannot, pray torment me not; my conscience
Is settled as it shall be: all take heed
How they believe the devil; at last he'll cheat you.

Car. Thou'dst best confess all truly.

Saw. Yet again?

Have I scarce breath enough to say my prayers,
And would you force me to spend that in bawling?
Bear witness, I repent all former evil;
There is no damnèd conjuror like the devil.

All. Away with her, away! [*She is led off.*

Enter FRANK *to execution*, Officers, *&c.*

O. Thor. Here's the sad object which I yet must meet
With hope of comfort, if a repentant end
Make him more happy than misfortune would
Suffer him here to be.

Frank. Good sirs, turn from me;
You will revive affliction almost kill'd
With my continual sorrow.

O. Thor. O, Frank, Frank!
Would I had sunk in mine own wants, or died
But one bare minute ere thy fault was acted!

Frank. To look upon your sorrows executes me
Before my execution.

Win. Let me pray you, sir—

Frank. Thou much-wrong'd woman, I must sigh for thee,
As he that's only loath to leave the world
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,
Unfriended; and for me to beg a pity
From any man to thee when I am gone
Is more than I can hope; nor, to say truth,
Have I deserv'd it: but there is a payment
Belongs to goodness from the great Exchequer
Above; it will not fail thee, Winnifrede;
Be that thy comfort.

O. Thor. Let it be thine too,
Untimely-lost young man.

Frank. He is not lost

Who bears his peace within him: had I spun
My web of life out at full length, and dream'd
Away my many years in lusts, in surfeits,
Murders of reputations, gallant sins
Commended or approv'd; then, though I had
Died easily, as great and rich men do,
Upon my own bed, not compell'd by justice,
You might have mourn'd for me indeed; my miseries
Had been as everlasting as remediless:
But now the law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd
With greater rigour my unhappy fact
Than I myself have every little sin
My memory can reckon from my childhood:
A court hath been kept here, where I am found
Guilty; the difference is, my impartial judge
Is much more gracious than my faults are monstrous
* * * *[15] to be nam'd; yet they are monstrous.

O. Thor. Here's comfort in this penitence.

Win. It speaks
How truly you are reconcil'd, and quickens
My dying comfort, that was near expiring
With my last breath: now this repentance makes thee
As white as innocence; and my first sin with thee,
Since which I knew none like it, by my sorrow
Is clearly cancell'd. Might our souls together
Climb to the height of their eternity,
And there enjoy what earth denied us, happiness!
But since I must survive, and be the monument
Of thy lov'd memory, I will preserve it
With a religious care, and pay thy ashes
A widow's duty, calling that end best
Which, though it stain the name, makes the soul blest.

Frank. Give me thy hand, poor woman; do not weep;

[15] So Gifford. No break in the 4to. D.

Farewell: thou dost forgive me?
Win. 'Tis my part
To use that language.
Frank. O, that my example
Might teach the world hereafter what a curse
Hangs on their heads who rather choose to marry
A goodly portion than a dower of virtues!—
Are you there, gentlemen? there is not one
Amongst you whom I have not wrong'd; [*To Carter*]
you most:
[I] robb'd you of a daughter; but she is
In heaven; and I must suffer for it willingly.
Car. Ay, ay, she's in heaven, and I am glad to see thee so well prepared to follow her. I forgive thee with all my heart; if thou hadst not had ill counsel, thou wouldst not have done as thou didst; the more shame for them.
Som. Spare your excuse to me, I do conceive
What you would speak; I would you could as easily
Make satisfaction to the law as to
My wrongs: I am sorry for you.
War. And so am I,
And heartily forgive you.
Kath. I will pray for you
For her sake, who I'm sure did love you dearly.
Sir Ar. Let us part friendly too; I am asham'd
Of my part in thy wrongs.
Frank. You are all merciful,
And send me to my grave in peace. Sir Arthur,
Heavens[16] send you a new heart!—Lastly, to you, sir;
And though I have deserv'd not to be call'd
Your son, yet give me leave upon my knees
To beg a blessing. [*Kneels.*
O. Thor. Take it; let me wet

[16] *Heavens*] Gifford printed "Heaven." D.

Thy cheeks with the last tears my griefs have left me.
O, Frank, Frank, Frank!

Frank. Let me beseech you, gentlemen,
To comfort my old father, keep him with ye;
Love this distressèd widow; and as often
As you remember what a graceless man
I was, remember likewise that these are
Both free, both worthy of a better fate
Than such a son or husband as I have been.
All help me with your prayers.—On, on; 'tis just
That law should purge the guilt of blood and lust.

[*He is led off by the Officers.*

Car. Go thy ways; I did not think to have shed one tear for thee, but thou hast made me water my plants spite of my heart.—Master Thorney, cheer up, man; whilst I can stand by you, you shall not want help to keep you from falling: we have lost our children, both on's, the wrong way, but we cannot help it; better or worse, 'tis now as 'tis.

O. Thor. I thank you, sir; you are more kind than I
Have cause to hope or look for.

Car. Master Somerton, is Kate yours or no?

Som. We are agreed.

Kath. And but my faith is passed, I should fear to be married, husbands are so cruelly unkind. Excuse me that I am thus[17] troubled.

Som. Thou shalt have no cause.

Just.[18] Take comfort, Mistress Winnifrede: Sir Arthur,
For his abuse to you and to your husband,
Is by the bench enjoin'd to pay you down
A thousand marks.

Sir Ar. Which I will soon discharge.

[17] *thus*] Omitted by Gifford. D.
[18] *Just.*] The 4to has "Cart." D.

Win. Sir, 'tis too great a sum to be employ'd
Upon my funeral.

Car. Come, come; if luck had served, Sir Arthur, and every man had his due, somebody might have tottered ere this, without paying fines, like it as you list.—Come to me, Winnifrede; shalt be welcome.—Make much of her, Kate, I charge you: I do not think but she's a good wench, and hath had[19] wrong as well as we. So let's every man home to Edmonton with heavy hearts, yet as merry as we can, though not as we would.

Just. Join, friends, in sorrow; make of all the best:
Harms past may be lamented, not redrest. [*Exeunt.*

[19] *had*] The 4to reads "has." D.

In the title-page of this drama the name of Ford is placed after those of his coadjutors, Rowley and Decker. It seems to have been a trick of the trade, in their distress, to accumulate a number of names in the title-page, to catch as many readers as possible; and Rowley's was deservedly a very marketable name. Not content with the trio, they add after Ford an &c. With these we need not meddle; and I presume we may venture to dismiss Rowley with the allowance of an occasional passage, since the drama seems fairly to divide itself between the other two, whose style is well understood, and here strongly marked.

It is very easy to sneer at the supernatural portions of this play; and it is done with exquisite justice by those who run night after night to witness the deviltries of *Faust* and *The Freischutz*,[1] a thousand times more contemptible and absurd than anything to be found in *The Witch of Edmonton;* a drama which, I am not ashamed to confess (though aware of the ridicule that will follow it), I consider creditable to the talents and feelings of both poets. I believe in witchcraft no more than the critics; neither, perhaps, did Ford and Decker, but they dealt with those who did; and we are less con-

[1] *Faust* and *The Freischutz*,] *Faust* was a melodrama founded on Goethe's celebrated work.—As to *The Freischutz*, Gifford's contemptuous mention of it would seem to show that he was insensible to music of the greatest beauty and originality; which music, indeed, and not its diablerie, formed the great attraction of the piece. D.

cerned with the visionary creed or our forefathers than with the skill and dexterity of those who wrote in conformity to it, and the moral or ethical maxims which they enable us to draw from it.

The serious part of this drama is sweetly written. The character of Susan is delineated in Ford's happiest manner; pure, affectionate, confiding, faithful, and forgiving; anxious as a wife to prove her love, but fearful to offend, there is a mixture of warmth and pudency in her language, particularly in the concluding scene of the second act, which cannot fail to please the most fastidious reader. Winnifrede is only second to her unfortunate rival; for, though highly culpable before marriage, she redeems her character as a wife, and insensibly steals upon our pity and regard. Even Katherine with any other sister would not pass unnoticed.

Carter is no unfair representative of the respectable yeoman (freeholder) of those days; and his frank and independent conduct is well contrasted with that of Banks, a small farmer, as credulous and ignorant as his labourers, positive, overbearing, and vindictive. Of Frank enough has been already said; and the rest require no particular notice; only it may be observed that the character of Sir Arthur Clarington is sustained with care and ability. Terrified, but not reclaimed from his profligacy, by the law, he is everywhere equally odious, and ends the same mean, heartless, avaricious wretch he showed himself at first.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by WINNIFREDE.

I am a widow still, and must not sort
A second choice without a good report;
Which though some widows find, and few deserve,
Yet I dare not presume, but will not swerve
From modest hopes. All noble tongues are free;
The gentle may speak one kind word for me.

On the passage of the preceding play, p. 216,

"'Faith, witches themselves are so common now-a-days," &c.

Weber wrote;

"In the days of the sapient James I., witchcraft, by his own royal example, was become the subject of many publications, and supposed witches were hunted-down without mercy in every quarter of the kingdom:" which drew from Gifford the following remarks;

"I am weary of these audacious falsehoods, and should pass them in silence, were it not that some better natures, as Jonson says, continue to *run in the same vile line*, whose understandings may not be altogether so impassible to truth and honesty as this dolt's.

'What his judgment [the judgment of King James] was of witchcraft,' Osborne says, 'you may in part find by his treatise on that subject, and [the] charge he gave the judges to be circumspect in condemning those committed by ignorant justices for diabolical compacts. Nor had he concluded his advice in a narrower circle, as I have heard, than the *denial of any such* operations, but out of reason[s] of state, and to gratifie the Church.' This was in Scotland; and there is better authority than Osborne's for believing that James, 'on his arrival in this country, gave way to the general prejudice against witches, in order to oblige his new subjects.' Witchcraft, in fact, had been the terror of the English people for many centuries. Under the Catholic princes sorcerers and witches were hanged and burned, *secundum artem*, by the Church as heretics: scarcely had the Reformation taken place when Henry VIII. reclaimed the victims for the civil law, and passed the act making witchcraft *felony*. This of course fell into disuse under Mary, who had bloodier and more agreeable business in hand; but scarcely was Elizabeth seated on the throne, when she was assailed on all sides for the recall of the statute of *felony*, and reminded by some of the principal clergy and laity that 'witches and sorcerers were wonderfully increasing, and that her Majesty's subjects pined away until death.' In consequence of this alarming representation, 'her Majesty and the Lords spiritual and temporal in Parliament assembled,' made witchcraft once more *felony*. This was many years before James was born. Again the law fell into disuse, much to the discomfort of her subjects, who never ceased to preach and petition for its revival, and who would probably have been heard, had not the Pope officiously engaged the gallows about this period for the fit disposal of the culprits under other names, —poisoners, seminaries, and traitors.

While James was yet a stripling, he had been indulged with the

cross-examination of the Scotch witches; for the defaults of his education, which (thanks to the satellites of the Regent and Elizabeth) was at once frivolous and gloomy, had rendered him eagerly inquisitive after supernatural agencies, in which he had been trained from infancy to believe. He appears to have furnished himself with all the magical lumber of the times; and from this, together with his small gleanings on the spot, to have drawn-up his *Dialogue*, on which he apparently prided himself not a little. But James was an honest man; those who made him credulous could not make him cruel and unjust; and many things occurred which disturbed his confidence in his creed before he came to the throne of this kingdom. It may be reasonably doubted whether there was an individual in England who cared less about witches than James I. at the moment of his accession. In the act which made witchcraft *felony* he rather followed than led, and was pushed-on by some of the wisest and best men of the age, who could scarcely restrain their impatience for the reënactment of the old severities. Even then the King hesitated; and the bill was recalled and recast three several times. Yet we are required to believe that witchcraft was scarcely heard of in this country 'till the example of the *sapient* James made the subject popular'!

It is equally false that the reprint of the *Demonologie*, which appeared in Scotland more than thirty years before the date of Ford's play, encouraged the publication of works of this kind. There were far more treatises on the subject of sorcery, witchcraft, &c. published under Elizabeth than under James, many of them drawn-up by profound and elaborate scholars. However this be, James, as has been already observed, had greatly altered his creed before he left Scotland, and not long after renounced it altogether. Fuller, in his Church History, speaks in yet stronger terms of this monarch's disbelief in witchcraft; and even Hutchinson admits (p. 226, ed. 1720) that 'he came off very much from these notions in his elder years.' The sullen republican Osborne, who was strongly prejudiced against James, has yet the honesty to give an anecdote, *on his own knowledge*, in which the King, by his personal investigation of an imposture (and, indeed, adds Osborne, 'in discovering an imposture I must confess him the *promptest* man living'), saved the life of a poor old woman whom his wise justices would have hung for a witch. The truth is, that his well-meaning curiosity (unkingly as it may be thought) rendered it unsafe to play those paltry juggles with him by which so many innocents suffered under other rulers. So far, indeed, were witches from being *hunted down without mercy* under James, that, after the Lancashire trials in 1612 (with which, by the way, he had nothing to do), they appear to have been almost forgotten; and it was not till the fanatics of the Long Parliament (twenty years after the decease of this monarch) had taken all power into their own hands, that the 'hunters' were let slip, and stimulated to the pursuit and destruction

of these miserable creatures 'in every part of the kingdom without mercy.' In the twenty-three years which James sat on the English throne, it may be fairly questioned whether so many witches suffered death. No, no, it was not this calumniated prince who, in 1645,[1] dispatched that monster of stupidity and blood, Hopkins, the witch-finder, and Stern, accompanied by two Puritan ministers, and occasionally assisted, as it appears, by Mr. Calamy, 'to see there was no *fraud* or *wrong* done'! and the good Mr. Baxter, who took no small satisfaction in the process. 'The hanging of a great number of witches,'[2] as the latter says, 'by the discovery of Hopkins in 1645, 1646, is *famously* known.' And, indeed, so it ought to be; for it was *famously* performed. In Suffolk and the neighbouring counties, in two years only, Mr. Ady says, there were nearly a hundred hanged:[3] Hutchinson computes them at above fourscore. Butler says that within the first year threescore were hung in one shire alone; and Zachary Grey affirms that he 'had seen a list of those who suffered for witchcraft during the Presbyterian domination of the Long Parliament, amounting to more than three thousand names'! Yet we hear of nothing but the persecution of witches by 'the sapient James;' and this base and sottish calumny is repeated from pen to pen without fear and without shame!

I casually observed that there was better authority than Osborne's for doubting that passion for burning witches, with which the commentators assure us James I. became so furiously agitated on his accession to the throne of England, but inadvertently dropt the note which should have accompanied the passage.

[1] The editor of the last edition of the *State Trials* observes, with great *naïveté*, 'witches seem to have abounded in Great Britain more than usually *about the middle* of the seventeenth century.' They do so; but he should have remembered that James, the object of his spleen, is not accountable for this: vol. iv. p. 819.

[2] Hutchinson marks with just indignation (p. 87, ed. 1720) the slight manner in which this most credulous and unfeeling Puritan (who experienced no 'compunctious visitings' to the last) notices the brutal sacrifice of these poor creatures, and above all, the careless contempt which he displays in speaking of 'the hanging of an old *reading*' (so marked by Baxter) 'parson named Lowes,' p. 80. He had two imps, it seems; but this was not the worst of him,—he was a *malignant*, and *read* Homilies!

[3] It might almost raise a smile in these times, if the subject were not of so horrible a cast, to mark the easy manner in which Whitelock, the Parliamentary Commissioner, in his *Memorials*, records the transactions of the day. 'July 26th, 1645, twenty witches in Norfolk were executed'! And thus he goes on. I have not the heart to proceed with his list of victims; but they must amount to many hundreds. 'In one village,' he says, in 1650, 'out of fourteen families, fourteen individuals were burned for witches.' And so the saints drove merrily on. Poor James!

While James was skirting the capital, which the ravages of the plague made it hazardous for the court to occupy, he maintained a correspondence with his eldest son, then about ten years old, over whose education he watched with an anxiety truly paternal. The prince, it appears, had given him some account of his (or rather his preceptor's) detection of a young impostor, who pretended that she had been bewitched, and probably accused some poor innocent neighbour. The King, in his answer, adverts to this circumstance. He tells Prince Henry that he is glad of the detection of his little counterfitte wench, and prays that in such discoveries he may prove his father's aire [heir]. For, continues he, 'ye haue ofte hearde me saye that most miracles nou-a-dayes proues but illusions; and ye maye see by this hou waire judgis shoulde be in trusting accusations without an exacte tryall, and lykewayes hou easielie people are inducid to truste wonders.' *Progresses of James I.* p. 304.

There wanted not such an extract to show that the object of this monarch's inquisitorial solicitude was not *the hunting-out of witches*, but the detection of imposture; the preservation, not the destruction, of this persecuted race.

As the page is not full, I shall not incur much censure, perhaps, for adding the following passages from a couple of volumes now before me.

Nichol's Progresses of James I.

'Justice Winch likewise [of the Common Pleas]' (Mr. Chamberlain writes to Sir Dudley Carlton) 'and Serjeant Crew are somewhat discountenanced for hanging certain witches in their circuit at Leicester; whereas the King coming that way found-out the juggling and imposture of the boy that counterfeited to be bewitched'! 'To the interference of the King' (the editor adds) 'may be attributed the preservation of *five* other unfortunate females, who, having been imprisoned under a similar charge, were liberated [by him] on the 15th of October, a sixth having died in gaol.'

Sir James Balfour's Annales of Scotland.

'1650. Tuesday, May 21. This afternoone James Grahame' [Duke of Montrose] 'was execuit conforme to the sentence of Parliament, at 3 aclocke.'

'1650. The next day, Wednesday, May 22. The House appointed a committee to try *fifty-four witches*' / *Edinb. Mag.* 1825, p. 564." D.

FAME'S MEMORIAL.

This poem, which if not the earliest is yet among the earliest of our author's productions, was published in 4to, 1606, by Christopher Purset, "dwelling at the signe of the Mary Magdalens head neer Staple Inne in Holborne," with the following title; "Fame's Memoriall, or The Earle of Deuonshire[1] Deceased: With his honourable life, peacefull end, and solemne Funerall.

> . . . . . quis talia fando
> Mirmydonum, Dolopumue, aut duri miles Vlissi
> Temperet à lachrimis? . . . . . ."

[1] *The Earle of Deuonshire*] Charles Blount, eighth Lord Mountjoy. He was a man of great eminence; and while a commoner (for he did not succeed to the title till 1594) followed the profession of arms with honour, and held a command in the fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada. His extraordinary merits did not escape the quick eye of Elizabeth, who gave him various tokens of her favour, and thus exposed him to the "envy" of Essex, with whom, as the author of *Aulicus Coq.* says, he stood in competition for fame. In 1600 the Queen constituted him Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, when he repulsed the Spaniards with great bravery at Kinsale. In truth, the whole of his conduct with regard to that agitated country was meritorious in the highest degree, and as such fully acknowledged by her, as well as by James, who, on his accession, conferred on him the same important office, and very shortly afterwards (July 1603) made him a Knight of the Garter, and created him Earl of Devonshire. "Certainly," says his secretary Morrison, "he was beautiful in his person as well as valiant, and learned as well as wise." And Camden styles him "a person famous for conduct, and so eminent in courage and learning, that in these respects he had no superior, and but few equals."

It is distressing to pursue his history. About two years after his prosperous career in Ireland (Dec. 26, 1605), he married Lady Rich, with whom probably he had never ceased to converse; and by this one step, which, according to our notions and probably to his own, was calculated to repair in some measure the injury which the lady's character had sustained, ruined both her and himself. There is something in this which is not easily explained. While the Earl maintained an adulterous commerce with the lady, all went smoothly; but the instant he married her, he lost the protection of the Court and the estimation of the public. "The King," says Sanderson, "was so much displeased thereat as it broke the Earl's heart; for his Majesty told him that he had purchased a fair woman with a black soul." Hearts are not always broken in the way supposed; but there was more than enough to depress the lofty spirit of this great Earl

in the sudden blow given to his reputation. He died a few months after his marriage, "soon and early," as Chamberlaine says, "for his years (forty-three), but late enough for himself: and happy had he been if he had gone two or three years since, before the world was weary of him, or that he had left his scandal behind him."

I have elsewhere noticed (*Jonson*, vol. vii. p. 19) the obloquy which Laud brought on himself by marrying this ill-starred couple, an act which is recorded in his Diary as the greatest misfortune of his life. The "head and front of his offending," as far as my conjecture reaches, is to be sought in that obscurity which yet hangs over this transaction. He apparently believed, with many others, that the lady had been *divorced* from her husband, and may have subsequently discovered that she had merely withdrawn from him by mutual consent.

TO THE

RIGHTLY RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY,

THE LADY PENELOPE,

COUNTESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

MOST NOBLE LADY,

HAD the blessings whilom bestowed, and too soon deprived, been as permanent as they were glorious, the world had not then had such a general cause of just sorrow to bewail, nor I of particular grief to inscribe,[1]

[1] *nor I of* particular *grief*, &c.] It is not very easy to discover what is meant by *particular* grief in this place. Ford admits that he is altogether unknown to the Countess; and it nowhere appears that he had any personal acquaintance with the deceased Earl. But leaving this, it may be proper to say, that the Lady Penelope here addressed was the daughter of Walter, first Earl of Essex, and the beloved sister of Robert, the unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth, and the victim of her fears and jealousies. There was a family intimacy between the Devereuxes and the Mountjoys, which seems to have facilitated the meetings of this beautiful young creature with Sir Charles Blount, and led, as in the usual mode, to a mutual attachment and a promise of marriage. In those "blessed days" marriages among the great were not quite so easily managed as at present: the Queen regarded the state with a strange mixture of envy and spleen; and the accursed Court of Wards eternally troubled "the current of true love." Lady Penelope was forced, with a heart full of affection for Mountjoy, into the arms of Lord Rich, a man whom she appears to have regarded with peculiar aversion. Thus far she was more sinned against than sinning; but she seems to have thought her private engagement of a more binding character than her vow at the altar; and the usual consequences followed. After a few miserable years

the present loss of so worthy a lord: but a most sad truth it is, *Fate*[2] *may be lamented, never recalled;* upon which infallible axiom,—desperate of all possibility either of regaining the same or hoping his peer,—as much as in the reach of my weak talent lay, unusual to this style, I have endeavoured to register his memory, whose memory will grace my labours. To you, excellent Lady, it was intended, to you it is addressed; not doubting but whatsoever hath been of him said, and truly said, your honourable favour will allow the favourable protection of your expressest patronage, who whiles he lived endowed you, and justly endowed you, with all the principles of his sincerest heart and best fortunes. Let not, therefore,

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with Lord Rich, she deserted him partly or wholly, and renewed her connection with her first lover, to whom she bore several children.

There must have been something peculiar in this lady's case; perhaps the violence put upon her early affections wrought some pardon or pity for her; for she *lost no caste* even under Elizabeth, and she was one of the first ladies selected by her Council to proceed to Holyrood-house and conduct the wife of the new monarch to Whitehall. Her accomplishments were of the highest kind; and in every splendid and graceful measure she appears among the foremost. To Ann she made herself very agreeable from her first introduction, and the Queen's partiality to her is noted with an evident tincture of displeasure by the high-born and high-spirited Lady Ann Clifford, at this period a young woman.

I am unable to say whether Lady Rich was actually and legally divorced from her husband, or whether the separation took place in consequence of articles drawn-up between themselves: but though Mountjoy returned from Ireland in 1603, he did not marry the countess till two years afterwards; so that she appears as Lady Rich in the magnificent *Masque of Blackness*, and in the splendid procession from the Tower to Whitehall, where she walks, "by especial commandement," immediately after the Countess of Shrewsbury.

[2] *Fate*] Gifford printed "*Fame.*" D.

worthy Countess, my rasher presumption seem presumptuous folly in the eyes of your discreeter judgment, in that, without your privity,—being a mere stranger, altogether unknown unto you,—I have thus adventured to shelter my lines under the well-guided conduct of your honourable name; grounding my boldness upon this assurance, that true gentility is ever accompanied—especially in your sex, more specially in yourself—with her inseparable adjunct, singular humanity, principally towards those whom neither mercenary hopes or servile flattery have induced to speak, but with the privilege of troth. And as for such who misdeem virtue without cause, innocency shall pity them, though not eagerly with mortal hate, yet simply with naked truth, to which envy is ever opposite. Thus, Madam, presuming on your acceptance, I will in the mean while think my willing pains, hitherto confined to the Inns-of-Court studies, much different, highly guerdoned, and mine unfeathered Muse, as soon dead as born, richly graced under the plumes of so worthy a protectress.

The honourer and lover of your noble perfections,

Jo. Ford.[3]

[3] Among the Commendatory Verses addressed to Ford (see vol. i.) will be found some lines by Barnaby Barnes on *Fame's Memorial*, which were not reprinted by Gifford. D.

TO EACH AFFECTED READER.

P E rverse construction of a plain intent
N E ither is scorn'd, respected, or despis'd :[4]
L O sing of their slight loves who never meant
P E culiar knowledge, willingly is priz'd
C O N T E nted happiness, S ecurèd peace;
O F self-content is ever happiest ease.

D E V O tion to the careless is mere folly;
N o S H allow envy of malicious I R E
Can move my resolution, grounded wholly
On hopes of better judgment; I desire
The favour of my favourers, not any
Unwilling eyes; I strive not to please many.

Non omnibus studeo,
Non malevolis.

[4] *despis'd :*] Gifford printed "disguis'd." D.

Our youthful poet seems sadly put to his wits to make-out this precious acrostic, which, I presume, may be fairly set down as the worst that ever passed the press.

FAME'S MEMORIAL.

SWIFT Time, the speedy pursuivant of heaven,
Summons to glorious virtues canonis'd,
The lasting volume where worth roves uneven,
In brazen characters immortalis'd;
Where merit lives embrac'd, base scorn despis'd:
Link'd to untainted truth, sprung from the same,
Begets his eaglet-towering daughter Fame.

Fame—she who long couch'd her imperial crown
Within the blinded dark of swarthy night—
Soars now aloft triumphant up and down,
With radiant splendour gayer than the light,
And by how much more known so much more bright;
Proclaims aloud defiance to disdain,
Which her with thoughts profane should entertain.

Nor doth she lackey in this vale of mud,
This razèd world, but still in state arise,
Lifting her plumèd crest from out the flood
Of sea and land; whiles she with wonder flies
About the circle of the topless skies,
And spirits most heroic doth inflame
With adoration of her sacred name.

Base Fear—the only monument of slaves,
Progenitor to shame, scorn to gentility,
Herald to usher peasants to their graves—
Becomes abjected thoughts of faint servility;
While haughty Fame adorns nobility,
Planting her gorgeous throne upon the crest
Of honour casquèd in a royal breast.

This makes gross dregs of souls admire the verse
Of shrill-strain'd arts-men, whose ambrosiac quills,
Whiles they desert's encomions sweet rehearse,
The world with wonder and amazement fills,
Affrighted with the threats of horrid ills;
Astonishing the chaff of pamper'd men
With high-rear'd accents of their golden pen.

O, that some sacred poet now surviv'd,
Some Homer to new-mourn Achilles' loss!
Our dear Achilles' loss, of life depriv'd,
Who living, life in danger's death did toss,
Not daunted with this hazard or that cross:
O, that he liv'd with scholys most divine,
To cote and add one worthy to the Nine!

The Nine had pass'd for saints, had not our time
Obscur'd the beams of their bright splendent praise
By a more noble worthy, whose sublime
Invicted spirit in most hard assays
Still added reverent statues to his days;
Surmounting all the Nine in worth as far
As Sol the tincture of the meanest star.

Now hovering Fame hath veil'd her false recluse,
Makes reputation and belief her warrant,
Wonder and truth her convoy to traduce,
Her train of shouts accomplishing her errant,
Venting concealèd virtue now apparent;
Imprints in canons of eternal glory
Worth's monumental rites, great Mountjoy's story.

Great Mountjoy! were that name sincerely scann'd,
Mysterious hieroglyphics would explain;
Each letter's allegory grace the hand
By whom the sense should learnèdly be drawn,
To stop the dull conceits of wits profane;
Diving into the depth of hidden art,
To give but due to each deserving part.

That is with homage to adore thy name,
As a rich relic of memorial,
A trophy consecrated unto fame,
Adding within our hearts historial
High epithets past hyperbolical;
Yet all too mean to balance equal forage,
And sympathise in jointure with thy courage.

Live, O, live ye, whom poets deck with lies,
Raising your deeds to fames which never end;
Our patriot stains your fictions, no disguise
Of painted praise his glory shall extend,
His own great valour his deserts commend:
Such is his sounding notice all do know it;
No poet can grace him, he every poet.

None him, he all can grace; his very story
Gives laurel, to the writer crowns of bay;
The title of his name attributes glory,
The subject doth the author's skill bewray,
Enlarging still his theme and scope to say;
Nor is one found amongst a world of men
Who perfect can his actions with his pen.

Had he himself, like Julius Cæsar, wrote,
Whiles as he liv'd, his own acts' commendation
In fluent commentaries us'd to cote,
Each hazard's conquest by a true probation,
Exemplified with terms of art's relation,—
Then had he wing'd in height of fame for ever;
His fame, his name, as now, been razèd never.

Go, yet rich-stylèd peer, and overtake,
Thyself shalt privilege thyself by merit,
Thy soul's-united Essex for whose sake
Thou didst advance thy love, which did inherit
The dear reversion of his elate spirit:
Then go, great Mountjoy, lustre of this age,
Pace still thy name in pompous equipage.

When first his birth produc'd this prime of hope,
An imp of promise mild proclivity,
Gracious aspécts even in his horoscope
Predominated his nativity,
Allotting in his arm nobility;
That, being nobly born, he might perséver,
Enthron'd by fame, nobilitated ever.

Now when his infant years wax'd mellow ripe,
Bala[n]c'd in pithy scales of youth's discretion,
As past the childish fear, fear of a stripe,
Or schools' correct with deeper grave impression,
He scorn'd the mimic thoughts of base condition,
By earnest documents foreshowing wholly
His just contempt of unregarded folly.

For, having suck'd the rudiments of learning,
Grammar's elixir-juice and quintessence,
He soon approv'd his judgment by discerning,
Applying with industrious diligence
To follow studies of more consequence;
Then, by a syllogistic kind of war,
He ruminates on thoughts which nobler are.

He learns sharp-witted logic to confute
With quick distinctions, sleights of sophistry,
Enriching his rich knowledge doth it suit,
And sounds the depth of quaint philosophy,
Himself the mirror of morality;
And proves by instance Aristotle lies,
Who young men's aptness to the same denies.

He studies it, yet is himself the subject,—
Subject of civil virtues, chief of good,
Art's pith and nature's darling, honour's object;
As noble by his wit as by his blood,
Honour and wisdom on his forehead stood:
Thus now to court he goes, there to remain;
For court should[5] none but nobles entertain.

[5] *court should,* &c.] Gifford printed "nobles none but court should *entertain.*" D.

Noble he was, witness his elate spirit,
Whose unappallèd stomach scorn'd compare;
Noble he was, witness his peerless merit,
Which stain'd competitors, witness his rare
Renown'd examples do the same declare;
Noble he was, in that he could not brook
To have his equal or for sword or book.

O, had his ancestors but heretofore
Dreamt such a son should spring from out their line,
They might have truly griev'd, and evermore
Have blush'd to think on it, that one divine
Should be their offspring, deeming it a sign
Of a less glorious happiness for them;
Better might they have drawn their race from him.

Then happy they that are, or shall be ever,
Deducted from the issue of this[6] blood;
Immortal be this name, worn, wasted never,
The index to true fame; happy the good
Allied in him by kin or brotherhood:
Such his desert, nor time nor malice term'd it;
His youth first promis'd, and his years confirm'd it.

For being now appendant to the court,
His presence was the court to draw it to him:
The saints of that smooth paradise resort
With pleasure to behold, beholding woo him,
And what their favours can they vow to do him:
Yea, he rejoic'd the earth's great deity,
That such a subject grac'd her empery.

[6] *this*] Qy. "his"? D.

Here he began to taste the fragrant smack,
The catapotion of heart-easing love;
Here he persèver'd to assault the wrack
Of subtle passion, proving to disprove
That any soil firm-settled thoughts should move:
Here was he first who taught what should be done,
How ladies should be lov'd, serv'd, woo'd, and won.

In this securèd solace of sweet peace
He nurs'd his younger joys, nor wholly bent
To wanton, sick, lascivious, amorous ease,
But to more primer passions of content,
Of civil mirth and jocund merriment:
Mirth in his looks, and virtue in his tongue,
Fresh as the balm, smooth as the mermaid's song.

Activity abroad, dalliance in chamber,
Becomes a perfect courtier,—such was he;
What maiden breast so nice as locks of amber
Could not enchant with love's captivity?
Free spirits soon are caught when slaves go free:
What uncontrollèd soul is so precise
As may, yet will not, taste earth's paradise?

Mountjoy—the mounting joy of heaven's perfection—
Was all a man should be in such an age;
Nor void of love's sense, nor yok'd in subjection
Of servile passion, theme for every stage,
Honour for him did honour's pawn engage:
Be witness slander's self, who must avow
Virtue adorn'd his mind, triumph his brow.

Nor did the pleasure of these courtly sports
Endear him to the softness of such ease;
His ever-mounting thought far more imports,
The thirst of fame such form'd ideas please,
The resty delicates of sweet disease:
To run a race at tilt, to catch the ring,
Did greater glory to his projects bring.

Let smooth-chinn'd amorists be cloy'd in play,
And surfeit on the bane of hateful leisure,
Let idle hours' follies youth betray
Unto the idle shame of boundless pleasure;
Such petty apes of silk want reason's measure:
Great Mountjoy saw such looseness of the witty,
Which seeing did not more disdain than pity.

No, his deep-reaching spirit could not brook
The fond addiction to such vanity;
Regardful of his honour he forsook
The smicker[7] use of court-humanity,
Of rural clownage or urbanity;
He lov'd the worthy, and endeavouring prov'd
How of the worthy he might be belov'd.

Now he delights to see the falcon soar
About the top of heaven; then to chase
The nimble buck, or hunt the bristled boar
From out[8] the sty of terror; now the race;
Barriers and sports of honourable grace;
Not games of thriftless prodigality,
But plots of fame and fame's eternity.

[7] *smicker*] See note, p. 126. D. [8] *out*] The 4to has "but." D.

For after toys of courtship he assays
Which way to manage an untamèd horse,
When, how, to spur and rein, to stop and raise,
Close-sitting, voltage of a man-like force,
When in career to meet with gallant course:
    As Centaurs were both horse and men, so he
    Seem'd on[9] the horse, nor could discernèd be.

Such private exercise, which limn'd the way
To public reputation, was his scope;
Each hour grac'd hour, and each day grac'd day,
With further expectation of great hope;
Nor did his youth his noble levels stop:
    He aim'd at high designs, and so attain'd
    The high assigns to which his spirit aim'd.

Lo, here the pith of valour moulded fast
In curious workmanship of Nature's art:
Lo, here the monuments which ever last
To all succeeding ages of desert,
Noble in all, and all in every part:
    Records of fame and characters of brass,
    Containing acts, such acts conceit do pass.

Triumphant soul of such a prince-like lord,
O, I could dry the fountains of mine eyes
Upon thy coffin's hearse, and every word
Which sorrow should outsigh or grief implies,
I could resolve to[10] drops of sacrifice,
    And spend them on the ever-gaping womb
    Of the unseason'd earth, thy sacred tomb.

[9] *on*] i. e. of. D. [10] *to*] The 4to has "two;" and so Gifford. D.

The sweetest cygnet of thy comfort's heaven,
Thy life's last paradise, thy heart's first love,
Could not bemoan the loss of thee bereaven
With more sweet-piercing plaints than I have strove
To volly my discomforts, yet approve,
Dear creature, thy too dearly bought distress
By vulgar censure's base unhappiness.

But, ah, be still thyself; let not defame
Of the rude chaos aggravate thy woes;
The multitude's blind slander is no shame;
Rusticity his joy by malice knows,
The better best in judging better shows:
Let gross uncivil hinds regardless sleep;
Remember thou thy loss, remembering weep.

So mayst thou, knightly youth, who wert his friend,
Companion to his chamber and his bed:
His loves much largess did to thee extend,
And made the rumour of thy name be spread
Even to thy native west where thou wert bred:
Ah, do not him forget, who honour'd thee
With perfect rites of mutual amity.

Nor canst thou stop the flood-gates of thine eyes,
Great peer of worth and state, who griev'd thy thrall,
For peerless Essex' strife who sought to rise
In virtuous honour, which procur'd thy fall;
Devonshire bewail'd thy danger's bitter gall:
Then, in requital of much more than this,
Sigh thou for him; still love and cherish his.

As much, grave patron of sage wisdom's lore,
Mayst thou lament thy friend's untimely race,
Who ever favour'd thee 'cause thou hast bore,
Whiles he was Ireland's viceroy, thy great place
Of treasurer in most respected grace:
    His death deserves thy tears, to solemnise
    His ceremonious funeral obsequies.

Ye safe-securèd fathers of wise peace,
Just senators and magistrates in awe,
Wealthy home-breeders which engross your ease,
Ye learnèd legists of contentious law,
Ye rulers all who him victorious saw,
    Fear ye like stroke[11] as him of life deprives;
    He was a brazen wall to guard your lives.

Double tongue-oilèd courtiers, whose neat phrases
Do model forth your wits' maturity
In honey'd speeches and sick-thoughted graces,
Cloaking your souls in sin's obscurity,
Yet fan your lightness in security,
    Weep on his reverend corse; for such as he
    Now is, not as he was, yourselves shall be.

But, O, forsaken soldiers, ye have lost
The Atlas of your hopes, your staff, your stay,
The staff and stay of your ambitious boast,
Who guerdon'd you with service's due pay,[12]
On him the burthen of your treasure lay:
    Reason commands your sorrow, for whose sake
    Himself all toil of pains would undertake.

[11] *stroke*] The 4to has "strokes." D.
[12] *pay,*] The 4to has "pray;" and so Gifford. D.

Like Mars in arms, triumphant ye have seen
This warlike champion, whose undaunted mind
Was never yet appall'd, but still hath been
Steelèd against the worst, nor hath declin'd
To dull distrust, but evermore enshrin'd
In goodly views of horror ready prest,
To purchase glory by his hands' unrest.

Witness, ye wars of Belgia, who tell
Of his eternal fame, heroic spirit,
Incomparable height, which did excel
The common height of common stomach's merit,
He lineally did thirst of worth inherit:
A chronicle of lasting memory,
A precedent of matchless soldiery.

Let every private action of desert
Be themes for other pens to labour in;
My quill shall only known reports insert,
Who public credence and belief may win;
Not to be tax'd with fictions, idiot's sin:
Time cannot wrong, nor envy shall not wound,
The lawful right of his due praises' sound.

O, who will lend me some deep moving style,
Or add unto my bluntness quick conceit?
What gentle goddess will vouchsafe a smile
To mine unpolish'd Muse? What tempting bait
Of formal grace upon my lines will wait?
What power divine of some more angel woman
Will make me think my verses more than common?

Flint-hearted Lycia may with mild aspéct
Cast up the sigh of some forematchèd scorn,
And in the mixture of disdain's neglect
My death-bewailing scope of grief adorn,
Reviving dulness of a wit forlorn;
Amongst the fancies of her rival lover,
Some groan with this dear noble's funeral cover.

No, beauty full of change, forbear thy care;
An angel more celestial pays her vows
Upon her lord deceas'd, who did not spare
To gratify the frontiers of her brows
With as much pleasure as content allows:
Thou, Lady, on my lines cast favour's glory,
While I inscribe great Mountjoy's Irish story.

When fickle chance and death's blindfold decree
From the tribunal-seat of awful state
Had hurried down in black calamity
Renown'd Devereux, whose awkward fate
Was misconceited by foul envy's hate,
Back was he call'd from Ireland to come home,
And noble Mountjoy must supply his room.

Look how two heart-united brothers part,
The one to slaughter, th' other to distrust,
Yet sorrowing, each with other pawns his heart,
As being loath to go, yet go they must,
Either to horror and a death unjust:
So Essex parts with Mountjoy, either mourning
The loss of other's sight, as ne'er returning.

So Mountjoy parts with Essex, and now flies
Upon the wings of griefs[18] to tents of terror;
Or else to vaunt his name above the skies,
Or leave his lifeless carcass as a mirror
Of monumental fear to friends of error;
Vowing revenge should on that land extend,
Which wrought the downfall of his worthiest friend.

"Unblessèd soil," quoth he, "rebellious nation,
Which hast with treachery sent troops to death,
Butcher of valiant bloods, earth's reprobation,
Heaven's curse, and nature's monster, drawing breath
By other's wrecks, as trial witnesseth;
Since by the means of thee my friend hath died,
Mine arm shall scourge the looseness of thy pride."

Incens'd with rage, and treble-girt with force
Of justice, force and valour, on he goes
With sword and fire; void of a smooth remorse,
He greets the strength of his half-conquer'd foes,
And on them yokes of bondage doth impose:
Or all must yield to mercy, or else fly,
Yet flying, all must fight, and fighting die.

But, O, far be it from the height of fame
To triumph on submission; he would not,
Not tyrant-like in bloodshed boast again;
He hated it, as to his worth a blot;
By lenity more honour hath he got:
He was, as by his favourites appear'd,
More fear'd than lov'd, yet much more lov'd than fear'd.

[18] *griefs*] Qy. "grief"? D.

Destruction to the stiff-neck'd rebels stout—
Stout in their headlong miseries—was bent,
Ruin unto the false inconstant rout;
But favour to the willing still hè meant,
A perfect noble mind's true document:
A rule infallible experience bred,
To strive for conquest, spare the conquerèd.

What myriads of hosts could not constrain,
He by his courteous mildness brought to pass;
What all devoir of mercy could not train,
By his victorious power enforcèd was:
Both words of milk and thunderbolts of brass
Attended on the pleasure of his nod;
They deem'd him for a human demi-god.

And thou, Tyrone, the idol most ador'd
Amongst the superstitious mutiners,
Whose deep ambitious reach was still implor'd
To raise more millions of treacherers,
Of homicidial cruel slaughterers;
Even thou thyself, when any traitor spake
Of Mountjoy, at that very name didst quake.

That very name did prostitute[14] the heart
Of mischief-breeding councils in the dust;
In hearing of that name they felt the smart
Of vanquish'd dread, as augur to distrust,
Which was by fear enthrall'd, by doubt discuss'd;
Mountjoy, a name importing threats of thunder,
Frustrating hopes of life and life asunder.

[14] *prostitute*] Qy. "prostrate," pronounced as a trisyllable? so "frustrate" is sometimes used. D.

ıtjoy, a name of grim severity;
ıtjoy, a name of meekness, peace, and love;
ntjoy, a name to rein temerity;
Mountjoy, a name which virtue did approve;
Mountjoy, a name which joy did ever move;
Mountjoy, a charter of invicted[15] fame:
Yet Mountjoy was far greater than his name.

His name, which stretch'd beyond the boundless limits
Of all the ocean's empire, and made known
His haughty chivalry in foreign climates,
Which by the trump of glore was loudly blown
In courts of greatest princes of renown;
Each palace with an echo speaking shrill,
Resounded his fair deeds of honour still.

The wily Irish, whose inveterate hate
Unto the laws of justice ne'er would bow,
Whose sleights no power of power could abate,
Or ever undermine before till now,—
With gentle menace of a pliant brow,
This man more than a man, this god in arms,
United, ceasing plots of further harms.

Now they began to see, and seeing feel
The sweet of concord, bitterness of war,
The sharp reproof of double-edgèd steel,
The peace of peace, how wretched brawlers are,
How blessèd the secure; content doth far
Exceed contention, better shun war's toil
Than ever live in faction by the spoil.

[15] *invicted*] Gifford printed "invited." D.

The son against the father long oppos'd,
The uncle with the nephew at debate,
The friend with troops of foe-like friends enclos'd,
Brother with brother set in mortal hate,
Kin which with kin did kindred violate;
Duty, alliance, friendship, blood, and love,
All striving, he to concord all did move.

Peers in defiance of each other's greatness,
Nobles complotting nobles' speedy fall,
He reconcil'd, and made them taste the sweetness
Of happy league, and freed them from the gall
Of steep destruction's ruin, ruin's thrall:
Tigers and lions, boars and raging bulls,
Hath he aton'd[16] with leopards and wolves.

A land of penury, scarcity, and want
He hath enrich'd with plenty, ease, and store;
A land where human reason was most scant
He hath endow'd with wisdom's sacred lore,
Accosting it more fertile than before;
A land of barbarous inhumanity
He hath reduc'd to blessèd piety.

Now had he ripen'd all his hopes at full,
Imparadis'd his soul in dear content,
And wrought the nature of a people dull
To what his glory aim'd at when he meant
To set a period to his banishment,
And greet his native soil with much desire,
To get a guerdon'd favour for his hire.

[16] *aton'd*] i.e. reconciled. D.

Now did he feed his labours with delight
Of viewing his diviner sovereign,
Presenting conquests of well-master'd spite
Unto her gracious love, and thence obtain
Her willing acceptation as a gain
Of reward after toil, and glad her years
In strengthening her dominions, chasing fears.

But, O, ere he could apprehend that joy,
She flew from earth to beautify the heaven:
Eliza died, death's javelin did destroy
The ever-boast of England; fate had weaven
The twist of life, and her of life bereaven:
She died, and left the world in tears of terror,
To weep her loss, and wonder at her mirror.

Never it was her hap to see that land,
Which long had boil'd in stern rebellious treason,
To be subdu'd unto her mild command,
And vaunt the trophy of that peaceful season;
Malice did ever blind their sense's reason:
She died ere rumour could that ease relate;
The news was happy, but for her too late.

Too late for her, and for our lord too late,
Her death for him too soon; but short, anon,
Distrust was turn'd to trust, for in great state
England's Mecænas in succession
Was soon made known by proclamation,
And undertook the burthen of the crown,
Advancing merit, low disgrace threw down.

As Cæsar led his captive slaves to Rome
To grace his triumph, magnify his fame,
So now did Mountjoy with Tyrone come home
Victorious, welcome, adding to his name—
By favour of our king who gave the same—
A style of honour to his blood innated,
Devonshire's ennobled Earl was created.

In robes of peace, accoutrements of rest,
He was advanc'd a counsellor, and joy'd
The soft fruition of a graver breast;
Not with the brunt of warfare more annoy'd,
Nor with the dint of hazard over-cloy'd;
But sat with judgment to discern of laws
Which he had guarded with his sword's applause.

In him was England twofold fortunate,—
He was her champion and her senator,
Both to defend her good and moderate,
To fight both for her safety and confer,
Both to encourage subjects and deter
Revolters from offending, both in one,
And one in both himself he was alone.

Thus loving all, he liv'd belov'd of all,
Save some whom emulation did enrage
To spit the venom of their rancour's gall,
Which dropp'd upon themselves, and made the stage
A public theatre for folly's badge:
Their shame will still outlive their memory,
Only remembered in infamy.

Such, poorer in desert than rich in worth,
Are but as shadows which appear, but are not,
Such but disgorge lank indiscretion forth,
Of needless repetitions, which declare not
True grounds, when for the truth itself they care not,
Yet hold themselves abus'd, and highly scorn
To brook the chance to which themselves are born.

Go, weak betrayers of your witless madness,
Your malice will revert upon your breasts;
Not looks of graver niceness, nicer sadness,
Can shadow imputations of unrests,
His greater spirit at your fondness jests:
You vex yourselves, not him, and make men gaze
At your own wrongs which your own tongues do blaze.

Sink, blind[17] detraction, into lowest earth;
Let[18] ballad-rhymers tire their gallèd wits,
Scorns to their patrons, making juiceless mirth
To gross attentors by their hirèd writs;
Dispraise with such poor hackneys better fits:
Well may such envy those heroic deeds
Their apprehension's lean conceit exceeds.

Fame-royalisèd Devonshire, settled now
In well-deservèd place of eminence,
Th' expectance of his wisdom doth allow,
By cancelling affairs of consequence,
And by endeavours of sage diligence,
Approves his greatness, largess to apply,
The fruits of dear-experienc'd policy.

[17] *blind*] Gifford printed "black." D.
[18] *Let*] The 4to has "Lest." D.

Not puff'd with weening self-affected pride,
Common to upstart honours counterfeit,
But favouring the worthy, he supplied
Desert's necessities, and made the height
Of his advancement on their needs to wait:
    True nobleness[19] with breath suck noble spirits,
    Where bastard broods conceit but bastard merits.

Men rais'd to float of fortune from the mud
Or low dejection and at length grown great
Forget that they are men, and scorn the blood
Of mean alliance, boasting in the seat
Of empire, which ambition doth beget:
    Such not esteem desert, but sensual vaunts
    Of parasites and fawning sycophants.

Be tyrants kings to such servility,
And peasants servile to such curs of shame;
Devonshire, the issue of nobility,
Avoided rumour of such foul defame;
True virtue grac'd his mind, applause his name,—
    Applause his name, which whiles the heavens divine
    Contain their lights upon the earth will[20] shine.

True virtue grac'd his mind; be witness ever
The[21] provident forecare of wise discretion;
His wary prudence, which did still endeavour
To hold him from the wreck of spite's impression;
From faith approv'd he never made digression:
    That is true[22] prudence, when, devoid of fear,
    A man untouch'd himself upright doth bear.

[19] *True nobleness*, &c.] This couplet in the old copy is marked with inverted commas, as if it were a quotation; and Gifford retained them. But gnomic sentences in early authors are often so marked: see note, vol. ii. p. 130.—Here the 4to has "sucks." D.

[20] *will*] Gifford printed "shall." D. [21] *The*] Qy. "His"? D.

[22] *That is true*, &c.] This couplet too in the old copy stands between inverted commas. D.

True virtue grac'd his mind; in which was grounded
The modest essence of firm temperance,
Which never was with fortune's change confounded,
Or troubled with the cross of fickle chance;
Distrust his spirit never could enhance:
That man is perfect-temperate whose life
Can never be disturb'd, but free from strife.

True virtue grac'd his mind; witness his courage,
His resolution-armèd fortitude;
Witness his stomach's prime, which striv'd to forage
Extremes even by extremities subdu'd;
Slaves with the eye[23] of pity he review'd:
He who can conquer miseries in need
Enjoys the height of fortitude indeed.

True virtue grac'd his mind; witness at last
His sober carriage 'twixt the scales of measure,
Who when he was in awe of justice plac'd
Studied how to the meanest to do pleasure;
So rare a gift in such a man's a treasure:
Sincerest justice is not to discern,
But to defend, aid, further, and confirm.

True virtue grac'd his mind; witness all these
Which in his person were essential;
Ready to help the poor, the great to please;
In rights of honour neither great or small
Would he prefer, but merit pais'd[24] them all:
Since all these virtues were in him combin'd,
Truth will avow true virtue grac'd his mind.

[23] *eye*] The 4to has "eys." D. [24] *pais'd*] i. e. poised. D.

Not in the wreck of prodigality,
Nor thriftless riot of respectless mean,
Did he extend his liberality;
But, to his honour's credit, where was seen
Apparent worthiness, he still hath been
A patron to the learnèd, and a prop
To favour study's now-despisèd crop.

Thou marrow of our English poesy,
Thou life and blood of verse canst record this;
The bounty of his zeal can gratify
Thy labours of endeavours; what was his
He granted to thy Muse's happiest bliss:
A liberal Mecænas to reward thee,
A lord of special favour to regard thee.

By firm allegiance, courtesy, and kindness,
Unto his prince, his peers, his friends endear'd;
By stern constraint, meek scorn, and willing blindness,
Of all his foes, backbiters, grudgers fear'd,
He in his lifetime evermore appear'd;
Peace, pity, love, with mildness, ease, and rest,
Rul'd, forgave, joy'd his soul, his wrongs, his breast.

Link'd in the graceful bonds of dearest life,
Unjustly term'd disgraceful, he enjoy'd
Content's abundance, happiness was rife,
Pleasure secure, no troubled thought annoy'd
His comfort-sweets, toil was in toil destroy'd;
Maugre the throat of malice, spite of spite,
He liv'd united to his heart's delight.

His heart's delight, who was that glorious star
Which beautified the value of our land,
The lights of whose perfections brighter are
Than all the lamps which in the lustre stand
Of heaven's forehead, by discretion scann'd;
Wit's ornament, earth's love, love's paradise,
A saint divine, a beauty fairly-wise.

A beauty fairly-wise, wisely-discreet,
In winking mildly at the tongue of rumour;
A saint merely-divine, divinely-sweet,
In banishing the pride of idle humour,
Not relishing the vanity of tumour,
More than a[25] female of so high a race;
With meekness bearing sorrow's sad disgrace.

A sad disgrace: O, that the eyes of sense
Should pry into the nature of the worst,
Poor fortune's envy, greatness' eminence!
Because themselves in worldly cares are nurs'd,
Deluding types of honour as accurs'd,
When they themselves are most accurs'd of all,
Who being lowest lower cannot fall.

Even as a quire of model-tuning birds,
Chirping their lays in nature's pliant strain;
Even so these courtiers flow'd in terms of words,
Until the nightingle in sweet complain
Did urge the rest as ravish'd to refrain:
So this heart-stealing goddess charm'd their ears;
To hear her fluent wit, they blush at theirs.

[25] *a*] The 4to has "to *a*." D.

Let merit take her due, unfee'd I write,
Compell'd by instance of apparent right,
Nor chok'd with private hopes do I indite,
But led by truth as known as is the light,—
By proof as clear as day, as day as bright:
I reck not taunting mocks, but pity rather
The foolish offspring of so vain a father.

Devonshire, I write of thee; a theme of wonder,
Wonder unto posterity succeeding,
A style importing fame as loud as thunder,
Sounding throughout the world; the times yet breeding
Shall deify thee by thy[26] story's reading,
Making large statues to honorify
Thy name, memorial's rites to glorify.

As oft as James, the monarch of our peace,
Shall be in after-chronicles recited,
In that, to heaven's applause and subjects' ease,
England and Scotland be in one united,
A sight with which true Britons were delighted;
So oft shalt thou eternal favour gain,
Who recollectedst Ireland to them twain.

A work of thanks, in strengthening the force
Of such an entire empire now secure;
A world within itself, which, whiles the course
Of heaven continueth lasting will endure,
Fearless of foreign power, strong and sure;
A bulwark intermur'd with walls of brass,
A like can never be, nor ever was.

[26] *thy*] Gifford printed "this." D.

'Twas the puissant vigour of thine arm,
'Twas the well-labouring project of thy brain,
Which did allay the further fear of harm,
Enriching Britain with this happy gain
Of blessèd peace, which now it doth retain:
It was thy wary resolution brought it;
It was thy ready policy that wrought it.

Thou wert a phœnix; such a bird is rare,
Rare in this wooden age of avarice,
When thirst of gold, not fame, may best compare
With those of choicest worth, rich men are wise:
Honest,[27] if honesty consist in vice:
Strong purses have strong friends; he hath most praise
Who hath most wealth: O, blindness of our days!

Die thoughts of such corruption; we intend
To show the substance, not the shadow'd glose;
The praise we speak of doth itself commend,
And needs no ornament; unlike to those
Who by *præconion's* virtue doth impose
A task upon our quill; not what we would
Do we infer, but what in right we should.

He whom we treat of was a precedent
Both for the valiant and judicious,
Both Mercury and Mars were resident
In him at once; sweet words delicious
And horrid battle were to him auspicious:
Both arms and arguments to force or train,
To win by mildness, or by threats constrain.

[27] *Honest*, &c.] The old copy places this line and the next two lines between inverted commas: see note, p. 305. D.

Two special beauties chiefly did adorn
His fair, unblemish'd soul and spotless mind;
To God religious he himself hath borne,
With zealous reverence in zeal enshrin'd;
And to his prince still loyal, ever kind:
At th' one's monarchic government he trembled,
'Cause it the other's deity resembled.

Devout in fervency of ardent love
Unto the value of salvation,
The due respect of sovereignty did move
Unto his prince's throne an intimation
Of fear, not mask'd in smooth dissimulation:
He of his race hereafter may be vouch'd
That he was sound in both, in both untouch'd.

What more yet unremember'd can I say,
And yet what have I said that might suffice?
He was the trophy of a greater day
Than time would ever limit to our eyes;
He was a peer of best-approvèd guise;
He was the best, the most-most best of all;
Heaven's pride, earth's joy, we may him justly call.

Heaven's pride; for heaven into him infus'd
The quintessence of ripe perfection;
No gift on him bestow'd he hath abus'd,
But better'd by his better life's direction,
Keeping contempt of virtue in subjection;
A penitential, contrite votary
To sanctimonious, taintless purity.

Earth's joy; for in the earth he liv'd renown'd
By all the excellency of nature's art;
With all the boast and pith of honour crown'd
That royalty to merit could impart,
The wreath of joys was set beneath his heart;
The light of worth's delight, the pharos tower,
Which was refulgent by his lordly power.

Thus in the jollity of human pleasure,
Advanc'd to steps of state and high degree,
Belovèd and ador'd in equal measure,
Of greatest and the meanest fate's decree,
Bent power against his power, for, ay me!—
Fie on that *for!*—whiles he in glory stood
Of worldly pomp, cold droop'd his noble blood.

O, what Heraclitus[28] would spare his eyes
To shower tears in showers, and distil
The liquid of a griev'd heart's sacrifice,
Which will consume itself? what doleful knell
Of piercing groans will sigh the worst of ill,—
The worst of ill, the worst of cruel fate
Could spit even in the bitterness of hate?

All ye who hitherto have read his story,
Just panegyrics of heroic deeds,
Prepare your eyes to weep, your hearts to sorry
The wreck of darkness which from death proceeds,
The murder of delight which murder breeds:
Lo, here an alteration briefly chang'd;
Now all but joy, now from all joy estrang'd.

[28] *Heraclitus*] Wrong quantity. D.

O coward times, why do you keep your days?
O orbs of heaven, why do you run your course?
O seas, why do not floods your waves upraise,
And ne'er reflow again with moderate source?
O sun, why dost not quench thy beams' hot force?
O, why do all things certain-settled tarry,
Save men's short lives, who still unconstant vary?

Instance unpartial death, deaf sorrow's subject,
Pleasure's abater, fickle youth's despiser,
Headstrong in malice, inaffected object
To every sense, the subtle sly enticer
To gilded hopes, the heaven's will's revisor;
Instance his triumph, instance his sure dart,
Which misseth none, hits home still to the heart.

Now had the season entertain'd the spring,
And given a welcome to the days of mirth,
When sweet harmonious birds began to sing
With pleasant roundelays, which grac'd the earth
By long expectance of the blossoms' birth;
When at the dawn of Flora's trimmèd pride,
Ere she perfum'd the air, great Devonshire died.

He died; a sullied word, a word of ruth,
For ever be it stamp'd in misery;
Fearful unto the old, hated of youth,
Mark'd with the finger of calamity,
Blotted from light of day, night's heraldry:
He died; brief accents, but enduring woe;
The letters for whole dates of griefs[29] may go.

[29] *griefs*] Qy. "grief"? D.

Torment of mischief, how thou grat'st my breast!
Mischief of torment, how thou rack'st my soul!
Unhappy cares, how is your heart distrest!
Wretched unhappiness, which dost control
The bliss of comfort, and alike enrol
Sad fortune in the dust; break life asunder:
Death is life's miracle, scorn's thankless wonder.

Wonder, O, wonder of short-breathèd error,
A relic consecrated to defame,
A curb unto the wise, to fools a terror,
A terror of contempt, fear, hate, and shame,
A black oblivionising of worth's name,
A raser-out of memory, the merit
Of many noble peers and peerless spirit.

Who died? not he whose mongrel baser thought
Was steepèd in the puddle of servility;
Not he who days of easy softness sought,
But threats of horror fitting his nobility,
To coronise high-soar'd gentility:
Who died? a man; nay, more, a perfect saint,
Leaving the world in tears of sad complaint.

Life? ah, no life, but soon-extinguish'd tapers;
Tapers? no tapers, but a burnt-out light;
Light? ah, no light, but exhalation's vapours;
Vapours? no vapours, but ill-blinded sight;
Sight? ah, no sight, but hell's eternal night;
A night? no night,[30] but picture of an elf;
An elf? no elf, but very death itself.

[30] *night,*] The 4to has "might." D.

Then life is death, and death the farthest goal
Of transitory frailty to conclude
The freedom of the while-imprison'd soul,
And stop the streams of heat, by death subdu'd
To wan and chilly cold: fate's hand is rude,
None favouring the limit of an hour,
But doth all sort of states alike devour.

Devour thou them, and surfeit on the bait
Of thine insatiate rapine; exercise
The utmost of thy vengeance, nor delay 't:
Let meagre gluttony yet tyrannise
To use extremes; thy power we despise:
Kill whom thou dar'st; since Devonshire did depart,
We scorn the malice of thine envious dart.

Sleep still in rest, honour thy bones enshrine,
Victorious lord, sweet peace attend thy grave;
Mount thy best part with angel's wings divine,
About the throne of Jove in quires to crave
By madrigals the joys that thou wouldst have:
So ever shall, while dates of times remain,
The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

If to be learnèd in the arts of skill,
If to be beautified with choice of nature,
If to be guiltless from the soil of ill,—
Save soil of slander,—if the perfect feature
Consist in being heaven's quaintest architecture,
Then ever shall, while dates of times remain,
The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

If to be fear'd and lov'd be human glory,
If to be 'dow'd with plenty of desert,
If to be chronicled in honour's story,
If youth, which grave discretion did convert,
Itself in commendation may insert,
Then ever shall, while dates of times remain,
The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

If wisdom stand in checking rasher folly,
If virtue do depend on perfect zeal,
He in the one was wise, in th' other holy;
If to regard the prosperous commonweal
Be shows of commendation to reveal,
Then ever shall, while dates of times remain,
The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

If to be virtuous, zealous, valiant, wise,
Learnèd, respective of his country's good,
Upright, in case of conscience precise,
Just, bounteous, pitiful, noble by blood,
Be to deserve the name of livelihood,
Then ever shall, while dates of times remain,
The heavens thy soul, the earth thy fame contain.

For thou wast all of these; too high for earth,
Therefore more fit for heaven, where thou reignest;
The angels joy'd thy soul's delightful mirth,
And therefore fetch'd thee hence; whereby thou gainest
The fruit of paradise, where thou remainest,
And ever shalt remain, from us bereaven,
Great as thou wast on earth, more great in heaven.

But, O, give leave, ere I forbear my pen,
Thy worth in what I may t' exemplify,
And set thee as a precedent to men,
The due of thy desert to amplify,
And thy humanity to deify;
Of thy much merit to cast-up the sum,
Thus be thy epitaph, and here thy tomb.

EPITAPHS.

TOMB I.

The course of time hath finish'd now his breath,
Whom brunt of war could never force to death;
Whose thirst of worth the world could not suffice,
Within a breadth of earth contented lies.

Betwixt the gods and men doubly divided,
His soul with them, his fame with us abided;
In this his life and death was countervail'd,
He justly liv'd belov'd, he died bewail'd.

And so his happy memory
Shall last to all posterity.

TOMB II.

Day weareth day, hour consumes hour,
Years years, and age doth age devour;
The man who now beholds the sun,
Ere it decline his life is done.

So by this great lord doth appear,
Whose honour'd bones lie buried here;
Whose bones, though they interrèd lie,
His glorious name will never die,

But live in praise
To after-days.

TOMB III.

Here lies he dead, who living liv'd in fame,
Consum'd in body, fresh-reviv'd in name;
His worthy deeds exceeded term of date,
Alike his praise will never stoop to fate.

For who is he that can suppose
That stones great Devonshire could enclose?
Whose noble acts renownèd were
Whilesas he livèd everywhere.

England rejoicèd in his valour's due,
Which Ireland felt, and feeling did it rue;
But now by destiny here sleeps he dead,
Whilesas his glory through the world is spread;

Urging the great in emulation
Of his true honour's commendation.

TOMB IV.

No one exceeds in all; yet amongst many,
Yea, amongst all, he could do more than any;
Though more than mortal virtue grac'd his mind,
He was unto a mortal end confin'd,

And forc'd to yield unto death's force,
Who in his shaft hath no remorse;
Princes, beggars, great and small,
He spareth none, he killeth all.

So did he rob high Devonshire of his breath,
Whose worth in spite of death will outlive death:
Advantage such his merit doth retain,
He in his name will live renew'd again.

And so, though death his life deprive,
His life in death will new-revive.

TOMB V.

By
Cruel dint
Of death's respectless dart
Great Devonshire's soul
Did from his body part,
And left his carcass in this earthly slime,
Whiles his fame's essence to the skies did climb,
Roving abroad, to fill the latter days
With wonder of his just-deservèd praise;
So that each age will in the time to come
Admire his worthiness, and mourn his tomb;

Which they shall ever count a shrine
Of some deceasèd saint divine.

TOMB VI.

Lo, here
I rest,
Who living
Was ador'd
With all the honour
Love could have implor'd;
What earthly pomp might beautify my name,
In pride of glory I enjoy'd the same:

A champion ever ready to defend her,
A senator prest always to commend her:
Though with my heart's delight my life is grac'd,
Yet I in peace of death was cross'd at last.

And now entombèd here I lie,
A mirror in eternity.

TOMB VII.

O, whatsoe'er thou be that passest by,
Look on this hearse, and weep thy eyelids dry;
The monument of worth, the angels' pleasure,
Which hoardeth glory's rich invalu'd treasure;

The relics of a saint, an earthly creature
Clad in the perfect mould of angel-feature;
Who lives even after life, now being dead,
Welcome to heaven, in earth canonisèd.

The shouts of fame
Echo his name.

TOMB VIII.

In blessèd peace and soul-united rest
Here sleeps the carcass of a peer most blest,
Whose downfall all the plots of cursèd fight
Could not procure, or terrify his might.

But evermore he tam'd the pride of folly,
And castigated drifts of slaves unholy:
Yet death at last, with force of vigour grim,
When he had conquer'd many, conquer'd him.

And here amongst the quiet numbers
Of happy souls he sweetly slumbers.

TOMB IX.

The boast of Britain and the life of state,
The pith of valour, nobleness innate,
Foes' scourge, friends' hopes, sustainer of the poor,
Whom most men did embrace, all men adore;

Fautor of learning, quintessence of arts,
Honour's true livelihood, monarch of hearts,
The sacred offspring of a virtuous womb,
Lies here enshrinèd in this hallow'd tomb;

From out whose phœnix-dust ariseth
Renown which earth's whole globe enticeth.

Lo, here Nine Tombs, on every tomb engrav'd
Nine epitaphs, showing that Worthies Nine
For each peculiar one a tomb hath crav'd,
That their deserts, who while the[y] liv'd did shine,
Might now be monumented in their shrine:
Yet all those Nine no glory hence have gain'd,
For Devonshire in himself all Nine contain'd.

The Nine poor figures of a following substance
Did but present an after-age's mirror,
Who should more fame than they deserv'd advance,
And manifest the truth of that time's error,
Including Devonshire, earth's admirèd terror;
For all the poets who have sung of them
Have but in mystery adorèd him.

O, now drop eyeballs into sink of mud;
Be harsh the tunes of my unfeather'd Muse;
Sorrow, suck-up my griefs, consume the blood
Of my youth's mirth; let meagre death infuse
The soul of gladness to untimely news:
Dead is the height of glory, dead is all
The pride of earth which was angelical.

Ah, that the goddess whom in heart I serve,
Though never mine, bright Lycia the cruel,
The cruel-subtle, would the name deserve
Of lesser wise, and not abuse the jewel
Of wit, which adds unto my flame more fuel:
Her thoughts to elder merits are confin'd,
Not to the solace of my younger mind.

Be't so: yet on the theme of this I'll spend
The residue of plaints, and ever mourn
The loss of this great lord, till travails send
More comfort to my wretched heart forlorn,
Who since at home disgrac'd, abroad is borne
To sigh the remnant of my wearied breath
In lamentations of his hapless death.

Sheathe-up the sword of war, for Mars is dead;
Seal-up the smoothèd lips of eloquence,
For flowing Mercury is buried;
Droop wisdom, Numa's grave intelligence
Is vanish'd, African's stout eminence
In Devonshire lies obscur'd, for he alone
Exceeded all; they all died in him one.

Charles the Great is dead, who far excell'd
Charles whom former times did call the Great;
Charles who, whilom whiles on earth he dwell'd,
Adorn'd the exaltation of his seat,
By the alarum of death's grim retreat
Is muster'd to the camp from whence he came,
Cherubs and seraphims of dateless fame.

O, that a man should ever be created
To eternise his glory here on earth,
Yet have his pomp of glory soon abated,
Even at the present issue of his birth,
And lose the trophy of that instant mirth!
Here is the guerdon'd meed of victory,
No sooner to achieve, as soon to die.

Is death the reward of a glorious deed?
Is death the fee of valour? Is desert
Repaid with death? Shall honour's gain proceed
By loss of life? O, then, a coward's heart
Of earthly comfort hath the better part:
Then better live in peace and live, than try
The brunt of conquest, and regardless die.

Die thoughts of such disgrace, die thirst of state,
Die thoughts of empty-air'd ambition,
Die thoughts of soaring majesty[31] elate,
Die inclination to conscript condition,
Die pride of empire, sovereignty's commission;
All that in soul of life may be esteem'd,
O, die; fate cannot be with bribes redeem'd.

Die portly hunger of eternity,
Die hot desires of unbounded pleasure,
Die greediness of false prosperity,
Die giddy solace of ill-suited leisure,
Die hopes of hoarded canker-eaten treasure:
Ambition, empire, glory, hopes, and joy,
For ever die, for death will all destroy.

For death will all destroy, as he hath done
In seizing to his strong, remorseless gripe
All triumphs noble Devonshire e'er won,
Plucking the blossoms of his youth unripe,
And make them yield unto his thankless gripe:
But, ah, why should we task his dart uneven,
Who took from earth what was more fit for heaven?

[31] *majesty*] The 4to has "majesty's." D.

He was more fit for heaven than to survive
Amongst the chaff of this unseason'd age,
Where new fantastic joys do seek to thrive
By following sensual toys of folly's rage,
Making the gloss of vice true virtue's badge:
He saw that shame which misery begun it,
Seeing he did it scorn, and scorning shun it.

Hence sprung the venom of impoison'd hate,
Poor malediction's sting, who did despise
Bright honour's stamp, which in his bosom sate,
For that he could not brook to temporise
With humours maskèd in those times' disguise.
But let dogs bark, his soul's above their anger;
They cannot wound his worth with envy's slander.

He sleeps securèd, and in blessèd slumbers
Of peaceful rest he careless rests in peace,
Singing loud anthems with the sacred numbers
Of happy saints, whose notes do never cease,
But evermore renewing fresh increase:
Whiles he doth sing, and angels pleasure take,
We mourn his death, and sorry for his sake.

Not for his sake, but for our hapless own,
Who had so rich a prize and did not know it;
Jewels being had, for jewels are not known,
For men in happy fortune do forslow it,
The value when 'tis lost does chiefly show it:
So wretched is our blindness and so hateful,
As for the gifts we have we are ungrateful.

Even as a poring scholar, who hath read
Some cosmographic book, and finds the praise
Of some delicious land decipherèd,
Casts sundry plots how, by what means and ways,
He may partake those pleasures; months and days
Being spent, he goes, and ravish'd with the main
Of such delight, he ne'er returns again;

So Devonshire, by the books of inspiration,
Contemplating the joys of heaven's content
In serious thoughts of meditation,
Which he in perfect zeal had long time spent,
Thirsting to be immortal, hence he went;
He thither comes, and glorying in that sphere,[32]
Unmindful of his[33] home, he triumphs there.

Long may he triumph, overtopping clouds
Of our all-desperate mould's vexation,
Pitying the sorrow which our danger crowds
With joyless taste of true joy's desolation,
Whiles he enjoys his soul's high delectation!
Long may he live, whom death now cannot move!
His fame below, his spirit wings above;

Above the reach of human wit's conceit,
Above the censure of depravèd spite,
Above earth's paradise's counterfeit,
Above imagination of delight,
Above all thoughts to think, or pens to write;
There doth he dateless days of comfort spend,
Renownèd in his life, blest in his end.

[32] *glorying in that sphere,*] The 4to has "*glorying* it *in*," &c. D.
[33] *his*] The 4to has "this." D.

Anagramma ex Camdeno.

CAROLUS BLUNTUS.

Bonus, ut sol clarus.

In life upright, and therefore rightly *good*,
Whose glory shin'd on earth, and thence a *sun*
By his renown *as clear* he's understood,
Whose light did set whenas his life was done:
Bright as the sun, good ever to advance
The soul of merit, spurning ignorance.

Good in the virtue of his powerful arm,
Which brought more peace to peace, chas'd fears of harm;
And whiles he liv'd a wonder maz'd the light,
Two suns appear'd at once, at once as bright;
For when he died and left his fame behind,
One *sun* remain'd, the truest *sun* declin'd.

Dignum laude virum
Musa vetat mori.

ON THE BEST OF ENGLISH POETS,[1]

BEN JONSON,

DECEASED.

So seems a star to shoot, when from our sight
Falls the deceit, not from its loss of light;
We want use of a soul, who merely know
What to our passion or our sense we owe:
By such a hollow glass our cozen'd eye
Concludes alike all dead whom it sees die.
Nature is knowledge here, but unrefin'd,
Both differing as the body from the mind;
Laurel and cypress else had grown together,
And wither'd without memory to either:
Thus undistinguish'd might in every part
The sons of earth vie with the sons of art.
Forbid it,[2] holy reverence, to his name,
Whose glory hath fill'd-up the book of fame;
Where in fair capitals, free, uncontroll'd,
Jonson, a work of honour, lives enroll'd;
Creates that book a work; adds this far more,
'Tis finish'd what unperfect was before.
The Muses, first in Greece begot, in Rome
Brought forth, our best of poets have call'd home,
Nurst, taught, and planted here; that Thames now sings
The Delphian altars and the sacred springs.
By influence of this sovereign, like the spheres,
Mov'd each by other, the most low in years

[1] *On the best of English poets*, &c.] From *Ionsonvs Virbivs*, &c. 1638. 4to. D.

[2] *Forbid it*, &c.] This line is omitted by Gifford! D.

Consented[3] in their harmony; though some,
Malignantly aspécted, overcome
With popular opinion, aim'd at name
More than desert: yet in despite of shame
Even they, though foil'd by his contempt of wrongs,
Made music to the harshness of their songs.
Drawn to the life of every line[4] and limb
He—in his truth of art, and that in him—
Lives yet, and will whiles letters can be read:
The loss is ours; now hope of life is dead.
Great men and worthy of report must fall
Into their earth, and sleeping there sleep all;
Since he, whose pen in every strain did use
To drop a verse, and every verse a Muse,
Is vow'd to heaven; as having with fair glory
Sung thanks of honour, or some nobler story.
The court, the university, the heat
Of theatres, with what can else beget
Belief and admiration, clearly prove
Our poet fi[rs]t in merit as in love.
Yet if he do not at his full appear,
Survey him in his works, and know him there.

JOHN FORD.[5]

[3] *Consented*] The 4to has "Contented." D.

[4] *line*] Gifford printed "eye"! D.

[5] It does not appear that Ford had any personal friendship with Jonson, though he might perhaps have known and been known to him; since Ben had, as he says, from his first entrance into life cultivated an acquaintance with the most celebrated professors of the law. As far, however, as respects their dramatic career, they have nothing in common; for Jonson had, in some measure, withdrawn from the stage many years before Ford's first-published piece appeared on it. Jonson produced but one play (*The Staple of News*) during the long period of fourteen [nine] years (from 1616 to 1630 [1625]); nor would he, perhaps, have returned to the theatre, had not disease and its concomitant, want, compelled his "faint and faltering tongue," as he pathetically says, to have recourse to it for the means of an immediate though temporary relief. It is evident, however, that our poet entertained a great degree of kindness and respect for Jonson; with whose friends he seems to have been chiefly conversant.

LINES

Prefixed[1] to *Fovre Bookes of Offices: Enabling Privat persons for the speciall seruice of all good Princes and Policies, made and deuised by Barnabe Barnes. London Printed at the charges of George Bishop, T. Adams, and C. Burbie.* 1606. folio.

John Ford in commendation of his very good friend the Author.

NOT to adorn but to commend this frame
Drawn by the curious hand of judgment's art;
Nor to commend, for this commends the same,
But solace to thy labours to impart:
A work of thanks, outliving term of fate,
In brief prescriptions of a formal state.

Great were thy pains, but greater is thy fame,
Lock'd in the jewel-house of precious treasure;
Which doth by counsel's wisdom rear thy name
In equal justice of well-balanc'd measure:
Thou teachest soldiers discipline of fight,
And they again defend thy merit's right.

Write on, rare mirror of these abject days,
Thy good example others will advise;
Thy subject values love, thy studies praise,
A precedent to youth, life to the wise:
So ever shall, while time and empires last,
Thy works by thee, thou by thy works be grac'd.

Verba, decor, gravitas confirmat, denotat, ornat
Auctorem lepidum, re, gravitate, manu.

JOHANNES FORD, *Encomiastes.*

[1] *Lines prefixed,* &c.] Not reprinted by Gifford.—The copy of Barnes's work in the British Museum wants these lines; which I give from Haslewood's "Advertisement" to his edition of Ford's *Fame's Memorial.* D.

LINES

Prefixed[1] to several editions of *Sir Thomas Ouerbury his Wife.*

A Memorial offered to that man of virtue, Sir Thomas Overbury.

ONCE dead and twice alive; Death could not frame
A death whose sting could kill him in his fame.
He might have liv'd, had not the life which gave
Life to his life betray'd him to his grave.
If greatness could consist in being good,
His goodness did add titles to his blood.
Only unhappy in his life's last fate,
In that he liv'd so soon, to die so late.
Alas, whereto shall men oppressèd trust,
When innocence can not protect the just?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemy his ruin but his friend:
Cold friendship, where hot vows are but a breath
To guerdon poor simplicity with death.
Was never man that felt the sense of grief
So Overbury'd in a safe belief:
Belief? O, cruel slaughter! times unbred
Will say, Who dies that is untimely dead
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace
In friendship, 'twas but Overbury's case;
Which shall not more commend his truth than prove
Their guilt who were his opposites in love.

[1] *Lines prefixed*, &c.] Not reprinted by Gifford. D.

Rest, happy man; and in thy sphere of awe
Behold how justice sways the sword of law,
To weed-out those whose hands embru'd in blood
Cropt-off thy youth and flower in the bud.
Sleep in thy peace: thus happy hast thou prov'd
Thou mightst have died more known, not more belov'd.

Jo[HN] Fo[RD].

OF THIS INGENIOUS COMEDY,[1] THE WEDDING:

To Master James Shirley the Author.

THE bonds are equal, and the marriage fit,
Where judgment is the bride, the husband wit.
Wit hath begot, and judgment hath brought forth,
A noble issue of delight and worth,
Grown in this comedy to such a strength
Of sweet perfection, as that not the length
Of days, nor rage of malice, can have force
To sue a nullity, or work divorce
Between this well-trimm'd Wedding and loud Fame,
Which shall in every age renew thy name.

JOHN FORD.

[1] *Of this ingenious comedy*, &c.] Not reprinted by Gifford. D.

HONOUR TRIUMPHANT.

Honor Trivmphant: or the Peeres Challenge, by Armes defensible, at Tilt, Turney, and Barriers. In honor of all faire Ladies, and in defence of these foure positions following. 1 *Knights in Ladies service haue no free-will.* 2 *Beauty is the mainteiner of valour.* 3 *Faire Lady was neuer false.* 4 *Perfect lovers are onely wise. Mainteined by Arguments. Also the Monarches Meeting: or The King of Denmarkes welcome into England. Tam Mercurio, quam Marti. At London Printed for Francis Burton.* 1606. 4to.

This tract was not known to Gifford; and is known to me only from the reprint of it, in 1843, for the Shakespeare Society. D.

TO THE MOST NOBLE LORD, THE DUKE OF LENNOX HIS GRACE.

FIRST POSITION.

Knights in ladies' service have no free-will.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ARUNDEL.

SECOND POSITION.

Beauty is the maintainer of valour.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THIRD POSITION.

Fair lady was never false.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF MONTGOMERY.

FOURTH POSITION.

Perfect lovers are only wise.

TO THE

RIGHTLY HONOURABLE AND TRULY WORTHY LADIES,

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE AND THE COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY.

MOST EXCELLENT LADIES,

WHERE perfect honour is ennobled with accomplished perfection, beauty is not scant, which evermore is the glorious shrine of honourable favour; else had I misconceited mine own hopes and been gravelled in mine own conceits; but my strong confidence is my confident warrant: neither can ye distrust that which explains but what is done for you, what is done by yours. If the pleasure ye shall take in the defenders, who are yours by the defence which is for you, be great, then the acceptance cannot be less in reading the reasons for that defence, especially being to you devoted, and only to you devoted. What defects and weakly-maintaining arguments in the arguments there are, your protection shall wipe off, and the truth itself —which needs no lustre—chiefly privilege. I affect no singularity, I boast no affectation; yet can I not freeze in the one when I am temperately heated with the other. To whom, noble Countesses, should I dedicate the ornaments of love and beauty but to

the beautifulest ornaments worthy to be beloved? Neither doubt I but as these endeavours were willingly intended, so will they as gratefully be accepted. Otherwise,—as I hope, as I fear not,—I will be an alien to mine own issue, as unworthy to be christened for mine, since disesteemed in being mine. Others who oppose themselves, if not by Mercury persuaded, I refer to be by Mars enforced. So, adventuring at once all my deserts in your like or dislike, I rest,

Devoted to your honourable virtues,

JOHN FORD.

TO

EVERY SUNDRY-OPINIONED READER.

READER,

I intend not to make any tedious apology. If thou be my friend, thou wilt censure friendly; if a stranger, indifferently; if an enemy, I esteem thee not. Then thus;

I write not to content each cavilling brain,
But eyes of noblest spirits: he that loves me
Will thank my labours and commend my vein;
For any other's envy, least it moves me.
He that will storm at every wrongful hate
Must not refer it to desert, but fate.

Let ladies smile upon my lines, I care not
For idle faults in graver censor's eye;
On whose opinion—truth it is—I dare not
The merit of my studies to rely:
Here is the comfort which doth cheer despair;
I shall be lik'd not of the grave, but fair.

Meritum rependant venustæ.

HONOUR TRIUMPHANT.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD THE DUKE OF LENNOX HIS GRACE.

FIRST POSITION.

Knights in ladies' service have no free-will.

RIGHT NOBLE LORD,

How certain it is, both by the tradition of ancient and modern judgments avowed, that every man is not born for himself, the communication of the saw and the authority of reason shall be a privilege sufficient; but how much mistaken both the philosophers of old and later neoterics have been, their own ignorance makes manifest. A man, say they, is partly born for his country, partly for his parents, partly for his friends; nothing, or—if anything yet—least and lastly for himself. True; yet had the sensible touch of passion touched them with the feeling of a passionate sense, how much more, and more truly, might they have affirmed, that the chiefest creation of man was—next his own soul—to do homage to the excellent frame of beauty—a woman! a woman, the art of nature, the lively perfection of heaven's architecture: for though

Man be the little world where wonder lies,

yet

Women are saints above earth's paradise.

For what is he who is so absolute a lord of himself, so powerful in his own power, so free of his own affections, as being ensnared in the pleasing servitude of a gracious beauty, can or durst to undertake any occasion of remissness, but his own heart will be the first guilty accuser of his own folly, and his sincere repentance do penance in the language of grief, in the grief of despair? Again, what is he, then, that being free from this captived happiness of love, as it were, disdaining to stoop to the bondage of beauty, will not at length feel the misery of his scorn, and be scorned in the wreck of his misery? Besides, may he not be desperate of his own merit to think himself the only exiled abject, banished from out the acceptance of a lady's favour; as also his own unworthiness, which cannot deserve so delicious a blessing? Say, then, such a one be entertained as a happy servant to a more glorious mistress, how soon, how much is his own free rule of himself endeared to the command of a precious goddess! neither then hath he, neither is it meet he should have, any more domination over his own affections. Mars throws down his weapons, and Venus leads him captive: the lustre of her eyes and the glory of her worth are of such unresistable a force, as the weakness of his manhood or the aptness of his frailty are neither able to endure the one's reflection, or withstand the other's temptation. How then? must he yield? true; not to captivity, but freedom; for to be captived to beauty is to be free to virtue. Who would not put off an armour of hard steel, and turn from his enemies, to be enchained in pleasure, and turn to a lady in a bed of soft down? Foolish hardiness is hardened foolishness, when securest love is the loveliest security.

Love once was free from love, and had a will,
To play the wanton wag: he struck full many,
And took delight soft thought of ease to kill;
Yet he himself was never spoil'd of any.
Love careless would go walk, when by a grove
Love saw a nymph, when straight Love fell in love.

Cupid with Psyche[1] fell in love, whose beauty
Dazzled the lustre of his wandering eye;
Forcing his heart devote obsequious duty
Unto the wonder of her deity.
Herein was Cupid blind, who else could see
Love now captiv'd his heart, which erst was free.

Love hath no power ere he gain his rest
But to impawn, swear, promise, and protest:
Alas, what is it, then, that men in bed
Will not vow, urge, to gain a maidenhead!
Which being got, they ever after stand
Devoted to their ladies' dear command.

Then what man of reason is he, who would be so unreasonable in his own desires to wish himself obstinately foolish, or think himself foolishly wise, by containing his own dissolute enfranchisement in the boundless limits of his own frantic wilfulness? Such and of such nature are they who, in the rancorous spleens of an unprevailing rancour, durst not only in the malice of their tongues to speak, but in the venom of their hearts to copy out whole pamphlets against the dignity of the female sex; either without respect that they themselves came from a woman, or without regard that a woman wrought the peace for their weak-

[1] *Psyche*] The old copy has "Psiches," proper names being formerly often used in the genitive. D.

ballast souls. O, but, say such, had not a woman been the tempter and efficient of our fall, we had not needed a redemption.[2] Alas, silly betrayers of your own folly, wretched blasphemers against the perfection of nature, can ye not, or will ye not understand that the blessing of this fall is salvation, assurance of heaven, certainty of joys? Yes; it is doubtlessly probable[3] that women are nature's pride, virtue's ornaments, angels on earth worthy to be served, saints in heaven memorable to be registered.

Ne ii sunt amore digni,
Quos indignos rejicit amor.

Would any man live happy in content of mind, fortunate in prosperity of content, singular in the repute of account, blessed in being enriched with earth's rarest blessing? let him then ennoble his deserts by deserving to be beloved: of whom? of popular opinion, or unstable vulgar dependences? No; but of love itself—a woman. Would any be miserable? let him be excluded from the favour of beauty; and it is a misery incomparable, a torment unspeakable, a death, yea, a hell insufferable. How, then, comes it to pass that some vain oppugners of love think that, by serving of a lady, they themselves both honour in their love, and ought to be honoured for loving of their beloved? It is easily answered: by the imperfection of their manhood, and pride of their gross erroneous folly. For this, in the rules of affection, is text: whosoever truly love, and are truly of their ladies beloved, ought in their service to employ their endeavours, more for the honour and deserving the continuance of their ladies' good-will, than any way to

[2] *redemption.*] The old copy has "redemptions." D.
[3] *probable*] i. e. proveable. D.

respect the free-will of their own heedless dispositions; else are they degenerate bastards and apostates, revolting from the principles and principal rules of sincere devotion. It is not enough for any man, that hath by long suit, tedious imprecations, jeopardous hazard, toil of body, grief of mind, pitiful laments, obsequious fawnings, desperate passions, and passionate despair, at length, for a meed or requital to his unrest, gained the favourable acceptance of his most and best desired lady; it is not, I say, then enough for such a man to think that, by his penance in obtaining, he hath performed a knight's service, having obtained; but he must thenceforth as much employ his industry to preserve. For well said the poet, whosoever said it,

Non minor est virtus quam quærere parta tueri.

Perfect service and serviceable loyalty is seen more clearly in deserving love and maintaining it than in attempting or labouring for it. How can any one be said truly to serve, when he more respects the liberty of his own affections than the imposition of ladies' command? To attain happiness, and then neglect it, is but an unhappy negligence, a negligent unhappiness; it is an unthankful ingratitude, than which nothing can be to heaven more heinous, and in the regard of men more detestable.

Herein are certain chuffs differing from the glorious nature of gentility, who, having stumbled upon the rarity of beauty, are cloyed in their own delicacies; not prizing the invaluable jewel of what they possess, not esteeming the benefit of their precious felicity, but, like swine, touse pearl without respect; whenas generous spirits glory in their ample fortune, and subject themselves to their chiefest glory; for to be a deserving servant to a deserved lady is liberally to

enjoy heaven on earth. If therefore the scope of mortality consist in the fruition of imparadised content, or a contented paradise, how requisite is it that knights—for under these titles of honour do I conclude[4] true lovers—should lose the freedom of their own wills to be serviceable to the wills of their choicest ladies! Who can serve two masters? Who can be master of himself when he is a servant to his lady, but either he scorns the humility due to her, or affects a singularity to himself: if the one, he is no servant; if the other, an unfit lover. Why? for because a true lover must frame his actions to the behests of his lady, and magnifying her worthiness. Hence is it said, and truly said, *knights in ladies' service have no free-will;* that is, they ought not to be their own, nor subject to their own pleasure, unless to please themselves in the recreation which tendeth to their ladies' honour. How pithily said a wise man;

Non amare decet, et amari præstat.

To love is common to sensuality, but to be beloved is the crown of desert: they best deserve to be beloved who deserve love, and they principally deserve love who can moderate their private affection, and level the scope of desert to the executing their ladies' command, and adorn their names by martial feats of arms: as, for instance, Paris defended Helen with the loss of his life; Troilus would fight for Cressida; Æneas won Lavinia with the dint of his weapon and sweat of blood; Pelops hazarded his life for Hippodamia. Yea, what better example than of late in our own territory? that noble, untimely-cropt spirit of honour, our English Hector, who cared not to undergo any gust of spleen and censure for his never-

[4] *conclude*] i.e. include. D.

sufficiently admired Opia, a perfect Penelope to her ancient knight Ulysses; he an unfeigned Ulysses to her, for whose sake neither the wiles of Circe,[5] or enchantments of Sirens, or brunt of wars, could force or entice to forgetfulness. But examples may seem rather tedious than convenient: I leave the certainty of them to their authors, with this proviso, that what is manifest needs no commentary. Now, then, considering the perfections of ladies have been, both in former and modern ages, so resonant through every climate of the world, what dull spirit, what leaden apprehension hath he, that would be more curious to undertake the yoke of their service than forward to participate their beauties! Lentulus, the Roman warrior, after all his conquests abroad, was willingly captived and conquered at home; insomuch as, at the first view of Terentia, he feared not to say, *Non bellum, non fortuna:* Fate cannot limit, war cannot subdue, the efficacy of love.

The fleeting passions of disloyal minds
  Proceed from wrong-directed scope of lust;
Inconstant change beseems gross-feeding hinds,
  In whose deserts is neither faith or trust;
When noble spirits in the bonds of duty
Pay tribute to the excellence of beauty.

For gentle temper, of a freer blood,
  Counts bondage to a lady willing pleasure,
Adoring service of best worthy good,
  And deems their toil for favour pleasing leisure;
Not reckoning command servility,
But true performance true nobility.

To talk, converse, or dally, is not love,
  But amorous wantonness of idle play:

[5] *Circe*] The old copy has "Circes:" see note p. 345. D.

Brunts of defence do firm affection prove:
Who would not fight when beauty is the prey?
Then who is he who would not think he's free
When he's enthrall'd to love's captivity?

Love's captivity is freedom's enfranchisement, and whosoever is a prisoner to the merit of fairness is absolutely naturalised a denizen to happiness. To conclude, — for in known verities many proofs are needless, — a true and truly-loving knight's liberty ought to be enchained to the disposure of his lady: her will must be to him a law, and that law not penal, but irrefragable. The sincerity of his tried affection must be an obstacle to wilfulness, with due consideration, that although he be bound to undergo her pleasure, so he shall undertake no shame that may displease; for from the fair proceeds nothing but what is fair. Ladies are mild and fearful to impose dangers; wise, and will prevent them, especially such dangers as either may threaten inglorious dishonour, or likely peril to their beloved. Timorous they are of the worst, careful—and in that care ambitious—for the best. Nature made them females, virtuously kind, women angelically virtuous: horror befits not their sex, or unthankfulness their beauties; for although war defends the right of love, yet love cannot brook the severity of war;

Dalliance in chambers, harmless play and sport,
Do with the sweets of love much better sort.

Since, then, ladies are moulded of this temper, and tempered in the mould of love, mildness, and kindness, what is that knight that would not be their captive? insomuch as the bluntest cynic must in reason avow, that it is most reason that *knights in ladies' service have no free-will.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ARUNDEL.

SECOND POSITION.

Beauty is the maintainer of valour.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

It is no prejudice to the precious charity of knowledge, even in undoubted truths, to make truth more doubtless; for in matters of wrong arguments do confound sense, when in explanation of right they do sensibly approve it. 'Tis good; mystery in demonstration is a confused niceness. So known is the certainty of this position *et domi et foris*, that whosoever would seem ignorantly strange would but bewray his strangely-rude ignorance in seeming so. Beauty, say we, is the maintainer of valour. Who is so blunt as knows it not? who is so blockish as will not—and may with justice—defend it? An instance, even in the entrance, shall be no absurdity. In the infancy of the Roman empire,—as Plutarch to the purpose rehearseth,—the Romans violently seized upon the Sabines' ladies: by violence they won them, by valour they justified their winning; insomuch as ever after betwixt these warlikē nations began both increase of hatred and defiance of hostilities. In which times kissing had his first original, devised by the Sabine ladies as an earnest-penny of desert to the guerdon of

the Romans' desperate toil. For although in the eyes of some more stoical censurers kissing seems but a needless ceremony, yet in the feeling of love it is the first taste of love, the first certainty of hope, the first hope of obtaining, the first obtaining of favour, the first favour of grant, the first grant of assurance, the first and principalest assurance of affection, the first shadow of the substance of after-contented happiness, happy pleasure, pleasing heaven. But to our matter. Men for the most part—some more heroical inclinations by nature excepted—are, in the frailty of their humanity, so fearful of harms, and so desirous of the preservative of life, as, although not the discouragement of cowardice, yet proper instinct of mortality, will deter them from wilful and imminent running into peril. Some, again, are of that frozen and cold temperature of disposition as, according to the proverb, they esteem it provident safety to sleep in a whole skin. Of this imbecility are many who have only enjoyed the lazy softness of vicious ease, and never felt, at least never conceited, the touch of any misery, no, nor of gentility. The self alone means, therefore, that were to be ordained for a provocation and incitement to livelihood of manhood was the quintessence, rarity, yea, rare quintessence of divine astonishment, Beauty; upon whose all-perfection the greedy eye of desire—even in spirits of clay and mud—being fixed, hath stirred up such a ravishment of possession, as they now esteem all dangers weak, nay, all impossibilities facilities to possess it. That cardinal virtue of invincible fortitude had long since been levelled with cowardice, had not beauty, the alarum to magnanimity, rent the distrust of weakness, and strengthened it with contempt of precedency, emulation of desert. Say, then, how probable is it, how indubitate hereditary is the

dependence of valour to the merit of beauty. Beauty, which pricks-on the slowest, encourageth the faint-hearted, sharpens the dull, commandeth the stoutest, recreateth the weary, and guerdoneth the deserving! Beauty, the largess of the gods, the comfort of men, the bounty of heaven, the prize of earth, the paradise of glory, the *via lactea* to felicity, the wonder of itself. Beauty! This is that Achilles' impenetrable shield which every Ulysses pleads for, every Ajax fights for; this is that golden fleece which the Argonauts sued to find, which Jason toiling enjoyed; this is that famoused trophy which Philip would have his son Alexander in the games of Olympus to wrestle for. How much are they deceived—I mean those fainter bloods—who vainly imagine that soldiers fight for spoil only, generals hazard their persons for greediness, seamen traffic for avarice, knights wander for prey, or that any jeopards his life chiefly for lucre! Does not the merchant venture shipwreck to return with a present that may purchase his lady's liking, and in her liking his own bliss? Does not the soldier fight abroad to preserve his lady in safety at home? Does not the general command, that he may return with victory gracious in his lady's eyes? Does not the knight-errant attempt threatenings of horror, adventures of dread, thunder of death itself, only to rumour his fame in the ears of his lady? Does he not range for the succour of beauty, for the freedom of beauty, for the joy of beauty? And all spoil that the soldier bleeds for, all the greediness that commanders sweat for, all the avarice that the merchant trades for, all the prey that the knight adventures for, all the benefit that every one and all these hope, wish, pray, contend for, is the fruition of beauty; than which nothing can be more grateful, nothing is so acceptable.

VALOUR.

Through streams of blood and massacres of death
I spend the troubles of a glorious breath;
In feats of arms and life's dread desperation
I touse to gain me fame and reputation;
All that I strive for is to comprehend
Honour, to Honour all my labours tend.

HONOUR.

Valour doth aim at me, I aim at Beauty,
And make my greatness greater by my duty;
Valour doth fight for me, when all my prize
Consists in favour of sweet Beauty's eyes:
Honour sustaineth Valour; when again
Beauty feeds Honour, and in that them twain.

BEAUTY.

Mean-bred deserts, who covet much ambition,
Having attain'd it, ever grow ambitious,
Soaring to gain my love, in whose tuition
Their greatness is advanc'd and made propitious.
I strengthen cowards, and exalt the spirits
Of weakness; I maintain proud chivalry;
In me the drifts of Honour pledge their merits,
To guerdon and discern worth's dignity;
And but for me they brunts of hazard loathe:
Honour pays Valour, Beauty rules them both.

The whole scope that valour and men of valiant courage aim their drifts at is, for the most part, a famous name and reputed honour; but the mark which honour directs his level to is to participate the delightful sweets of sweetest beauty; which in all succeeding posterities hath been of so powerful and powerfully-respected awe, that for the hopes which men

have evermore conceived of enjoying it, they have with accoutrements of defence been prest, for fear of losing, to preserve it. Beauty! why, it is the life of magnanimity, it is the perfect spark, whose lustre reflecteth boldness to the timorous. Beauty! what is it, what can it else be, but the model of all fortitude? For this proof—unless I be mistaken, as I am not—did the antiquaries of the elder world, such as were martialists, attribute all worship unto Pallas, all adoration to Bellona, reverencing her as the goddess of arms, yet she a woman. Fair she was, else in vain would she strive with Venus for the golden ball; valiant she was, else with foolish superstition did the ancient best warriors adore her, and the younger sophies allow her. Yes, yes; she was wise, beautiful, and valiant, including this moral, that as she had courage, so was she a woman, whose force was not more fierce to terrify but her beauty was as piercing to wound. Did they applaud her martial disposition? true; but they did reverence her amiable looks: most certain it is, the valiant may and do contend with the valiant, but beauty hath the mastery of both:

Audentes forma cogit audaces.

Love breathes more resolution into the forwardness of the resolved: for never have we read, never heard of any undaunted champion who, being free in his own affections, did strive so much by perilous exploits to adorn the rumour of fame, but, if he after were blest by being an entertained servant to some worthy lady, those dangers which before seemed dangers, he would now deem easy, and all easy achievements toys; only that should then be most honourable which threatened most terror. Hercules valued the swimming over the sea to breed wonder in Deïaneira,

not for that he desired to do it, but because she should admire and commend the deed. Why do spruce courtiers practise courtlike activity, but to breed delight to their ladies? Why do men in general contend to excel in bravery, but to be noted the bravest of their ladies? Why do cormorants hoard treasure, but to attract some lady's liking? Why do poor men toil, great men traverse, but all to one end—to share beauty? Why do kings and greatest princes thirst to enlarge their empires and dominions? but to be noted for more eminent, and more to be loved for that eminence of their ladies? Let us look into all the devoirs of mankind, and they all tend to the content of beauty. Men to honour men is rather a bootless fear than in regardful love; but for men to be honoured of ladies is the scope of all felicity. Men in kindness are mutually lambs, but in corrivalship of love lions. Should I fight for my friend, I might be appeased in my choler; but for my lady I am inexorable:

Chalybs mihi circa pedus.

The tears of widows, the cries of babes, the condolment of parents, the entreaties of children, the wounds of the maimed, the wreck of the oppressed, cannot move pity in a steeled heart which fights for report in the honour of his lady. It is said of the Turks they train their youth in discipline of war with intent of cruelty; believe it, I cannot be persuaded that, being so absolute warriors, they should so wholly be murderous tyrants except to return with triumph in the sight of their ladies. Tamburlaine, the scourge of God and savagest monster of his time, never made a slaughter upon any of his conquered captives but the principalest he ever sent as slaves to his queen Zenocrate, intending that, as she was the deity who infused

strength into his arms, so she should be the whole glory of his triumph.

Pax ruat in bellum, sociumque in prælia fœdus:
Causa subest, nulla fronte regendus amor. [?]

How requisite it is, then, for a kingdom which would be fortified with choice of magnanimous spirits to be also enriched with the ornament of beauty, the expediency in occasions of necessity makes evident. I have often marvelled why the Romans—famous for their loves—going to battle against a world of so many nations as they did, for more surety of victory had not carried their ladies with them, that by the sight of them their enfeebled strength might, like the head of Hydra, doubly have renewed. Doubtless, had Julius Cæsar, at his first arrival for the conquest of Britain, brought with him Cleopatra, he would never have twice suffered so shameful a repulse. What infinite examples might here be alleged for the probation, that beauty hath evermore instigated audacity to the dullest! Finally, in the apprehension of common reason, let every man examine himself, whether it be not the immediate nourisher of all fortitude. It is, it hath been, and ever will be the nurse and food of heroical chivalry; for valour not seasoned with the hopes of love is an irresolute valour.

A soldier and libertine is an unarmed soldier. Beauty is the spur to honour, honour the serviceable attendant on beauty. Yet will some home-bred poring academic say, it is the only means to make a warrior a flat coward; for beauty allures to delights, delights to ease, ease consequently the fosterer to discouraged pusillanimity. But let such an inexperienced plodder know, it is as difficult for him to censure of courage, as it is easy for the courageous to scorn his censure,

or indeed rather pity his ridiculous folly in censuring; as Hannibal did Phormio, when he would read him a lecture of war, who had ever been trained in the wars: as if a mild lover may not dally at home in a cabinet, yet the selfsame be a severe soldier in the field. Let, therefore, every man of reason be reasonable in understanding, and where he cannot contradict, confess that the truth is greatest, and chiefly prevaileth, principally when arms will justify what arguments confirm, and arguments, again, reciprocally corroborate what arms, on the behalf of justice, do maintain, and rightly maintain, that merely of itself *Beauty is the maintainer of valour.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THIRD POSITION.

Fair lady was never false.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

The temperature of the mind follows the temperature of the body; which certain axiom—says that sage prince of philosophers, Aristotle—is evermore infallible. Then, do not I a little marvel what arrogant spleen of malediction, with teeth of juiceless envy, durst to detract from the worthiness of beauty; terming it a particular blessing, bestowed for a more general curse; terming it fickle, deceitful, inconstant, when, if the saws of authority be authentical, nothing can be more precious, nothing in itself more virtuous. Fair lady was never false. O, says some curious impostor, *euge hominem!* a goodly theme: much wit no doubt expected: few proofs produced. Who will not swear the contrary? who will not believe the contrary as his creed? Vain fondlings, as many as so believe doubtless shall be so deceived, and do penance for their error in the gall of their distrust. For, if the temperature of the mind follow the temperature of the body,—text it is,—then, without controversy, as the outward shape is more singular, so the inward virtues must be more exquisite. Nature is but the handmaid to heaven: beauty is the rarest workmanship of nature's power. So, questionless, where the handmaid

of heaven hath imparted her art, the blessings of the gods are plentifully abounding. Neither will they make that lame which nature hath framed perfect. For why, can falsehood lie hidden under the rarity of fairness? No more than vice can lurk under the plumes of virtue, which is merely impossible. Beauty is but a fair inn to lodge more fairer guests within; it is but the lively colour of an excellent-tasting wine; it is the greatest good in itself that heart of humanity can wish for. If deformity be the dregs and scum of earth's disgrace; if it be—as it is—the curse of the parents' transgression laid upon the child, then, contrarily, must beauty be the immediate testimony of heaven's favour. Why were people, in times past, called giants and monsters, but for the ugly appearance of their shapes? Neither were they in body so misshapen as in conditions odious. So, then, even in them it is manifestly verified that foulest enormities harbour in foulest forms; then it follows that firmest virtues are shrouded in the fairest complexions. Some, indeed, oppose an argument, that beauty of itself is a great good, but the abuse most wretched and common, yea, so common, that the very face of beauty is a presumption, yea, more, a warrant of inconstancy. To such is easily replied: Such abuse proceeds not from perfect beauty, but from the adulterate counterfeit of beauty,—art. Of this nature are those that, being intemperately wanton, strive with artificial cunning to cover the defects of nature; for true beauty, as it is of itself a good, so is it in itself simple, innocent, and harmless, into which no thought of unkindness can penetrate: and being once subject to love, can never, will never be tempted to looseness. O, strange! says one. O, heresy! cries another; palpably false, falsely absurd. Do not poets, the pillars

of your folly, affirm that Venus, forsooth, your only deity of your passions, the queen of your thoughts, the boast and goddess of your loves, was absolutely false to her husband? else had Cupid been unborn, Æneas unbegotten. And yet, lady was never fair and false! Was not Helen of Greece made a Trojan stale, a scorn to posterities; whose very name is ominous to cuckolds? Do not all chronicles of antiquity show, not only that the fair, but the fairest, have proved lightest? And yet, fair lady was never false! True; the poets say so, who, being themselves lasciviously addicted, thought it great inhumanity, at least injury, that beauty should be engrossed to the proper use of one alone man. Besides, if poets are to be credited, Venus was a goddess, not framed by nature, but issuing from the gods, and therefore above human apprehension. Poets speak truth to warrant their writs, and so was Venus fair; they devise fictions to approve their wits, so was she immodest: with this caveat, that she was Venus was a troth, that she was trothless a fiction. Also Helen was counted fair because many affected her, procured by her enticing wantonness, inviting allurements. Courteous I think she was, and therefore beloved: fair never, for then not fickle. Indeed, I acknowledge, old writers, being themselves past the youth of love, and sunk into dotage, have inveighed against the dignity of that sex, not upon knowledge, but mere supposition, deeming that because the worst are haunted of the worst for their lewdness, condemn the fairest for being fair, as the principal enchantment. Now so much difference is there betwixt the wanton and the fair, as the wanton may be beloved, but the fair will not be wanton. It is to be supposed, that such as inclined to the loose fickleness of change are not of that excel-

lent temper of true beauty, because then they, knowing their own merit,—as women of that nature do,—would be by how much the more noted, by so much the more tender of the preservation of the [?] honour's report, and somewhat precisely—pardon troth—prize their own value: *Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.* To be fair and not admired is as a hidden mineral; yet, to be admired, and not preserve that admiration, is an unvalued indignity. But, as ladies are fair, so are they wise; and as they are both fair and wise, constant. Alas, most know, and many feel, that beauty is not easily wooed to love; many bitter conflicts of oppressed griefs are to be endured, ere they are won to listen to affection. And at length being persuaded, they were not so obdurate before to be sued to as they are now most constant in their loves, most sincerely firm to their choice. Experience teacheth it, that steel is not soon hot; yet, being once fired, is less easily cooled. An example or two shall warrant the credit of the rest. Who could be more industrious to his lady than Theseus was in gaining Ariadne? who, being conquered, was ever most fast to him, though injuriously, yea, perfidiously forsaken of him. Portia so endearly reverenced Cato as she would for his preservation swallow coals. Alcest would die for Admetus; and Penelope—the mirror of the Greek matrons both for constancy and beauty—would never falsify her faith to Ulysses. I myself should account such proofs inconvenient, did not the proof of my defence rely upon former instances, compared both with present and latter times. Diana, renowned for beauty, was more renowned for chastity, insomuch as singularly and truly fairest ladies contended to be her nymphs, if trust to writers may be attributed: *rara præclara;* according to the proverb,

that the fairest are the fairest, that is, the best and best to be esteemed. What is more to be urged for the ratifying our maintenance, but the exterior beauty is assurance of the interior quality. To answer to every vain objection, that some more nice wits, only seeming witty in censure and misconstruction, is not here intended; as, *fronti nulla fides;* the fickleness of Cressida; the mutability of some Lais: let it suffice, they are fictions and nugatory invectives of deservingly abused poets or repulsed analogers, ridiculous in the understanding of the wise, contemptible in the perseverance of understanding. It is even as impossible for ladies of quaintest forms to incline to thoughts of trothless impudency, as for monsters of deformity to produce effects of virtue. Needs there any other demonstration than the admirable—almost incredible—ornament of chastity, Lucrece, the Roman dame, the paragon of those times, the mirror of those days, for ravishing perfection of beauty; harmless, unspotted Lucrece, who did withstand lust to the eternising of her honour, and monumented her rape with extremity of death? Who is he so obstinate in his error, so wilful in his madness, so mad in his erroneous wilfulness, as would not even in the glass of Lucretia's perseverance—even to the uttermost extinct of life—see the wonder of beauty matched with the individuate adjunct, unsoiled constancy?

Constantia est gemella venustatis individua.

Three particularities there are that stand firm for this position; examples already alleged, approbation of judgment newly rehearsed, and ground of troth now to be verified. Verified, said I? the self-assurance of the subject is a testimony most probable: if vice be the nourisher of vice, virtue must be the effect of vir-

tue. That is sincerely a virtue which is a good, and that good is beauty; so herein fictions comprehend truth, as *forma bonum*. Yet ere I wade further, and be gravelled in the ooze and quicksand of my own intention, I am for clearing of such as may misconceit my drift, to make an apology for my defence: neither by my just justification of an apparent verity, the wanton shall tax my endeavours as ridiculous, knowing their own imperfections, nor challenge this as a due belonging to the encouragement of their lenity. I confess—and blush that occasion should be ministered of confession—that many there are whose bewitching looks draw youth into folly, and age into dotage, rather madness: too many there are whose smooth counterfeit, in the indiscretion of virility, may pass for beauty, when the counterfeiters are so mutable as they are neither ever their own or ever certain any one's. Yea, even in great personages this looseness is an imboldening to the meaner, rather a precedent to the worst of offending; the greatness of their estates—I speak of some that have been—bolstereth out the community of licentious immodesty, whose shames, were they enamelled in the tablature of their foreheads, it would be a hideous visor to more deformed complexions, more enormous conditions. Such these are, who, under the abomination of luxury —nicely termed kindness—import the pretexted gloss of beauty's name, to such are also mercenary slaves, intimated servants, against whom, although my purpose is not [to] inveigh, yet do I here exclude them from out the association of the fair: let those be false; beautiful they are not. In them the temperature of the body follows the temperature of the mind, not the temperature of the mind the temperature of the body; of whom the philosopher insisteth. As I said before, so

I here avow, that the error of their enchanting amiableness bewitcheth their adherents, who, being ensnared in the nets of their lasciviousness, esteem that prime beauty which they themselves deliciously enjoy. For as the loose have no substance but fading art to attract, so the excellently fair have no falsehood to be soiled, no cunning to beguile, no visor to delude. They are doves without galls; swans without spots; fawns without spleen: they are simple, and will not be trained; fair, and cannot be tempted: they are the pure colour of white without stain, whose delicate ears by profaned tongues may be enforced to hear ill, but whose unmoved breasts by the fond cannot be inflamed to consent to ill. Herein are the beautiful said to be angels on earth, for that as they exceed others in wonder of beauty, so they excel all other in graces of virtue: it shall not be amiss to answer to the malevolent will of some witty malevolent detractors:

ADVERSE.

Women! O, they are fickle falling stars;
Tides in their ebbs, moons ever in the wane,
Frost in the thaw, faint-hearted in the wars
Of constancy, yet constant in disdain.
Women! O, they are creatures most unholy,
Born for a scourge to men, and curb to folly.

Mulieri ne credas, ne mortuæ quidem.

PROOF.

Women! why, they are fixèd lamps of heaven,
Shining bright lustre to the hearts of men;
Firm diamonds, and fair bright looks, hearts even,
Constant in scorn of motions where and when.

Princes for ladies' praise have fell at odds;
They are of men ador'd, belov'd of gods:
The highest blessing that to earth's uncommon
Is man's perfection, soul of life, a woman.

Diis compares fœminæ.

Every fair lady is lovely, but every lovely lady is not fair: so then the lovely may be fickle, but the fair cannot be inconstant. What should I more say? and yet what have I said that is enough? what that can be too much, and yet what is not too much? since the only experience of the subject commendeth his own worthiness. To such, then, as credit it, I wish them a fair lady: to misbelievers and infidels in love this curse: May their ladies be foul, and so be loathsome; yet false, and repay them with the common crest of horns!

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF MONTGOMERY.

THE FOURTH AND LAST POSITION.

Perfect lovers are only wise.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Perspicax est amatorum vigilans ocellus, prævidet adversa, studet horis convenientibus. A perfect lover is never less idle than when he is idle; never more busied than when least seriously employed.

Wise-seeming censors count that labour vain
Which is devoted to the hopes of love;
When they themselves themselves much vainer prove,
By holding lovers' labours in disdain:
They have forgot the wiles which made them tremble
In heat of youth, when youth their bloods did move,
What wit they us'd, what tears they did dissemble.

Their now-wax'd-shallow apprehensions then
Were quick to see the worst, wise to prevent it:
How they pleas'd fancy, how they might content it,
How much their hearts differ'd from hearts of men;
How provident they were to fawn, to flatter,
To swear, vow, urge their grief, and to lament it:
Alas, who would not do't in such a matter?

Love makes men wise: 'tis not a feeling kiss
That's the true sport; there's sport more sweet than this,
To which, ere lovers throughly do attain,
They must attend, do service, grieve, and feign:
For this with ladies' honours best doth fit,
Not to be conquer'd by desire, but wit.

In all ages, both past and present, never have there been more witty policies, more politic circumventions broached than in speedy obtaining of dilatory love; which is in itself so urgent, so impatient of delays, as the soundest sleights, quaintest devices have been studied for accomplishing of rest to unrest, ease to disquiet, remedy to desperation. Three things trial hath taught to be expedient for mastery in love: after choice, patience is to endure reproofs, wit to procure content, boldness to attempt at opportunities. Vain is patience without hope; hope desperate without means; means, when occasion proffers her forelock, and women toleration, hinderance without boldness. Yet boldness without wit is to no use, neither without wit shall time be ever found when to be bold. In a perfect lover, therefore, all these three are judicially cohered. Also, if a curious surveyor will upon this approve that lovers have been witty, yet disallow any wisdom in this wit, by distinguishing a different discrepancy betwixt wit and wisdom, since the one tendeth only to folly of humanity, the other to consideration of divinity, I will answer, that perfect lovers, even in this respect, are perfectly wise; as with ease thus. Being overcome with the affection of some excellently deserving beauty, with admiration of the singular perfection thereof, with what curious workmanship it is framed, with what glory of majesty it is

endowed, it is an immediate occasion to bring them in serious conceit of weighing the wonders of the heavens in compacting such admirable quintessence in so precious a form, by which they will deeply revolve the dignity of God in that mould, and truly acknowledge the weakness of their own nature in comparison of beauty. This is the ready and directest course to force men to consider their own frailty and magnify the omnipotency of their Creator in fashioning both; so as love is the only line which leadeth man to the font of wisdom, that is, to the glorifying of heaven's power, and confessing man's imbecility. Who, then, can deny, who will not allow, that perfect lovers are only wise? Only wise? true; or men devoted to contemplation of theology are withdrawn from the absolute and due reverence, sometime of him to whom they chiefly owe all due reverence, by human affairs; when lovers have evermore the idea of beauty in their imaginations, and therefore hourly do adore their Maker's architecture. Perfect lovers are only wise. Now, again, to humanity: the dullest wit, the most unseasoned capacity, being once salted with the taste of love, sharpens his dulness and seasons his capacity to study any sleight, any device for setting a period to his desires; insomuch as no time shall ever present any opportunity of study but all invention is used, all conceits employed, for the fruition of his beloved; who being enjoyed, yet his wits are never idle, but industrious for conservation of what he enjoys, as loath to impart [?] from that which with so much vigilancy he not easily obtained. As hitherto I have proceeded with demonstration of examples, so now, to the purpose, will I infer an instance to the more effectual proof of this. The Greeks, after the discursion of Helen, preparing an expedition against Troy, both for

acquittance of their injury and recovery of their false, never truly fair, queen, stood not in more need of Achilles for his courage than of Ulysses for his counsel; who, being then newly married to his perfectly fair Penelope, was upon good cause moved, in the tenderness of his love, unwilling to that action. But excuse could not prevail, except policy could find excuse: he fears much, but loves more; which love, even at an instant, ripens his invention. Love ripeneth his invention; he feigns madness, and for madness to advise in sober actions would prove but a mad advice, an unadvised madness; but he was discovered, and went. Secondly, what undoubted wisdom in him did charm his ears against the incantations of the Sirens! the devout affection which he bore to his Penelope quickening his apprehension. Was ever man a truer lover, and ever man more truly wise? It is infallibly certain, certainly infallible, perfect lovers are only wise. Now it may be cavilled that that cannot be; for how can lovers be wise when love itself is both vain, idle, and foolish, a toy, a mere conceit of fancy? But how vain, foolish, idle, and fantastical are they that so conceive! Love is the only band, the alone obligation, that traffics betwixt earthly creatures and heavenly angels, that unites woman to man, yea man to man, nay man to himself, and himself to God. Love is the dignity of man's worth; not a blind Cupid, a sensual lust, as poets feign, but an earnest and reasonable desire of good, as authorities confirm. It is an entire conjunction of souls together.

Mutua sors animi, pia commutatio mentis,
Sub fido fidum est pectore pignus amor.
Quid magis est placidum? nihil est felicius illo;
Pax jucunda, manus splendida, tuta quies.

Fulget in auricoma nitido cum robore forma:
Ipsa suo splendens gaudet amore Venus.

Love is that tickling blood which softly creeps
Into the pleasures of a quiet breast,
Presenting pretty dreams in slumbering sleeps,
And in a lady's bosom takes his rest:
Love bathes him in the channel of delight,
Which lovers sigh for, and wish they also might.

Of twenty thousand 'tis the wittiest passion,
Wise in foreseeing of ensuing care;
Makes lovers provident, yields consolation,
And checks the bad from ill, if so they dare.
Love is that fountain where the springs do lie
Whence sweetest waters run, yet never dry.

Love is that harmless prick in pleasant brier
Which doth most please the scent and breed desire.

Thus much for the satisfaction of the witty: now briefly follows a conclusion to the wise. Lovers are perfectly wise, and simply perfect; indeed, absolutely perfect, insomuch as nothing is more expedient to the full accomplishment of a wise man than to be a lover. Now would any man seem to oppose himself to the adverse maintaining of what hath already been proved, it will be evident he shall more toil his brains to affirm an untroth than the praise or commendation he expects with a general plaudite will countervail. If any champion will likewise be desperate-hardy to undertake a disallowance of these challenged positions, questionless he need not doubt but he shall not sooner be armed but as soon foiled, and in the vulgar confession of shame acknowledge his dearly-bought wilfulness. But I leave that to trial; I here mean to be a penman, no champion.

CONCLUSION.

Would any man be gracious in a lady's favour? let him, then, subject himself to her will. Would any be valiant and renowned for chivalry? let him serve under the colours of beauty. Would any strive to be blessed in having a lady truly constant? let him choose her truly fair. Would any be perfectly wise? let him be perfectly loving. Would any be happy, courageous, singular, or provident? let him be a lover. In that life consisteth all happiness, all courage, all glory, all wisdom. But as for such who do *frigescere ad ignem*, I do desist to inveigh against their cold spirits; only in this I hate them, that I pity them.

He who will strive to please each curious eye
Must freeze in silence, but I care not I;
Let better favours favour mine endeavour,
The vulgar tauntings shall affright me never.
May it please you, to whom it is intended;

Then

'Tis glory to deserve, though not commended.

Non omnibus studeo: non malevolis.

FINIS.

THE MONARCHS' MEETING;

OR THE

KING OF DENMARK'S WELCOME INTO ENGLAND.

Now had the harvest of the year brought forth
The blessèd fruit of long-expected hope,
And levell'd with the toil of labour's worth
The crop of fatness to the tradesman scope;

Now were the blossoms ripen'd to the hand
Of well-deserving sweat; when all anon
The mighty ruler of a peaceful land
Began to take his wish'd progression.

Calm was the sea, and gentle gusts did blow
A whistling gale unto the flags of peace;
Full were the streams, and smooth soft tides did flow,
And gave assurance of contented ease;

When on [the] bubbling beauty of fair Thames—
Urg'd by the princely love of amity—
A Christian king in state and majesty
Was entertain'd with sundry shows of games.

The silver crystal stream was proud to bear
The burthen of a person each way grac'd
With all the rites of human love and fear,
In whose high looks honour was lively plac'd.

Much welcome was the tidings of this news
Unto the royal ear of worthy James,
Preparing with all speed that speed might use
With his own presence to ennoble Thames.

Look how did Jove salute the minor gods,
Inviting all in heaven at a feast,
Where [he?] no more was reverenc'd, no odds
Betwixt his proper person and the rest:

So did these princes meet, in whose first meeting
Joy was abundant in the truce of love;
Each interchanging a concordant greeting,
Which in the peers of both did comfort move.

Ambitious was the river of this honour,
Knowing the value of the weight she bore:
Grac'd that such favour kings bestow'd upon her,
Bearing a richer burthen ne'er before.

Kings met, and kings saluted one another,
Either rejoicing in the other's sight;
Princes with princes, brother joy'd with brother,
Each solacing the other with delight.

A goodly view of majesty it was
To see such intimated league betwixt them:
They striv'd in kindness how they might surpass,
Sporting the season which the tide prefix'd them.

Like to a prince in every point aright,
He came, and like a prince was entertain'd
With all the types of dignity bedight,
With all the friendship friendship could have claim'd.

O, what a gladsome sight of joy it is
When monarchs so are link'd in amity!
How strengthen'd are those empires with safe bliss
Where two such princes join in unity!

Great both are in dominions, yet more great
In being virtuously religious:
Fresh-blooming piety doth praise beget
In goodly zeal;—let tyrants be litigious.

What he amongst the stoutest of contempt,
Full in command, and fuller in disdain,
Durst any threats of enmity attempt,
Or to oppose himself against those twain?

Those twain, so firmly are they match'd together,
So everlastingly affectionate,
So individually combin'd together,
As they love none of both who do one hate.

Power with power, realm with realm united,
Hearts join'd with hearts, and hand embrac'd in hand:
Should all the world of nations be excited,
Yet all the world could scarce those two withstand.

Nor is it feigning show of smooth pretext,
But doubtless troth of love which brought him hither:
Let none with such suspicion be perplext,
For then they never had thus come together.

Nor can it be suppos'd a prince so mighty,
So worthy in himself, so absolute,
Who hath so large a rule, a charge so weighty,
Would leave his country but for mere repute.

Puissant is the Danish king, and strong
In all the sinews of approvèd force:
Valiant and able for to right the wrong
That should proceed from any eager course.

It is no common thing seen every day,
Scarce in an age, to see so great a state
From out his country's bounds to come away,
For visitation of a neighbouring mate.

It is no common honour that is done
Unto our happy land by his arriving:
Much worth thereby and glory have we won,
Our home-bred hearts with stranger loves reviving.

Two kings in England have been rarely seen,
Two kings for singularity renown'd;
The like before hath hardly ever been,
For never were two with more honour crown'd.

This may we boast, and after-times report
How much the King of Denmark grac'd our age;
A king of so much eminence, such port,
By his arrival did his love engage.

England with Denmark, Denmark eke with us,
Are firmly now in league, conjoin'd in one:
Seven kingdoms now again united thus
Are strengthen'd, so as stronger can be none;
Then, as a certain and well-wishing greeting,
We thus applaud the monarchs' happy meeting.

Hail, princely stem of great magnificence,
Issue of royal blood, who dost commence
True instance of thy fast, undoubted love,
And by thy coming certainly approve
The pledge of peace; thus low in humblest heart
Regreets unto thy truce do we impart;
With fit applause our thanks devoutly running
Gives welcome to the honour of thy coming.
Time cannot rase, nor amity surcease
Betwixt our realm and thine a long-liv'd peace:
Whiles thoughts are undefil'd and credit true,
From age to age this league will still renew;
And thou thyself, great King of Danes, wilt joy,
Counting the hazards which thou didst employ,
Dangers of thanks, by tasting approbation
Of spotless friendship with our willing nation.
We are not subtle French, to fawn and flatter;
Nor Spaniards, hot in show, yet cold in matter;
Trothless Italian; fleeting Irish wiles,
Whose trust when most protesting most beguiles;
We deem dishonour German policies;
Or everchanging Indian fopperies
We spurn. Know we are English, hating wrongs,
Bearing our thoughts decipher'd in our tongues:
Rather the sun may in his courses alter
Than we in true-meant trust our promise falter:
Which of our chiefest emulating foes
Can justly tax us? But we ever chose
To die with fame than live with infamy,
Purchas'd with disesteemèd treachery.
What needs an instance? rumour will avow
We have our troth engraven in our brow:

Who are in nature false,[6] yet free in name,
Are servile slaves to fear, and fools to shame.
What more? we are thy friends, and thou art our,
Thy love is ours, and our force thy power:
Long may this happy thread of faith be woven,
And ne'er have dissolution but with heaven.
Fatal and joyous doth the knot begin;
Then who doth break it first commits first sin.
Lo, then, great monarch, with what words of zeal
Thy coming we embrace, and hopes reveal
Of link'd conjunction, prest to gratify
That love which thou with love dost ratify.
Here speaks the clamour of a public voice,
Which speaking, all do publicly rejoice
Thy safe arrival. England thanks the honour
Which by thy presence thou bestow'st upon her,
Sounding loud echoes of thy kingly fame,
And making trophies to adorn thy name.
The clarions breathe thy welcome, bells do ring,
Praise shouts, whiles all thy friends thus sweetly sing.

[6] *Who are in nature false*, &c.] In the 4to this couplet is marked with inverted commas: see note, p. 305. D.

THE APPLAUSE-SONG

FOR

THE KING OF DENMARK'S ARRIVAL.

In the most happy season of the year,
When fairest sunshine glister'd on the earth,
The royal King of Denmark did appear,
And tun'd the hearts of England full with mirth;
In goodly majesty and princely cheer,
Even in the fullest crop of harvest's birth,
When birds with pleasant notes did sweetly sing,
To give a hearty welcome to the king.
Prettily, prettily,
With music sweet,
Did Philomel merrily
And joyfully,
And ever prettily,
The noble King of Denmark greet.
Welcome to England, prince of high degree,
And all our song shall ever welcome be.

Our king himself rejoicèd in his sight,
His presence to the court did breed delight;
Blithe was the country and the city proud;
Cornets with trumpets shrill did blow and loud,
To welcome to our land
With hearty greeting,
By our king's command,
The monarchs' meeting;

Which we fulfilling
With love and minds willing,
Join'd together,
Welcome hither
Friendly,
And ever
Kindly,
The Danish king, a prince of high degree,
For all our song shall ever welcome be:
To welcome all our notes and love do tend;
In that sense we began, with that we end.

Cantibus et carmine.

FINIS.

A LINE OF LIFE.

A Line of Life. Pointing out the Immortalitie of a Vertuous Name. Printed by W. S. for N. Butter, and are to be sold at his shop neere Saint Austens gate. 1620, 12mo.

Gifford, who erroneously supposed that this piece was a play, gives, in his *Introduction*, its title from the Stationers' Books; but he was not aware of its existence: and I myself am acquainted with it only as reprinted in 1843 for the Shakespeare Society. D.

WISE, AND THEREIN NOBLE.

AMBITION, being sooner discovered by acting than plotting, can rarely personate practice in study, unless the arts themselves, which in themselves are liberal, should be too curiously censured, too inquisitively confined. It is an easy vanity, in these days of liberty, to be a conceited interpreter, but a difficult commendation to be a serious author; for whatsoever is at all times honestly intended, oftentimes is too largely construed. General collections meet—not seldom—with particular applications, and those so dangerous, that it is more safe, more wise, to profess a free silence than a necessary industry.

Here in this—scarce an—handful of discourse, is deciphered, not what any personally is, but what any personally may be; to the intent that by the view of others' wounds we might provide plasters and cures for our own, if occasion impose them. It is true that all men are not born in one the same or the like purity of quality or condition; for in some custom is so become another nature, that reason is not the mistress, but the servant, not the directress, but the foil to their passions. Folly is a saleable merchandise, whose factor, youth, is not so allowedly professed in young men as pleasure in men of any age: yet are the ruins, the calamities, the woful experiences of

sundry precedents and samplers of indiscretion and weakness—even in noted, and sometimes in great ones —so apparent, so daily, that no [?] antidote the infection, disease, leprosy of so increasing an evil can be reputed superfluous. For my part, I ingeniously[1] acknowledge that hitherto—however the course hath proved a bar to my thrift yet—I never fawned upon any man's fortunes, whose person and merit I preferred not. Neither hath any courtship of applause set me in a higher strain, a higher pinnacle of opinion, than severest approbation might make warrantable. Howbeit, even in these few lines that follow my aim hath not been so grossly levelled, that I meant to choose every reader for my patron; considering that none can challenge any interest herein from me—unless he challenge it by way of an usurped impropriation—whom I myself do not, out of some certain knowledge and allowance of desert, as it were point out and at with my finger, and confess that *hic est*, it is this one and only. By which mark I can deny no man—not guilty to himself of a self-unworthiness—to call it his own; at least, none of those who freely return the defects to their proper owner, and the benefit—if any may be—of this little work to their own use and themselves. So much, it is to be presumed, the very taliary law may require and obtain. In all things, no one thing can more requisitely be observed to be practised than the golden mean; the exemplification whereof, however heretofore attributed, I dare not so

[1] *ingeniously*] i.e. ingenuously. D.

poorly undervalue myself and labours, as not to call mine. But if I should farther exceed, I might exceed that mean which I have endeavoured to commend. Let him that is wise, and therein noble, assume properly to himself this interest, that I cannot distrust the successful acceptation, where the sacrifice is a thrifty love, the patron a great man good,—for to be truly good is to be great,—and the presenter a fedary[2] to such as are masters, not more of their own fortunes than their own affections.

Æstatis occasum haud ægre tulit unquam
Temperata hiems.

JO. FORD.

[2] *fedary*] Spelt "feodarie" in the old copy,—i.e. accomplice, confederate. See my *Glossary to Shakespeare*. D.

LINEA VITÆ:

A LINE OF LIFE.

To live, and to live well, are distinct in themselves so peculiarly as is the actor and the action. All men covet the former, as if it were the total and sovereign felicity of a human condition; and some few pursue the latter, because it gives an eternity to their blessedness. The difference between these two is, life, desired for the only benefit of living, fears to die; for such men that so live, when they die, both die finally and die all. But a good life aims at another mark; for such men as endeavour to live well, live with an expectation of death; and they, when they die, die to live, and live for ever. In this respect hath death—being the parting of a precious guest from a ruinous inn, the soul from the body—been by the ancients styled a haven of safety, a finishing of pilgrimages, a resting from travail, a passage to glory. Every man that most shuns it—and he most shuns it that most fears it—runs, notwithstanding, wilfully to meet it, even then posting to it when he abhors it; for—the comparison is lively and remarkable—as he who in a ship directs his course to some port, whether he stand, walk, revel, lie down, or any way dispose himself, is,

notwithstanding, always driven on to the period of his voyage; so in this ship of our mortality, howsoever we limit our courses, or are suited in any fortune of prosperity or lowness in this great sea of the world, yet by the violence and perpetual motion of time are we compelled to pace onward to the last and long home of our graves, and then the victory of life is concluded in the victory of our ends.

It is granted in philosophy that action is the crown of virtue.[3] It cannot in reason—the light of philosophy—be denied that perseverance is the crown of action; and then divinity, the queen of nature, will confirm that sufferance is the crown of perseverance. For to be virtuous without the testimony of employment is as a rich mineral in the heart of the earth, unuseful because unknown; yet to be virtuously employed, and not to continue, is like a swift runner for a prize, who can with ease gain it from others, but slothfully sitteth down in the middle way: but to persevere in well-doing without a sense of a duty, only with hope of reward, is like an Indian dromedary, that gallops to his common inn, pricked onwards with the desire of provender. It is beast-like not to differ from beasts as well in the abuse of reason as it would be in the defect.

Action, perseverance in action, sufferance in perseverance, are the three golden links that furnish-up the richest chain wherewith a good man can be adorned. They are a tripartite counterpawn, whereby we hold the possession of life, whose charter, or poll-déed, as they term it, are youth till twenty, manhood till forty, old age till our end. And he who begins not in the spring of his minority to bud forth fruits of

[3] Arist. in 1 Ethic.; Cicer. in Off.

virtuous hopes or hopeful deserts, which may ripen in the summer of confirmed manhood, rarely or never yields the crop of a plentiful memory in his age, but prevents the winter of his last hour in the barren autumn of his worst hour, by making an even reckoning with time misspent, dying without any issue to inherit his remembrance or commendation.

Here is, then, a preparation made to the groundwork and foundation whereon the structure and fair building of a mind nobly furnished must stand; which for the perpetuity and glory of so lasting a monument cannot altogether unfitly be applied to a Line of Life: for whosoever shall level and square his whole course by this just proportion, shall, as by a line, be led not only to unwind himself from out the labyrinth and maze of this natural and troublesome race of frailty, but to fly up in the middle path, the *via lactea* of immortality, in his name on earth, to the throne of life, and perfection in his whole man, and to an immortality that cannot be changed.

Deceiving and deceivable palmsters, who will undertake by the view of the hand to be as expert in foretelling the course of life to come to others as they are ignorant of their own in themselves, have framed and found out three chief lines in the hand whereby to divine future events: the line of life, the middle natural line, and the table-line. According to the fresh colour or paleness, length or shortness, breadth or narrowness, straightness or obliquity, continuance or intermission, of either of these, they presume to censure the manners, the infirmities, the qualities, the very power of life or death of the person: but the Line of Life is the eminent mark they must be directed by to the perfection of their masterpiece. All which are as far from truth as wonder; only it is true and wonder-

ful that any ignorance can be so deluded. Another Line of Life is the most certain and infallible rule which we, as we are men, and more than men, Christians, and more than Christians, the image of our Maker, must take our level by. Neither is judgment to be given by the ordinary lineaments of the furniture of nature, but by the noble endowments of the mind; whose ornaments or ruins are then most apparently goodly or miserable, whenas the actions we do are the evidences of a primitive purity or a derivative deprivation. Here is a great labour to endure, a great strength in that labour to conquer, a great resolution in that strength to triumph, requisite before we can climb the almost impregnable and inaccessible top of glory; which they that have attempted have found, and they that have found have enjoyed, to their own happiness, and wonder of imitation.

Resolution is the plotter and the actor, nay, it is both the plot, and the act itself that must prompt us how to do, as well as it must point us out what to do, before we can as much as take into the hands of our purposed constancy this line, which must direct us to life, and make us to live.

Whatsoever, therefore, in those brief ensuing collections is inserted to pattern and personate an excellent man, must be concluded and understood, for method's sake, in this one only attribute, resolution; for by it are exemplified the perfections of the mind, consisting in the whole furniture of an enriched soul; and to it are referred the noblest actions, which are the external arguments and proofs of the treasure within. For, as it is a state-maxim in policy, that force abroad in war is of no force, but rather rashness than soldiery, unless there be counsel peaceably at home to direct for expedition; so are all actions of resolution, in the

economy and household government of a man's own particular private wealth but shining follies, unless there be a consultation first held within him for determining the commodity, the conveniency, and commendation of such actions, as well in doing as when they are done.

Order in every task is for conceit easiest, for demonstration plainest, for imitation surest. Let us, then, take into our consideration this Line of Life, and trace the way wherein we are to travel, keeping our eye on the compass whereby we may run to the paradise of memorable happiness. And first it is to be observed, that resolution hath three branches. The one concerns a man's own particular person for the carriage of himself in his proper duty; and such an one is known by none other note than in being a man. Another concerns a man's employment in affairs for his country, prince, and commonwealth; and such a one is known by the general name of a public man. The last concerns a man's voluntary traffic in civil causes, without the imposition of authority, only urged on to perform the offices of a friend, as a private statist to several ends, all tending to goodness and virtue; and such a one is ever to be called a good man. In every one of those there is a plentiful employment, presenting itself to the liberal choice for ennobling themselves with public honours, or gaining them the truest honour, a deserved fame, which is one, if worthy, of the best and highest rewards of virtue.

Of the first: a man.

Superfluous it were and unnecessary to enter into the contentious lists of divided philosophers or unreconciled schoolmen for the absolute and punctual definition of man; since it sufficeth us to be assured that he is mainly, and yet pithily, distinguished from all other created substances

in the only possession of a reasonable soul. This royal prerogative alone points him to be noblest of creatures; and, to speak truth, in an assertion not to be gainsaid, he contains the summary of all the great world in the little world of himself. As, then, the fabric of the globe of the earth would of necessity run to the confusion out of which it was first refined, if there were not a great and watchful providence to measure it in the just balance of preserving and sustaining; so consequently, without question, the frame of our human composition must preposterously sink under its burthen, if war and prudent direction, as well in manners as in deeds, restrain it not from the dissolution and wreck the proclivity of corrupted nature doth hourly slide into.

A man's mind is the man himself, said the Roman orator;[4] and the chiefest of the Grecian naturalists[5] was confident to aver that the temperature of the mind[6] followed the temperature of the body. It were a lesson worthy to be conned, if either of those rules may be positively received; for out of the first, as any man feels his inclinations and affections, thereafter let him judge himself to be such a man: out of the latter it may be gathered, how easy it were for every man to be his own schoolmaster in the conformation or reformation of his life, without other tutor than himself.

Socrates his speech of the use of mirrors or looking-glasses concludes whatsoever can be ranged in many words of this subject, and is therefore notoriously useful and usefully notable. "When thou viewest thyself in a mirror," said that wise man, "surveyest thy complexion, thy proportion, if thy face be more fair,

[4] Cicero. [5] Arist.

[6] *the temperature of the mind*, &c.] Compare p. 359 of the preceding tract. D.

lovely, and sweeter than others, thy body straighter, thy lineaments perfecter, consider how much more thou art bound by that to match those blessings of nature with the accomplishment of more noble qualities than others of a coarser mould. If, on the other side, thou perceive thy face deformed, thy body crooked, thy outward constitution unsightly or misshapen, by so much the more hast thou reason to live a good life, that thereby concord of virtuous conditions may supply the defects of nature, and make thee more beautiful inwardly to the eye of judgment than outwardly thou couldest have been to the eyes of popular delight."

In short, to be a man, the first branch of resolution is to know, feel, and moderate affections, which, like traitors and disturbers of peace, rise up to alter and quite change the laws of reason, by working in the feeble, and oftentimes the sounder parts, an innovation of folly. He can seldom be a flourishing member of a body politic, and so a public deserving man, but more rarely, scantly ever, a reconciler of divisions, and so a civil good man for others, that begins not betimes to discharge his own duty to himself. The old proverb was,—and it is lamentable to speak with truth, and say it is,—that a man is a beast to a man;[7] but it must be of necessity granted, when a man to himself is a monster, or, more proverbially, a devil.

It is said of Caius Curio, that he was a man most wittily wicked and most singularly eloquent in mischief against the commonwealth.[8] What rarities were here lost—like a diamond set in a rushen ring! How much better had it been for him to have had a duller brain, if better employed, and a slower tongue, if avail-

[7] Homo homini lupus. [8] Velleius Paterc. lib. ii.

able for the public good! Every man should, in his own person, endeavour and strive to be like Cato's orator, a good man, and expert in pleading.[9] First good, then expert; for of so much richer price is virtue than art: art without virtue being like the cantharides, whose wings pulled off, they have pretty colours to please the eye, but poisonous substances to be received into the stomach.[10] How easy it is to gild a rotten post, to paint a sepulchre, to varnish an ill meaning, is soon resolved: many men can speak well, few men will do well; the reason, for that we covet to be thought what we are not, and yet continue to be what we are ashamed to be thought.

The excellency of goodness is apparent mainly in this one point, that even those who least practise it in outward appearance cunningly labour to make it the mark whereto all their actions, how foul soever in the issue, level at. It was truly observed by a grave author, that there was never any public mischief attempted in a state by even atheists or very incarnate devils, but religion was their colour to effect it; at least a show of some false zeal in as false a worship; for there must be an intention of virtue in the worst actions, otherwise they could never have passage by any public approbation; insomuch that hypocrisy is reputed the surest and the safest ground of policy.

By this appeareth the richness of virtue, that even such as most oppose it must and are compelled to acknowledge it for best. In like manner every man, in his particular to distinguish his actions, is in his knowledge guilty and conscious of what he doth or should do. We were not born to feed, sleep, and spin out our web of life in the delicate softness of vanity

[9] Fabius, Orat. lib. xii. cap. 1. [10] Plin. lib. xi. cap. 35.

or sloth; we were not born to traffic in follies, and to make merchandise of our sensualities; we were not born to revel in the apishness of ridiculous expense of time; we were not born to be panders to that great whore of a declining reason, bewitching pleasure; we were not born to laugh at our own security, but to bewail it; we were not born to live for ourselves, but to ourselves; as we were not, on the other side, born to die to ourselves, but for ourselves. We must learn to rejoice in true goodness, not vain delights: for as we cannot judge him to have a light heart always that sometimes laughs,—for even in laughter there is a sadness,—so we must not imitate [intimate], by any outward demeanour, to bewray the minority of our resolution, except we would be as childish in understanding as in action.

What infinite enticers hath a man, as he is a mere man, to withdraw him from an erected heart! As the temptation of a reputed beauty, the invitement of a presented honour, the bewitching of an enforced wealth, the lethargy and disease of an infectious court-grace; yet all and every one of these—with what other appendances soever belonging unto them—are, if not wisely made use of, but glorious snares, dangerous baits, golden poisons, dreaming destructions, snares to entrap the mightiness of constancy, baits to deceive the constancy of manhood, poisons to corrupt the manhood of resolution, destruction to quite cast away the resolution of a just desert.

Now, for a man's carriage in his particular duty, what can he determine of, since he hath not more himself and his own affections to assault and batter his resolution in the path of virtue than a world of precedents, of partners, of helpers, to persuade and draw him on to the full measure of an unworthy life? It

is a labour well worthy a chronicle—and chronicled will be in a perpetual memory—to withstand the severe assault of folly, pressing on with so infinite an army of followers and admirers as she is accompanied with. What can one private man do against such a multitude of temptations? Either he must consent to do as they do, or dissent, and hate them: if consent, he is mischievous with many; if dissent, virtuous by himself; and the last is without controversy the best, since never to have seen evil is no praise to well-doing; but where the actors of mischief are a nation, there and amongst them to live well is a crown of immortal commendation.

A golden axiom there was registered amongst the civilians in the days of Justinian: that it was not convenient for any man to pry and look after what was done at Rome, but to examine justly what ought there to be done. Rome was then the mart of the world; all sorts of every people came thither, from thence to receive the oracles of life, as they might be termed; yet doth it not follow that any one man, with the multitude, should run to Rome to suck the infection of dissolute intemperature. Vanity most commonly rides coached in the highway, the beaten way, the common way; but virtue and moderation walk alone. It may be said, what profit can redound, what commendation, what reward, for one man to be singular against many? O, the profit is infinite, the commendation memorable, the reward immortal. It is true, the old Greek proverb concluded that one man was no man; yet with their most approved authors, by the very word *many* were the worst sort of people understood, and by *few* the best. For certainly there is not any allurement could lull men in the trust of their misdeeds so much as those two pestilent yoke-

fellows and twins of confusion,—the multitude of offenders, and the liberty of offending. They are both examples and schoolmasters to teach even the very ignorant—whose simplicity else might be their excuse —to do what—if others did not—they might accidentally slide into, but not so eagerly pursue.

To conclude this point, it may somewhat too truly be said, though not by way of discouragement, yet of caveat, what by the proclivity and proneness of our frailty is warrantable,—let no man be too confident of his own merit; the best do err. Let no man rely too much on his own judgment; the wisest are deceived. Yet let every man so conceive of himself that he may endeavour to be such a one as distrust shall not make him careless, or confidence secure.

It follows, that the very consideration of being men should somewhat rectify our crooked inclinations and ennoble our actions, to keep us worthy of the privilege we have above beasts; otherwise, only to be a man in substance and name is no more glory than to be known and distinguished from a very beast in nature.

Precedents from antiquity may plentifully be borrowed to set before us what some men have been; not as they were commanders or employed for the commonwealth, but as they were commanders of their own infirmities, and employed for the commonwealth of their own particular persons. Epaminondas, amongst the Thebans, is worthy of note and memory, even to our ages and those that shall succeed us. He, as the philosopher recordeth,[11] chose rather to be moderate alone than mad with the multitude; choosing at all times to consult with himself in excellent things, not

[11] Plutarch. in Apotheg.

with his countrymen to give lust, dalliance, effeminate softness a regiment in the kingdom of his thoughts; no, not of his thoughts, much less of his actions. Phocion among the Athenians, Brutus among the Romans,[12] are—for their particular carriage of themselves, as they were only men—well worthy of all remembrance; and the sententious Seneca is bold to say,[13] that all ages will ever hatch and bring forth many such as Clodius, a man bent to mischief; but rarely any age another Cato, a man so sincere, so free from corruption, and so severe a censurer of himself.

But what need we to search histories of other times, or the deserts of another nation, when in our own land, in our own days, we might easily pattern what a man should be or not be by what others have been? Among many, two of late times are justly examined; not as they were different in fortune, in years, in degree; but as they differed in the use of the gifts of their mind. The first was John, the last and youngest Lord Harington, whose rare and admirable course of life—not as he was a nobleman, for then indeed it were miraculous, but as a man—deserves all praise and imitation from all; of whom it may without flattery—for what benefit can accrue to flatter the dead?—or affection be said, that he, amongst a world of men, attained even in his youth not only to gravity in his behaviour, to wisdom in his understanding, to ripeness in his carriage, to discretion in his discourse, but to perfection in his action; a man well deserving even the testimony of a religious learned divine.

But for that his own merit is his best commendation, and questionless his surest reward for moral gifts, let him rest in his peace, whilst the next is to be observed.

[12] Cicero de Leg. lib. iii. [13] Epist. 98.

Sir Walter Raleigh may be a second precedent; a man known and well deserving to be known; a man endued not with common endowments, being stored with the best of nature's furniture; taught much by much experience, experienced in both fortunes so feelingly and apparently, that it may truly be controverted whether he were more happy or miserable; yet behold in him the strange character of a mere man, a man subject to as many changes of resolution as resolute to be the instrument of change; politic, and yet in policy so unsteady, that his too much apprehension was the foil of his judgment. For what man soever leaves[14]

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hend all what the former discourse hath amplified; namely, that the only felicity of a good life depends in doing all things freely, by being content with what we have; for we speak of a moral man. This is to remember that we are mortal, that our days pass on, and our life slides away without recovery.[15]

Of the second branch: a public man.

Great is the task, the labour painful, the discharge full of danger, and the dangers full of envy, that he must of necessity undergo, that, like a blaze upon a mountain, stands nearest in grace to his prince; or, like a vigilant sentinel in a watch-tower, busies and weakens his own natural and vital spirits, to administer equality and justice to all, according to the requisition of his office.

It is lamentable, and much to be pitied, when places of authority in a commonwealth are disposed

[14] *For what man soever leaves*] Here unfortunately the old ed. is imperfect. D.

[15] Seneca, Epist. 128.

of to some whose unworthiness or disability brings a scandal, a scorn, and a reproach to both the place and the minister.

The best law-makers amongst the ancients were so curious in their choice of men in office in the commonwealth, that precisely and peremptorily they reputed that state plagued, whipped, tormented, wounded, yea wounded to death, where the subordinate governors were not as well unblemished in their lives and actions as in their names and reputation.[16]

A public man hath not more need to be *bonus civis*, a good statist, than *bonus vir*, good in himself; a very fair and large line is limned out to square by it a direct path that leads to a virtuous name, if a man acquit himself nobly, justly, and wisely, in well steering the helm of state that he sits at; otherwise his honours are but a burthen, his height a curse, his favours a destruction, his life a death, and his death a misery; a misery in respect of his after defamation, as well as of his after account.

Far from the present purpose it is to dive into the depth of policy, or to set down any positive rules what a right statesman should be; for that were, with Phormio the philosopher, to read a lecture of soldiery to Hannibal, the most cunningest warrior of his time: and consequently, as Phormio was by Hannibal, to be justly laughed at; so as well might Seneca have written to Nero the art of cruelty, or Cicero to his brother Quintus the commendation of anger. The sum of these brief collections is intended to recreate the mind; not to inform knowledge in practice, but to conform practice to knowledge. Whereto no endeavour can be found more requisite, more available, than an un-

[16] Plato, iii. 6 and 12 de Leg., and vii. de Repub.; Arist. vii. and vi. Pol.; Isocrat. in Pan.

deceiving lesson of an impartial observation; wherein if our studies err not with many, and those approved, thus we have observed.

First, of public men there are two general sorts; the one, such as by special favour of their prince—which favour cannot ordinarily be conferred without some main and evident note of desert—have been raised to a supereminent rank of honour, and so by degrees—as it for the most part always happens—to special places of weighty employment in the commonwealth. The other sort are such as the prince, according to his judgment, hath, out of their own sufficiency, advanced to particular offices, whether for administration of justice, for execution of law, for necessity of service, and the like, being, according to their education and study, enabled for the discharge of those places of authority. And these two are the only chief and principal members of employment, under that head, of whose politic body they are the most useful and stirring members. Two sorts of public men.

Against both those public persons there are two capital and deadly opposites, if it were possible, to becharm their resolutions and blot-out their name from the Line of Life by which they should be led to the endless immortality of an immortality in an ever-flourishing commendation. The first are poisoners of virtue, the betrayers of goodness, the blood-suckers of innocency; the latter, the close deathsmen of merit, the plotters against honesty, and the executioners of honours: they are, in two words, discovered *blandientes et sævientes*, flatterers and privy murderers. It is a disputable question, and well worthy a canvass and discussion in the schools, to decide which of the two do the greatest injury to noble personages. Howbeit, most apparent it is that envy, the inseparable com-

panion that accompanies the virtuous, doth not work more mischief for the final overthrow of a noble and deserving man than flattery doth for driving that noble and deserving man into the snares of envy. No man can be or should be reputed a god. And then how easy it is for any man of the choicest temper, of the soundest apprehension, of the gracefulest education, of the sincerest austerity of life,—how easy it is for him to fall into many errors, into many unbecoming follies, into many passions and affections! his only being a man is both sufficient proof and yet sufficient excuse. The eloquentest and gravest divine of all the ancients[17] confessed, out of his own experience, *non est mihi vicinior hostis memet ipso*, that he had not a more near enemy to him than himself: for he that hath about him his frailty to corrupt him, a world to besot him, an adversary to terrify him, and lastly, a death to devour him, how should he but be inveigled with the enticements of the two first, and so consequently consent to the unsteadiness of his temptation, before he be drawn to a serious consideration of the danger of the two last? especially as we are men, being not only subject to the lapses and vanities of men, but as we are eminent men, in grace and favour, in priority of titles, of place, and of command; having men to soothe us up in the maintenance and countenancing of those evils, which else doubtless could not, at one time or other, but appear before us in their own ugliness and deformity.

A flatterer is the only pestilent bawd to great men's shames, the nurse to their wantonness, the fuel to their lusts; and with his poison of artificial villany most times doth set an edge unto riot which other-

[17] Augustine.

wise would be blunted and rebated in the detestation of their own violent posting to a violent confusion. Not unwisely did a wise man compare a flattering language to a silken halter, which is soft because silken, but strangling because a halter.[18] The words wherewith those panders of vice do persuade are not so lovely as the matters they daub-over with their adulations are abominable. That is a bitter sweetness which is only delicious to the palate, and to the stomach deadly. It is reported[19] that all beasts are wonderfully delighted with the scent of the breath of the panther, a beast fierce and cruel by nature, but that they are else affrighted with the sternness of his looks; for which cause the panther, when he hunts his prey, hiding his grim visage, with the sweetness of his breath allures the other beasts unto him, who, being come within his reach, he rends and cruelly doth dilaniate them. Even so, those patrons and minions of false pleasures, the flatterers, that they may prey upon the credulity of the abused great ones, imitate the panthers, extenuating, and as much as in them lies hiding the grossness, the ugliness, the deformity of those follies they persuade unto, and with a false gloss varnishing and setting-out the paradise of uncontrolled pleasures, to the ruin ofttimes of the informed, and glory of their own piety.

Is such a mighty man enticed to overrule his reason, nay, overbear it, by giving scope to his licentious eye, first to see, then to delight in, lastly to covet, a chaste beauty? Alas, how many swarms of dependents, being creatures to his greatness, will not only tell him, mock him, and harden him in a ready and pregnant deceit, that love is courtly, and women were

[18] Diog. Laert. in vita Diog. [19] Plin. Hist. lib. viii. cap. 17.

in their creation ordained to be wooed and to be won; but also what numbers of them will thrust themselves into employments and servile action, to effect the lewdness of desire, to corrupt with promises, with gifts, with persuasions, with threatenings, with entreaties, to force a rape on virtue and adulterate the chaste bosom of spotless simplicity! A folly is committed: how slight are they ready to prove it, how sedulous to slighten, how damnably disposed to make it nothing! insomuch as those vipers of humanity are fitly to be termed the man's whore and the woman's knave. Is such a mighty one affected to such a suit as the grant and possession of it will draw a curse upon his head by a general voice of a general smart and detriment to the commonwealth? how suddenly will those wild beasts labour to assure him that the multitude's love is won by keeping them in awe, not by giving way to their giddiness by any affability! Will another advance an unworthy court-ape, and oppress a desertful hope? it were too tedious to recite what incessant approbations will be repeated by these anthropophagi, those men-eaters, to make a golden calf an idol, and a neglected merit a laughter. That such a kind of monsters may appear in their likeness as monstrous as in effect they are, it is worthy observation to see how, when any man who, whiles he stood chief in the prince's favour, they honoured as an earthly god, yet being declined from his prince's estimation, it is worthy to be noted how speedily, how swiftly, how maliciously those cankers of a state will not only fall of, will not only despise, will not only deride, but also oppose themselves against the party distasted.

As many subtle practisers of infamy have other subordinate ministers of public office and employment in a commonwealth to betray them to their ruin, yet

ever and anon they, like enchanted glasses, set them on fire with the false light of concealment and extenuation. Let it be spoken with some authority, borrowed from experience of the elder times, that men in high places are like some hopeless mariners set to sea in a leaking vessel. There is no safety, no security, no comfort, no content in greatness, unless it be most constantly armed in the defensive armour of a self-worthy resolution; especially when their places they hold are hourly subject to innovation, as their names —if they prevent not their dangers by leaving them and their lives at once—are to reproach and the liberty of malice.

Flattery to either public persons is not more inductious on the one side than envy on the other is vigilant. Great men are by great men—not good men by good men—narrowly sifted; their lives, their actions, their demeanours examined, for that their places and honours are hunted after as the bezoar for his preservatives; and then the least blemish, the least slide, the least error, the least offence is exasperated, made capital: the dangers ensuing ever prove—like the wound of an enemy's sword—mortal, and many times deadly. Now, in this case, when the eye of judgment is awakened, flattery is discovered to be but an inmate to envy; an inmate, at least, consulting together, though not dwelling together, the one being caterer to the other's bloody banquet: and some wise men have been persuaded that the pestilence, the rigour of law, famine, sickness, or war, have not devoured more great ones than flattery and envy.

Much amiss and from the purpose it cannot be to give instance in three public precedents of three famous nations, all chancing within the compass of twenty years. In England, not long ago, a man super-

eminent in honours, desertful in many services, endeared to a virtuous and a wise queen, Elizabeth, of glorious memory and eternal happiness; a man, too, publicly beloved, and too confident of the love he held, Robert, Earl of Essex and Earl Marshal of the kingdom; he, even he, that was thought too high to fall, and too fixed to be removed, in a very handful of time felt the misery of greatness, by relying on such as flattered and envied his greatness. His end was their end; and the execution of law is a witness in him to posterity, how a public person is not at any time longer happy than he preserves his happiness with a resolution that depends upon the guard of innocency and goodness.

Charles Duke of Byron, in France, not long after him ran the same fate; a prince that was reputed the invincible fortress to his king and country, great in desert, and too great in his greatness. Not managing the fiery chariot of his, guiding the sun of that climate with moderation, gave testimony, by an imposed and inexpected end, how a public man in authority sits but in commission on his own delinquency longer than resolution in noble actions levels at the immortality of a Line of Life.

Lastly, Sir John Vanolden Barnevelt, in the Netherlands,—whose ashes are scarce yet cold,—is and will be a lively precedent of the mutability of greatness. He was the only one that trafficked in the counsels of foreign princes, had factors in all courts, intelligencers amongst all Christian nations; stood as the oracle of the provinces, and was even the moderator of policies of all sorts; was reputed to be second to none on earth for soundness of designs, was indeed his country's both minion, mirror, and wonder: yet, enforcing his public authority too much to be servant

to his private ambition, he left the tongue of justice to proclaim that long life and a peaceful death are not granted or held by the charter of honours, except virtuous resolution renew the patent at a daily expense of proficiency in goodness.

Others, fresh in memory, might be inserted, but these are yet bleeding in the wounds which they have given themselves; and some now living to this day, who both have had and do enjoy as great honours, and are therefore as incident to as many woful changes, but that they wisely provide to prop their greatness with many greater deserts.

Here is in text-letters laid before us the hazard, peril, and casuality of a public man; the possibility what misery, calamity, ruin, greatness and popularity may wind him into. Here is deciphered the unavoidable and incessant persecutors of their honours and joys—flattery and envy, two ancient courtiers. It comes now to conclusion that it cannot be denied but those public men have, notwithstanding these, chief and immediate means in their own powers, if they well and nobly order their courses, to make their country their debtors, and to enrol their names in the glorious register of an ever-memorable glory; especially if they be not too partially doting on every commendable virtue, which in private men is reputed, as it is, a virtue, but in them miracle. Certainly, without disparagement to desert in great men, there are many particular persons fit for public employments, whose ableness and sufficiency is no way inferior to the praises of the mightiest but that they are clouded in their lowness and obscured in their privateness, but else would and could give testimony to the world that all fulness and perfection is not confined to eminence and authority.

A public man, therefore, shunning the adulation of a parasite,—which he may easily discover if he wisely examine his merit with their hyperbolical insinuations,—then keeping an even course in the process of lawful and just actions, avoiding the toils, snares, and traps of the envious, cannot choose in his own lifetime but build a monument, to which the triumph and trophies of his memory shall give a longer life than the perpetuity of stone, marble, or brass can preserve. Otherwise, if they stand not on the guard of their own piety and wisdom, they will upon trifles sometime or other be quarrelled against and evicted. Neither may they imagine that any one taint—howsoever they would be contented to wink at it in themselves, supposing it to be, as perhaps it is, little, and not worthy reprehension—can escape unespied; for the moral of the poet's fiction is a goodly lesson for their instruction. It is said that Thetis, the mother of Achilles, drenched him, being an infant, in the Stygian waters, that thereby his whole body might be made invulnerable. But see the severity of fate; for in that part of the heel that his mother held him by was he shot by the arrow of Paris, of which wound he died. In like case may every statesman be like Achilles in the general body of his actions, impassible and secure from any assault of wilful and gross enormity; yet, if he give way to but one handful, as it may be termed, of folly, not becoming the gravity and greatness of his calling, he shall soon meet with some watchful Paris, some industrious flatterer, or over-busy envious competitor, that will take advantage of his weakness, and wound his infirmity, to the ruin of his honours, if not to the jeopardy of his life.

The period of all shall be knit up with the advice of a famous learned [man] and philosopher; and as

he wrote to his familiar friend, let us transcribe to men in authority; "Let a public man rejoice in the true pleasures of a constant resolution, not in the deceivable pleasures of vanity and fondness. By a good conscience, honest counsels, and just actions, the true good is acquired; other momentany[20] delights only supple the forehead, not unburthen and solace the heart. They are nothing; alas, they are nothing: it is the mind must be well disposed, it is the mind must be confident; it is the mind, above all things, must be rectified; and the true comfort is not easily attained, and yet with more difficulty retained."[21] But he, he who directs all his whole private life in honourable projections cannot any way miss our Line of Life, which points at the immortality of a virtuous name by profitably discharging the burthen of such employments as are usually imposed upon those whom their callings have entitled public men.

Of the third branch: a good man.

A good man is the last branch of resolution; and by him is meant, as is said before, such a man as doth—beside the care he hath of himself in particular—attend [?] all his drifts and actions to be a servant for others, for the good of others, as if it were his own. Schoolboys, newly trained up in the principles of grammar, can resolve what a good man is, or who. Who? *Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat;* such a one as not indeed singly observes what he should do, but doth even that which he observes he should do. This man not only lives, but lives well, remembering always the old adage, that God is the rewarder of adverbs, not of nouns. His intents are without the hypocrisy of applause, his deeds without the mercenary expecta-

[20] *momentany*] i. e. momentary. D.

[21] Sen. Ep. 23.

tion of reward; the issue of both is, all his works are crowned in themselves, and yet crown not him, for that he loves virtue for itself. This man never flatters folly in greatness, but rather pities, and in pity strives to redress the greatness of folly. This man never envies the eminence of authority, nor fears the envious; his reprehensions are balms, his praises glories; and he is as thankful to be rebuked as to be cherished. From such a man all things are to be gratefully accepted: his desire to do good to all hath not a like success to all, notwithstanding in him to will is commendable, and not to be able to do pardonable; for it is not only the property of true virtue, but also of true friendship, as well to admonish as to be admonished, for amongst good men those things are ever well taken that are well meant. Yet even this man—that uncompelled, unrequired, not exacted—interposes himself to set at unity the disorders of others not so inclinable to goodness, is not free from enmity with those who, in a general care, he labours to deserve as friends. The reason, flattery procures friends, truth hatred. How! truth hatred? Yes, for from truth is hatred born, which is the poison of friendship, as Lælius well observed.[22] But what ensues? He whose ears are so fortified and barricaded against the admitment of truth, that from his friend he will not hear the truth, this man's safety is desperate. Wherefore, if any one will only relish words of down and honey, as if we loved to speak nothing but pure roses, as the proverb is, let such a one learn from the skilful artists of nature that the bees do anoint their hives with the juice of the bitterest weeds, against the greediness of other beasts.[23] Let him learn from the skilfulest phy-

[22] Cicero de Amicit. [23] Plin. Hist. lib. xi. cap. 6.

sicians, that the healthfulest medicines smart most in the wound. Let him learn from the prince of philosophy that anger was given to men by nature, as he writes, as a whetstone of valour;[24] and then he cannot but consider that any pains which a good man undergoes for reconciliation, be they either by way of admonition or reprehension, tend both to one end, and that he may make all like unto himself, that is, good men.

This very word "good" implies a description in itself more pithy, more pathetical, than by any familiar exemplification can be made manifest: such a man as makes the general commodity his particular benefit may not unfitly be styled a private statesman. His endeavours are public, the use public, the profit public, the commendation public; but the person private, the resolution private, the end private, and the reward peculiar.

It is impossible that the wretched and avaricious banking-up of wealth can draw him into a conceit that he can ever make friends of money after his death, considering that the world was created for the use of men, and men created into the world to use it, not to enjoy it. This man's bounty is giving, not lending; and his giving is free, not reserved. He cherisheth learning in the learned, and encourageth the learned to the love of learning by cherishing them; he hearteneth the upright in justice, and ratifies justice in the upright; he helps the distressed with counsel, and approves the proceedings of wise counsellors; he is a pattern to all what they should be, as he is to himself what he is.

Finally, try all his desires, his actions are the sea-

[24] Arist. Eth. lib. iii.

soners of his speeches, as his profession is of his actions. He is a physician to other men's affections as to his own, by compromitting such passions as run into an insurrection, by strengthening such as decline, by suppling such as are inflamed, by restraining such as would run out, by purging such as over-abound. His ambition climbs to none other cure than to heal the wounded, not to wound the whole; being neither so unwise to do anything that he ought not to do, nor so unhappy to do anything what he does not. His singular misfortune is that, with Drusus,[25] an excellent man, he attempts many times with a more honest and good mind than good fortune and success, insomuch as it often comes to pass that other men's mischiefs are preferred before his virtues; yet still, as he is a good man, injuries can no more discourage him than applause can overween him.

Even this man hath his particular adversaries to threaten him, and, if it could be possible, to terrify him and deter him from the solidity of his temper: scandal to defame him, and imposture to traduce him. Flattery and envy are not a more pestilent brood set in arms against a public man than these two miscreant monsters are against a good man. But is his resolution any way infracted for that some refractories are —like knights of the post—hired to witness against him? doubtless no, but much more the rather confirmed to run by a Line of Life to the goal of life. His own solace is to him as an inexpugnable castle of strength against all the forcible assaults of devilish exploits, built only upon this foundation, that he is conscious to himself of an unforced sincerity. With the poet he can resolve, *hic murus aheneus esto, nil con-*

[25] Velleius, Hist. Rom. lib. ii.

scire sibi,[26] his integrity to him is a brazen wall; and with the orator he assures himself that *nullum theatrum virtuti majus conscientia*,[27] virtue hath not a more illustrious and eminent theatre to act on than her own conscience. Socrates—a good man, if a mere moral man may be termed so—being scurrilously by Aristophanes the poet[28] derided before the people, and by Anytus and Melytus unjustly accused before the judges as a trifler, a master of follies, a corrupter of youth, a sower of impieties, answered, "If their alleged imputations be true, we will amend them; if false, they pertain not to us."[29] It was a noble constancy and resolution of a wise man, that he—enlightened with the only beams of nature—was so moderate and discreet. The good man here personated—inspired with a far richer and diviner knowledge than humanity—cannot but as much exceed Socrates in those virtues of resolution as Socrates did his adversaries in modesty and moderation.[30]

Kings and mighty monarchs, as they are first movers to all subordinate ministers, of what rank or employments soever, within their proper dominions, are indeed public persons. But as one king traffics with another, another, and another, either for repressing of hostilities, enlarging a confederacy, confirming an amity, settling a peace, supplanting an heresy, and suchlike, not immediately concerning his own particular, or his people's, but for moderating the differences between other princes; in this respect even kings are[31] private men, and so their actions belong wholly and only to themselves, printing the royalty of their goodness in an immortality of a virtuous and

[26] Horat. lib. i. Epist. 1.
[27] Cicer. Quæst. Tusc. lib. ii.
[28] In Comœd. Νεφέλαις.
[29] Plat. Apol. Socrat.
[30] Diog. Laert. in vita Socrat.
[31] *are*] The old ed. has "and." D.

everlasting name, by which they justly lay a claim to the style of good men: which attribute doth more glorify their desert than the mightiness of their thrones can their glories.

In which respect our sovereign lord and king that now is hath worthily chronicled[32] his grandfather's remembrance, which was, as he best witnesseth, called the poor man's king; a title of so inestimable a wealth that the riches of many kingdoms are of too low and mean a value to purchase the dignity and honour of this only style, the poor man's king.

The famous and most excellent commendation of a good man cannot be more expressly exemplified in any precedent or mirror by all the instances of former times, nor shall ever—far, far be servility or insinuation—over-paralleled by any age succeeding, than in the person of James, the king of Great Britain presently here reigning over us: a good man, so well deserving from all grateful memory service and honour, that not to do him service is an ingratitude to the greatness of his goodness, and not to do him all honour an ingratitude to the goodness of his greatness; a good man that, even with his entrance to the crown, did not more bring peace to all Christian nations, yea, almost to all nations of the western world, than since the whole course of his glorious reign hath preserved peace amongst them; a good man, who hath thus long sought, as an equal and upright moderator, to decide, discuss, conclude, and determine all differences between his neighbouring princes and fellows in Europe; a good man, of whom it may be verified that he is *bonorum maximus* and *magnorum optimus;* a good man that loves not virtue for the name of virtue

[32] Βασιλ. Δῶρον, lib. ii.

only, but for the substance and realities; a good man, whom neither scandal can any way impeach of injustice, tyranny, ignorance, nor imposture traduce to a neglect of merit in the desertful, to levity in affections, to surquedry[33] in passions, to intention of inclining to folly, or declining from real worth; which, as an hereditary inheritance, and a fee-simple by nature and education, he retains in himself, to the wonder and admiration of all that may emulously imitate him, never perfectly equal him. Questionless the chronicles that shall hereafter report the annals of his life and actions shall do infinite injuries to the incomparable monuments of his name, if they style him, as some would wish, James the Great, or as others endeavour, James the Peaceable, or, as not a few hope, James the Learned: for to those titles have the Greeks in Alexander, the Romans in Augustus, the Germans in Charles the Fifth, the Frenchmen in Charlemagne and Henry the Fourth, father to their present king, attained. But if he shall be reported in his style to be, as in his own worthiness he may justly challenge, he must then be styled, as by the approbation of all that truly know him he is known to be, James the Good. Let the sum of this branch of resolution, which is indeed *corona operis*, the sum of the whole sum, be concluded: that this only pattern, as he is only inferior on earth to God, who is *bonum summum*, the chief and sovereign good, so the distinction between his great master and him, whose vicegerent he is, consists in this,—with reverence to the divine majesty be it spoken,—that as God—whom to call good is but an impropriety of description—is not singly *bonus*, good, but *bonitas*, goodness *in abstracto*, as the schoolmen speak: so under the

[33] *surquedry*] See note, vol. ii. p. 281. D.

great King of kings this king of men is substitute to his king with this upshot, the one is for ever the king of goodness; and our king on earth not only a good king, but a good man; such a good man as doth himself run, and teacheth by his example others securely and readily to run by his Line of Life to the immortality of a virtuous name.

A private man, a public man, a good man, have been here particularly deciphered and discoursed. It comes to conclusion, that he who desires either in his own person to be renowned, for the general prosperity of the commonwealth to be eternised, or for the community of his friends, or any whom he will make his friends, remembered in the diaries of posterity, must first lay the foundation of a willingness, from thence proceed to a desire, from thence to a delight, from a delight to practice, from practice to a constant perseverance in noble actions. And then such a man, howsoever he live, shall never miss to end his days before his honours and the honours of his name can end, for they shall know no end; and yet even in death, and after death, over-live all his enemies in the immortal spring of a most glorious memory, which is the most precious crown and reward of a most precious Line of Life.

THE COROLLARY.

In the view of the precedent argument, somewhat perhaps too lamely, hath the progress of a man's life in any fate been traced, wherein still the course, like a pilot sailing for his safety and welfare, hath always had an eye to the north star of virtue, without which men cannot but suffer shipwreck on the land as well as mariners on the sea. Such as have proofs in their own persons and experiences of both fortunes have passed through their dangers of their being men, as they were first private, before they entered and from their entrance waded into the labyrinth of greatness and employment, from whence they became public men. Now, then, somewhat boldly—yet the boldness is a presumption of love, not love of presumption—may be intimated, that howsoever any great or popular person—for to such doth this application properly appertain, howbeit free from any particularity, except particularly challenged—in a peculiar examination of himself cannot choose but find that he hath encountered many oppositions of youth, even in grave years, and frailty in grave actions. Yet having at any time, by any casualty, a happiness—danger itself is a happiness if rightly made use of, otherwise a misery—to account with his expense of time, he cannot, upon indifferent and even reckoning, instead of impairing his honours, but advance them; he cannot, if he account faithfully, instead of making the world his confessor, but confess his own nobleness; and thereupon he will find that the toil in common affairs is but trash and bondage, compared to the sweet repose of the mind,

and the goodly contemplation of man's peace with himself. All glory, whether it consist of profits or preferments, is without, and therefore makes nothing to the essence of true happiness; but the feeling of a resolved constancy is within, and ever keeps a feast in a man's soundest content. One pregnant and notable samplar deserves an eye of judgment to be fixed on it. Demosthenes,[34] after a long government at his pleasure in the commonwealth,—upon what consideration he himself knew best, and statesmen may easily guess at,—is reported to confess to his friends who came to visit him, that if at the beginning two ways had been proposed before him, the one leading to the tribunal of authority, the other to his grave, if he could by inspiration have foreknown the evils, the terrors, the calumnies, the envies, the contentions, the dangers that men in such places must customarily meet with, that he would much rather with alacrity have posted on to his sepulchre than to his greatness. Brutus, when he determined his own end, cried out with Hercules, "O, wretched and miserable power of man! thou wert nothing but a name, yet I embraced thee as a glorious work, but thou wert a bond-slave to fortune!"[35]

It is superfluous to enlarge or comment upon the sufferings of those famous men. Every man's own talent of wisdom and share of trial may, with not much difficulty, conster the sense of their meanings. A good man is the man that even the greatest or lowest should both be, and resolve to be; and this much may be confidently averred, that men of eminent commands are not in general more feared in the tide of their greatness than beloved in the ebb of that great-

[34] Plutarch in vita Demost. [35] Dion. Hist. Rom. lib. xlvii.

ness, if they bear it with moderation. Statists, honoured or favoured,—for favour and honour are for the most part inseparable,—have the eyes of the world upon their carriage, in the carriage either of their glories or dejections. It is not to be doubted—which is a singular comfort—but any sequestration from a wonted height is only but a trial; for being managed with humbleness and gratitude, it may ennoble the patients—for their own particulars—to demean themselves excellently in the places they had before may be somewhat too neglectfully discharged. Always there is a rule in observation, positive and memorable, that an interposition or eclipse of eminence must not so make a man undervalue his own desert, but that a noble resolution should still uphold its own worth in deserving well, if we aim and intend to repute and use honours but as instrumental causes of virtuous effects in actions. To all such as so do—and all should so do that are worthy to be such—a service not to be neglected is a proper debt, especially from inferior ministers, to those whose creation hath not more given them the prerogatives of being men, than the virtuous resolution, leading them by a Line of Life, hath adorned them with the just, known, and glorious titles of being good men.

Vadum non transeat excors.

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